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THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

I

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

FROM time to time, one or two friends have urged me to write of the war between the States, in which, as a boy, I took a humble part just after graduating at West Point; but I have always answered that nature had not given me the qualifications of an historian; and, moreover, that every nook and corner of the field had been reaped and garnered. So I kept on my way. But not long ago, while in a meditative mood, a brooding peace settled over my mind, and lo! across a solemn gorge, and far up and away against the past, lay the misting field of History. While my inward eye was wandering bewitched over it, a voice hailed me from a green knoll; adjacent was a little pond refreshed by a spring whose light-hearted current wimpled away from the foot of the knoll. "Come over here," said the voice, beckoning; and seeing that I stood still, and wore a perplexed look, it added feelingly, "You have written your boyhood memories of your old home, and you have written those of your cadet days at West Point; am I not dear to you, too? I am your boyhood memories of the War." At once, from the fields of Virginia the Army of the Potomac lifted as by magic and began to break camp to go on its last campaign; its old, battle-scarred flags were fluttering proudly, the batteries were drawing out, the bronze guns that I had heard thunder on many fields were sparkling gayly, and my horse, the same wide-nostriled, broad-chested,

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silky-haired black roan, stood saddled and bridled before my tent. I heard the trumpets sounding; and, as their notes died away, I picked up the pen once more.

Upon graduating at West Point in June, 1862, I was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Ordnance Corps and assigned to duty under Captain T. G. Baylor, commanding the Arsenal at Fort Monroe. Fort Monroe, or Old Point Comfort (which is the loving and venerable historic name of the place), at that time and throughout the war was the port and station of greatest importance on our Southern seaboard. Situated practically at the mouth of the James, it not only commanded the outlet from the Confederate capital at Richmond, but also the navigation of the Chesapeake and the Potomac, and offered a safe point for the assembly of fleets and armies preparatory to taking the offensive. When I reached there, it was the base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac, then on its last stage of the disastrous Peninsula campaign, and also for Burnside's army operating on the coast of North Carolina. Moreover, it was the rendezvous of our Atlantic fleets and of the foreign men-of-war, which, drawn as eagles to the scene of our conflict, came in and cast their anchors, though the hearts of most of them were not with us. The little Monitor was lying there, basking in her victory

over the huge, ungainly Merrimac; and alongside of her, their yards towering far above her, lay the pride of the old navy, the Wabash, the Colorado, and the Minnesota. Vessels, sail and steam, were coming and going, and the whole harbor was alive with naval and military activity. Nor did it cease when night came on; at all hours you could hear the deep and rumbling movements of ships loading and unloading. It was my first acquaintance with the sea, and I think I was fortunate in the spot where I gained my first impressions of it. For never yet have I stood on a beach where the water, rocking in long, regular beats, as if listening to music in its dreams, spread away in such mild union with the clouds and sunshine.

The Army of the Potomac, whose fortunes I was to share on many a field, had just been through the fierce battles of Fair Oaks, Gaines's Mill, Glendale (or Frazer's Farm as it is called by the Confederates), and Malvern Hill. In these desperate engagements it had been driven from the Chickahominy, and was then huddled around Harrison's Landing on the north bank of the James, about twenty-five miles below Richmond. The army had suffered terribly in this campaign, known as that of the Peninsula, but the government, though cast down and sorely disappointed at the outcome, immediately responded with vigor to its needs, and the river and Hampton Roads were lined day and night with transports taking supplies of all kinds to it, and bringing back the sick and wounded, of whom there were very, very many. Its commander was McClellan, perhaps the war's greatest marvel as an example of personal magnetism, and one of Fortune's dearest children; yet one who, when Victory again and again poised, ready to light on his banner, failed to give the decisive blow.

When Pope's army on the upper Rapahannock was threatened with disaster, the Army of the Potomac was recalled to Washington. It marched down the Peninsula to Old Point Comfort, where

transports had been gathered to meet it. During that time McClellan and his staff were at our officers' mess for several days, and on one occasion I lunched almost alone with him. So sweet and winsome was he, that I ever after was one of his sympathetic and ardent admirers. Later on I served with Hooker, Burnside, Meade, and Grant, each of whom in turn followed him at the head of the Army of the Potomac, but were that old army to rise from its tomb, not one of them would call out such cheers as those which would break when "Little Mac," as it loved to call him, should appear.

It took three or four days to embark the troops, and meanwhile I visited the camps of many of my West Point friends, and for the first time heard the trumpets of the dear old army. At last they were all aboard, and I watched them heading off up the Chesapeake and longed to go with them, with my friends of cadet days, Custer, Cushing, Woodruff, Bowen, Kirby, Dimmock, and others, — all of whose cheery, young faces seemed to diffuse the very air of glory, while the colors of Regulars and Volunteers seemed to beckon me to follow as they were borne away.

The Army of the Potomac had come to be recognized at home and abroad as the country's chief safeguard, the one firm barrier to be relied upon to keep the South at bay. For, the National Capital once in the hands of the Confederates, the cause of the Union would be irretrievably lost. None saw this fact clearer than the commercial power of the North; its cold eyes lit up and its heart throbbed with the common love of the country's ideals. It showed that it had a civic pride also, and was ready to pour out its last cent for the cause. So, all over the North, and especially in the region east of the Alleghanies where the most of its rank and file were reared, the people were proud of the Army of the Potomac; and at sunrise and sunset, and around every fireside offered their prayers for it. Fearful indeed had been, and were to be, its trials. It had lost much blood, but the

people knew that it was ready to lose still more before it would yield to a truce or ignominious peace.

From the parapets of Fortress Monroe I saw that army move away. It soon met its old antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia, the flower of the Southern armies, on the field of Manassas, and then, at Antietam, just as autumn's golden glow began to haze the fields, and at last in the short, cold days of December, it made its frightful assault on Lee's entrenchments along Marye's Heights, back of Fredericksburg. It never showed greater valor, and its losses were sickening. The army wintered on the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, and in sight of the lines it had vainly tried to carry. From time to time I heard from my friends with the army, and day after day continued my duties in the shops, or testing big guns on the beach, wondering if the war would be over before I should see any active service in the field. Thus winter passed and spring came — and nowhere does her face wear such a smile as at Old Point. The last of the migrating birds had passed, the sun was brightening, and I knew that the army would soon be moving again, and longed more and more to be with it. But my wonder and longing were soon to end.

On April 16, Captain Baylor called me into the office, and with a smile handed me the following: —

War Department,
Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, April 15, 1863.

Special Orders No. 173

24. First Lieut. Morris Schaff, Ordnance Department, is hereby assigned to duty with the Army of the Potomac, and will report in person without delay to Major-General Hooker, Commanding.

By Order of the Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

What a joy! I was in my twenty-second year, but what a mere, undeveloped boy!

I bade good-by to Captain and Mrs. Baylor, and I never think of them without the tenderest emotion. He and a little group of friends, — in those days, as now, I made friends slowly, — all of whom were my seniors, went with me to the boat, and soon I was on my way.

Hooker's headquarters were at the Phillips house on one of the hills known as the hills of Stafford, which shoulder up in array along the north bank of the Rappahannock. On reporting to him I was assigned as assistant to his chief of Ordnance, the big-hearted Captain D. W. Flagler, with whom I had been at West Point for three years, thereby becoming a part of the headquarter-staff of the army. I never saw Hooker's equal in soldierly appearance; moreover, it had a certain air of promise, — at least so he impressed me, — as he came riding up to headquarters just after I got there. His plans were made, and he was almost ready to move.

A few days after I had reported, Hooker sent for my chief — at that time Captain Flagler — and gave him orders to have a supply of ammunition at the White House on the Pamunkey, which, as every one knows, is not far from Richmond, remarking that he had Lee's army in his grasp, and could crush it like *that*, — closing his hand firmly. When Flagler came back to the tent, and told me what the general had said, the big fellow smiled; and, in the light of what happened, well he might: for within a few weeks, at Chancellorsville, lying just within the eastern border of the Wilderness, Hooker met a crushing defeat, and his laurels, like those of his predecessors, McClellan, Burnside, and Pope, were permanently blasted.

The outlook from our headquarters, a truly venerable Virginia manor-house, was commanding and interesting. Before it on the other side of the river, and dreaming of its historic past, lay the old colonial town of Fredericksburg, in whose graveyard Washington's mother is buried. In front and below was the Rappahannock, bearing on peacefully be-

tween its willow-fringed banks. Starting at the southern side was a plain running off level as a floor, nearly a mile, to a line of encircling hills known as Marye's Heights. Back of the hills were fringes of timber, and then the rim of the bending sky. There lay Lee's intrepid army, under the command of Longstreet, Hill, and Stonewall Jackson. The view had a great charm for me, and I could look at it hour after hour.

At last all was ready, and Hooker, masked by the hills, moved up the river, crossed, and entered the Wilderness with boldness. He no sooner breathed its air than he lost all vigor, became dazed, and at Chancellorsville met his fate. In this savage encounter three of my young friends were either killed or mortally wounded, Marsh, Kirby, and Dimmock.

It will be remembered that Stonewall Jackson, conceded by friend and foe to be the most glowing star of the Rebellion's war constellation, lost his life by a volley from his own men at this battle of Chancellorsville, when on the very verge of delivering what might have proved a mortal blow to the Army of the Potomac. As the circumstances of this event, so momentous to the Confederacy, repeated themselves with startling fidelity just a year later on the same road, and not two miles away, in the battle of the Wilderness, stopping again, but this time for good and all, Lee's hour-hand of victory, there is established a mysteriously intimate and dramatic relation between the two battles, which will be revealed in its entire significance, we hope, as the narrative makes its way.

After Chancellorsville the defeated army staggered back to its old encampments, and the writer returned to the ordnance depot at Aquia Creek. There I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first and only time. He was seated in an ordinary, empty freight-car, on a stout plank supported at each end by a cracker-box. Halleck, in undress uniform, was on his left, a big man with baggy cheeks and pop eyes. Mr. Lincoln was gazing off

over the heads of the starving groups of soldiers and laborers, white and black, to the silent, timbered Virginia shore of the Potomac. He seemed utterly unconscious of all who had gathered about him. He was on his way to Hooker's headquarters, and looked, and doubtless felt, sad enough. The world knows his features, the commonest and most preclusive that nature ever spread, it seems to me, over genius, winged with one of the kindest and most lyric hearts that ever beat.

Elated by his victory, Lee, within a month, began the movements toward the upper Potomac which culminated in the battle at Gettysburg, where for a time I remained, collecting the arms that were left on the field. I little dreamed then, as I rode and walked over that famous field, what an epoch it marked in the history of the war. Through the vast amount that has been written about the battle, and the devoted spirit in which the field has been preserved, and the services of those who fell commemorated, an impression prevails that the fate of the Confederacy was sealed that day,—an impression which a comprehensive view of the situation will, I believe, challenge if not remove. Let me state the grounds of my disbelief, and, if they do not convince, they may at least serve as a background for the narrative, aiding us to weigh the issues hanging on the campaign of '64.

When Grant was brought on from the West, and took virtual command of the Army of the Potomac, in the spring after Gettysburg, the war had been raging for three years. First and last, the North had put into the field rising two million men; and, although important victories, such as Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Missionary Ridge, had been won, and obviously the North had had the best of it, yet there is no gainsaying that her disappointments were great. She had hoped and had sincerely believed that long ere that time she would have put down the Rebellion. But, notwithstanding her supreme efforts, three battling years had

passed, and the South was in' some respects closer knit than ever, and far from being conquered.

Keen were the North's disappointments and unrealized hopes, but keener still and harder to bear were the incipient sneers of the Old World looking on, day in and day out, with cold, unsympathetic eyes, while she struggled for existence. Moreover, her bodily wounds had been deep; and in more ways than one she had been sorely tried. Volunteering, which had begun spontaneously and with burning enthusiasm, had stopped; and the administration had been forced to resort to the draft. To make matters worse, successive defeats had bred factions within and without the cabinet, — factions made up of governors, editors, and senators, all secretly denouncing Mr. Lincoln and his administration, and actively plotting to defeat him at the forthcoming convention.

On the other hand, the government, fretted by repeated reverses, had become more and more irritable, and, as was natural with the continuance of the war, more and more arbitrary. Those in official life who criticised its policies were turned upon fiercely; the press, never an easy friend or foe to deal with in time of peril, was threatened with muzzling, and some papers were actually suppressed, and their proprietors imprisoned; the provost-marshals, of necessity invested with wide but delicate military authority, often became despotic in their arrests, and almost habitually haughty in parading of their office, — their haughtiness aggravated by ignorance, vanity, and bad manners. Under it all, discontent had grown and spread, until, by the time the campaign of 1864 was ready to open, in the states bordering on the Ohio there was a secret organization said to have had over four hundred thousand members, a coagulation of all phases of political hatred and tainted loyalty, only waiting for a substantial defeat of the Union army to break out into an open demand for an armistice, which, of course, meant the recognition of the South.

As a proof of the depth and reality of this overhanging danger, see the action of some of the courts, and the attempt of the legislature of Indiana to transfer the control of the state's arsenal, with its eighteen thousand arms, — directly, to be sure, to three trustees, but in the end to that ostensibly peace-seeking yet practically traitorous organization. Meantime throughout the North patriotism was smothering under the bitterness of faction, and the blighting evil of indifference to the country's glory, an indifference that nurses always at the breast of commercial prosperity. Corruption in official life, and dissipation in various forms, ran riot and made their way into the heart of civic morals and private manly virtues. Never were gambling-houses so common, low theatres so crowded, never streets gayer, or the rotundas of hotels and the richly furnished rooms of fashionable clubs more frequented by young, able-bodied, well-dressed "high rollers" and champagne-drinkers. Yet, let the sound of a drum be heard in the street at the head of some returning body of veterans, whom not one of them had had the courage or manliness to join in defense of the country, and lo! up would go the windows of the clubs, and the balcony of every hotel would be filled with cheering men.

This being the state of affairs, let us suppose that Lee, at the outset of the campaign of 1864, had defeated the Army of the Potomac decisively, and had driven Grant back across the Rappahannock, as he had driven Burnside, Pope, and Hooker, — where would the government have found men, with the virtues and courage of those of '61, to go to the front? How loud and almost irresistible would have been the cry for an armistice, supported (as it would have been) by Wall Street and all Europe! Where, then, would have been the victory of Gettysburg? Was it possible for Lee, in view of the disparity of numbers and the depleted resources of the Confederacy, to have given such a blow? Yes, and

had not Fate registered her decree that at the critical moment Longstreet was to fall in the Wilderness as Jackson had fallen at Chancellorsville, he would have come near doing so.

But, however this may be, it must not be forgotten that, counterbalancing the incongruous gayety and dissipation that prevailed in our large cities, the dying down of early ardor, and the disloyal hives that were ready to swarm, there were thousands of pure-minded, resolute men and women who remained faithful to their ideals and kept the national spirit alive; who, in sunshine and shadow, for the glory of the country and their generation, upheld Mr. Lincoln's hands and stood by him to the last most loyally. Neither defeat, pleas for peace, nor desire for ease prevailed against their heaven-inspired and steel-hardened determination to fight the Confederacy to an end; and on them and the army in the field, we think, the honors of carrying the country through its perils should fall.

It is true that a great majority of those steadfast, loyal people of the North had felt that slavery was wrong and altogether out of harmony with civilization and the spirit of a free government. Yet in the beginning of the war they had no desire or intent to interfere with it in the states; so dear were the memories of the Revolution, and so deep their reverence for Washington and his fellow slaveholding compatriots who had joined Puritan New England in establishing the independence of the colonies. Moreover, and notwithstanding those galling irritations which always attend the concession of social and political dominance, the North had not inherited any active hates or vindictiveness, although it had felt deeply of late the repeated scorn and increasing arrogance of the political leaders of the South, manifested in the discussion of slavery that had been going on for twenty or thirty years. It is needless to say that the language of Congress grew more and more heated, and that it was marked by asperity of criticism and ugliness of

temper. Neither side was fair in judging the convictions or the situation of the other. The Disunionist was blind to the inevitable wreck of all that was dear in social and political life if he destroyed the Union; the Abolitionist was blind, utterly blind, to the immediate and lasting evils of having his way with slavery.

So it went on, till at last, burning with a raging fever over the John Brown raid, and lashed by a savage press, the South burst into delirium upon the election of Lincoln, and madly and vauntingly fired on the flag, unfolding in joyful, unmenacing peace with every breeze that blew over Sumter. It was meant for a stinging challenge, and it was so understood. Every beech and maple and stronglimbed oak in the North, every one of her hills and streams, every one of the old fields and the liberty-enjoying winds that swept them, said, "Accept the challenge. Go, Northerners, go and assert your manhood!" But Southerners! let me tell you that as they passed down the walks of the old home dooryards and out of the gates, followed by eyes that were dimmed with tears — the evils or the abolition of slavery did not enter the mind of one in a thousand. Their country and their honor were at stake, not the destruction of slavery. So it was generally, far and wide among the great body of the people. But with the progress of the war, and under the severe defeats of one army after another, as the South, out of the depths of her resolution struck again and again, the belief took root that God would not bless their arms while slavery had a recognized legal existence. Inasmuch as it became obvious that its death would be at the same hour as that of the Confederacy, the influence of long-accepted legal defense and the golden ties of friendship melted before the warmth of moral and patriotic emotion. As a result, Lincoln, sensitive in a marvelous degree to what was going on deep in the hearts of the common people, carved emancipation across the sky of those solemn days; while the army that had left

home without pronounced feeling against slavery said, "Amen!" And "Amen!" said all the civilized world.

There was also, coincident with this change, which in a sense was political, another in the army, which was spiritual. Gradually, for in the divine ordering of progress consecrating spirits reveal themselves slowly, the consciousness broke at last on the minds of officers and men that the dearest hopes of mankind were appealing to them individually in the name of duty and honor and all that was sacred, not to despair or to yield, come weal, come woe, till the country's supremacy was unchallenged, and the way cleared for her future. *Of nothing am I surer than of this visitation and the consequent serious, deep, and exalted mood; and I am fain to believe that every drop of blood that strained through a heart that listened to these spiritual heralds and welcomed the vow, was permanently heightened in its color.* When we realize how meagre had been the advantages among the rank and file, and how generally humble and obscure their homes, the marvel grows, and our hands reach instinctively for garlands for every one of them who gave up his life or who bore his part manfully.

Now, a word as to the South. If the disappointments of the North over the outcome of three years of war had been deep, those of the South had been deeper. So sure was she of the poltroonery of the North, and the indomitable courage of her own sons, that she had expected at the beginning to achieve her independence long, long ere the date of the campaign of May 1, 1864. In fact, thousands and thousands of her soldiers believed, as they set off in the spring of '61 for the Potomac and the Ohio, that the southern banks of these beautiful rivers were to be the northern boundaries of their proud and victorious confederacy; and this before the cotton, then ready to branch, should all be picked. But there had been Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Antietam, and Gettysburg in the east; Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, Stone River, and Vicksburg, in the

west. No, they did not get back in time to see the cotton picked; many of them were never to see it bloom again. Year after year they had followed the drum, and were still far from home fighting for their wan, unacknowledged Confederacy, or sleeping in their graves.

There is pathos in the contrast, as we think of them walking their sentry-posts to and fro, half-fed and half-clothed, now under drenching rains, now shivering under northern winds, their hearts beating low, — so completely had the scene shifted and their hopes vanished. And what surprises they had, too! Where was the evidence of that poltroonery in their enemies that they were so sure of? Lo, as when the heavens at night are troubled, and lightning from some black cloud flashes as from a suddenly opened furnace door, revealing to us across a field a wood standing resolute in burnished glory, so in the light of their own follies again and again they had seen the North. More than once, also, they had witnessed Northern courage, as when the volunteers came on at Fort Donaldson and Fredericksburg, leaving the ground they passed over blue with dead. No, they had discovered that there was steel and iron in the Northern blood when it came to battling for their self-respect and a cause which they believed to be holy.

Again, when the Confederacy was launched at Montgomery, the South had the keen pleasure of seeing it hailed by several of the governments of Europe as a coming sister in the family of nations. While in buoyant self-confidence she was sure that all of them would recognize her sooner or later, yet it was her chief expectation and desire that England, with whose landed aristocracy the slave-holders had made themselves believe there was a natural sympathy, would be the first to reach out a welcoming hand. But days, months, and years had passed, and no hand had been extended. On the contrary, either through fear or interest, all, including England, had yielded to the demands of her despised adversary and

drawn the mantle of neutrality closely around them. Before the first day of May, 1864, she had seen through the sarcasm and mockery of their greeting smiles. The situation was humiliating to the last degree. Moreover, the North had driven the Southern armies back from the Potomac and the Ohio, it had wrested from them the control of the Mississippi Valley, and had overrun and desolated a great share of their home country.

In addition, the Confederacy's financial system, to their distress and mortification, had broken down completely, and about all their ports had been sealed up, thus cutting them off from both military and hospital supplies, and — at the time with which this narrative is dealing — humanity's pleading cry from their hospitals was heard day and night. They had the means neither to succor their own sick and wounded, nor to discharge their duties to the prisoners they held. The luxuries, too, once so abundant and so hospitably shared, were all gone; rich and poor were living from day to day on the plainest and most meagre food. As in the case of the North, the high wave of volunteering for service in the field had passed, and the conscripting officer had become a visitor at every door, no matter how secluded in the woods or remote in the mountains the home might be. At his first visit he called for the boys of eighteen and the men up to forty-five. Later he came again, and demanded this time the boy of seventeen and the man of fifty. Northern men, who after engagements went over the fields where the Southern dead lay, will recall the young faces and the venerable gray hairs among the fallen. I saw a boy with a sweet face, who could not have been over sixteen or seventeen years old, lying on his back in a clover field on the Beverly farm, within sight of Spottsylvania. He had just been killed. We had had two or three days of heavy rains, but that morning it had cleared off smilingly. Only a few drifting white clouds were left, and I am sure that they and the door of Hea-

ven opened tenderly for his spirit as it mounted from the blooming clover. Well, so it was, — the boys and all the old men had been gleaned.

While these bitter experiences and disappointments were following one another year after year with their deepening gloom, a profound seriousness, which is reflected, I think, in the prayers, sermons, and diaries of the time, spread over the entire South. As a result, the war's passions and the grounds of its justification underwent a progressive metamorphosis in the minds and hearts of the Southern people, and especially of its armies, not unlike that which was going on simultaneously in the North. I sometimes think that a history of the Rebellion cannot be full, just, or truly enlightening, that does not try to give us as close and real a view as it can of these spiritual changes. In the case of the South, it accounts, or so it seems to me, for two very impressive things, namely, the gallantry with which Lee's army battled on, when the chance of success was almost hopeless; and the dearness of the memory of the Confederacy to all of them, notwithstanding that they see now, as we all see, that it was best that it should fail.

This temperamental change of the South in regard to the war and its issues embodied itself finally, as in the North, in a spirit of consecration. And to what? Her ports closed, her resources nearly exhausted, her dwindling armies suffering for food and clothing, a wide zone of desolation along her northern border, and unfriended by one of all the nations of the world, the South in her chagrin, humiliation, and despair turned for comfort to mind and heart, as we all do at last, invoking the guidance and help of her naturally religious better nature. In that solemn hour, banishing from her presence the hitherto baneful companions Arrogance and Disdain, who had caused her to drink of the full stream of trouble, she summoned back that master workman, Judgment, to whom in her delirium she had not listened; and behold, there

came with him an immortal youth whose name is The Future. The former, facing the cold realities, pronounced slavery dead, whether the Confederacy lived days or years; and Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, not the decree of one man, but the fiat of the civilized world.

While Judgment's verdict grew weightier and more certain as clearer and clearer became the writing on the wall, the immortal youth slowly drew back one of his curtains, revealing slavery becoming more and more abhorrent as mankind rose in intelligence and gentleness. Honor and Manliness, those two high-minded brothers in the Southerner's character, shrank back at the sight, and declared their unwillingness to leave as the ultimate verdict of history that the Southland, the home of Washington and Jefferson, had fought for the preservation of an institution so repellent. Then up spoke that mighty, but not over-scrupulous advocate called Reason, and on this occasion he spoke with sincerity unfeigned, saying, "If there are wrongs, there are also rights. Mankind knows that we of to-day are not responsible for slavery. It descended to us from our fathers, and through generations it has knit itself into our homes, our social and our political life. We cannot separate ourselves from it at once, if we would, without chaos and possibly universal massacre. But if our slaves are entitled to freedom, then we are entitled to govern ourselves; for that is the first of the heaven-born rights in the hands of freemen. In other words, we are asking only for our natural rights incorporated in the rights of our states, which underlie the foundations of the Union;" — and in majesty before the Southern mind the original sovereignty of the old colonies, with Washington and Adams at the head, passed in review.

"No, whatever may have been our delirium at the beginning of the war, we are not fighting for the defense of property in human beings, but for the ineradicable and unconquerable instinct of self-government as states; and for our homes."

And lo! at this point of the argument, the light of their burning homes flashed across the scene; for hardly a day or night passed that somewhere the Southern sky was not lit by them. Whereupon, leader and officer and man in the ranks rose as one, and facing the immortal Youth, in whose eyes lay the question of justification, exclaimed resolutely, "On the ground of the right of self-government we will stand; and committing our souls to God and our memories to those who follow us, let history record what it may as to our justification in the years and days to come." And thus having answered the question in the eyes of The Future, resolutely but calmly, they fell on their knees and asked God to bless them. There, reader, we have the spring of their fortitude, and there we touch the tender chords which keep the memory of the Confederacy dear.

And really, friends, in the shadow of the clouds that overhung them, addressed by all the voices of their and our common nature, and moved by those deep currents which flow in every heart, could any other possible conclusion be expected of a proud people? I think not.

And now, having set forth, I trust with fidelity, I know with charity, the state of affairs North and South, as well as I can; and having brought into view, as faithfully and vividly as lies in my power, the spirits which animated both armies, my narrative will go on.

After Gettysburg, Lee, with what must have been a heavy heart, led his sorely wounded army back into Virginia. Then, passing through the upper gaps of the Blue Ridge, he took his stand once more behind the Rappahannock, near whose banks lower down he had played as a boy. Meade followed him, and when I was recalled from Gettysburg and re-joined his headquarters, I found them near Fayetteville, a little hamlet between Bealeton and Warrenton. They were pitched on a rise in a heaving old clearing more or less shadowed by a scattered

growth of young pines. I was glad to get back. The month I had passed at Gettysburg, however, was very interesting, and has left many memories, most of them dear to me. But after a battle is over and the army gone, you see the obverse side of glory so plainly that you long to get away from the blood-stained fields, and back from the loneliness of the shallow graves, to the cheering camp-fires and your young, light-hearted friends around them.

A few days after my return an incident took place which I think I should have laughed over whether we had gained a victory at Gettysburg or not. It was this. The tent I occupied was nearly opposite that of Colonel Shriver, inspector-general on the staff. The old Colonel, one of the cool officers of the army, was rather spare, very stern, and always neatly arrayed. About church time, one very sunshiny Sabbath morning, I noticed him walking back and forth before his tent in high and brilliantly polished cavalry boots, with prayer-book in hand, reading his prayers. I thought what a splendid example of a follower of Jesus he was, and wished that I had the courage to perform my devotions so openly, and acknowledge my religion. Suddenly I heard him call out, "James! James!" James was his vigorous young colored boy, and had a very nappy head. I looked up. The Colonel had halted, and his eyes were glaring across his well-defined nose toward James, who, sprawled out and bareheaded, was sunning himself with several other headquarter darkies behind the tent, and had probably gone dead asleep. "What are you up to there, you damned black rascal!" roared the Colonel. "Lift those tent-walls!" James was on his feet with startling rapidity, and dived for the tent-ropes. Up came the prayer-book, out went the Colonel's left foot, and when I saw his lips begin moving again reverently, boylike, I tumbled down on my bed and nearly died laughing. Even now a smile ripples as I recall the scene. Surely, our inconsistencies are a blessing, for they are one

of the perpetual fountains of amusement.

The army was occupying the north bank of the Rappahannock from Kelly's Ford, a few miles below where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses the river, up to Warrenton. It had almost recovered from its severe engagement, and was beginning to realize the magnitude and significance of the victory it had won. That mild and deep joy which a soldier always feels when he has met danger and done his duty was in the hearts of all. Camp was bound to camp, corps to corps, and officer to private, by the ties of a new sense of high fellowship which proved to be abiding. This inspiring relation, the most valuable in an army's life, had been smelted, so to speak, in those three trying days at Gettysburg when cavalry, infantry, and artillery, line officers, staff officers, and privates in the ranks, had witnessed each other's steady, heroic conduct. And the result of this supreme test of courage was that officers and privates of the Army of the Potomac felt that respect for one another and that pride in one another that only a battlefield can create. Whoever will read Colonel Haskell's account of that day, far and away the best of all that has been written, will gain a notion how and why these ties were formed. Every living veteran who was there will recall Webb, Cushing, Woodruff, and Hall, who carried as mild a face as graced the West Point battalion while I was there. I saw Haskell frequently, and I have no doubt that Duty and Courage visit often, and linger fondly, around the spot where he fell at Cold Harbor. Allow me to add what I know to be true, that no matter how high or how low may be an officer's rank, no matter where he was educated, what name he bears, what blood may be in his veins, or what wealth at his command, if, when he is going up under fire, mounted or dismounted, a private or non-commissioned officer near him advances beside him with undaunted face, — more than once it was a lad from a farm or humble walk in life, — all the claims of

rank, wealth, and station are lost in admiration and sympathetic comradeship. What is more, he never forgets the boy.

In this connection I trust I may refer with propriety to what a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, a learned judge who carries some of the country's best blood, and who spilled some of it on several fields, told me one evening, before a quietly burning wood-fire, of an impression made on him at the Wilderness. In the midst of darkness and widespread panic, veteran regiments and brigades of the Sixth Corps breaking badly, an officer who had only casually gained his attention called out above the din, in a voice of perfect control, "Steady, steady — Massachusetts!" The gallant regiment steadied, and the incident left, as an enduring memory, the cool voice of the obscure officer still ringing across the vanished years.

Nay, we think, in fact we know, that the final test of the soldier is when the colors move forward or the enemy comes on at them. Thank God for all the tender and iron-hearted young fellows who have stood it.

From that camp dates my first deep interest in the unfortunate Warren, for it was there, while messing with him and his fellow engineer officers on the staff, that I saw him day after day at close range. The glory of having saved Round Top was beginning to break around him, and shortly after, as a reward, Meade assigned him to the command of Hancock's corps, Hancock having been wounded at Gettysburg. But it made no difference in his bearing, — which was unmistakably more scholarly than soldierly, — nor did it kindle any vanity in look or speech. It may have accounted, however, for the manifestation of what seemed to me a queer sense of humor, namely, his laughing and laughing again while alone in his tent over a small volume of "limericks," the first to appear, as I remember, in this country. He would repeat them at almost every meal, and, I think, with wonder that they did not seem nearly so

amusing to others as they did to him. I am satisfied that it takes a transverse kind of humor to enjoy limericks.

There was a note of singular attraction in his voice. His hair, rather long and carried flat across his well-balanced forehead, was as black as I have ever seen. His eyes were small and jet black also, one of them apparently a bit smaller than the other, giving a suggestion of cast in his look. But the striking characteristic was an habitual and noticeably grave expression which harbored in his dusky, sallow face, and instead of lighting, deepened as he rose in fame and command. Now, as I recall his seriousness and almost sympathy-craving look as an instructor at West Point, and think over his beclouded, heart-broken end, I never see the name of Five Forks that I do not hear Sheridan peremptorily relieving him just after the victory was won, and while the smoke of battle still hung in the trees. From my youth, I have seen Fate's shadow falling across events, and I incline to believe that evil fortune took up its habitation in that deeply sallow, wistful face long before he or any one else dreamed of the great Rebellion. But, be that as it may, in that sunny field at headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, I gained my first boyhood impressions of Warren, whose sad fate haunts that army's history.

And now, on those soft mountain and valley winds of memory, which always set in when anything pensive warms the heart, are borne the notes of the bugles sounding taps in the camps around us on those long-vanished August nights. Camp after camp takes up the call, some near, some far. The last of the clear, lamenting tones die away sweetly and plaintively in the distance, and back comes the hush of night as of old. Again the sentinels are marching their beats slowly, most of them thinking of home, now and then one, with moistened eyes, of a baby in a cradle. Peace to the ashes of Warren, peace to those of the sentinels of the Army of the Potomac who walked their posts on those gone-by, starry nights.

(To be continued.)

SOME FAULTS OF AMERICAN MEN

BY ANNA A. ROGERS

I

It is a law of this universe, that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form. — *The Stones of Venice*.

PERHAPS it might be more definitive to speak of the shortcomings of American men, of their negative faults. These are, after all, the specifically national ones. The positive faults belong to the sex irrespective of nationality, and form too large a subject for such small handling as this. Furthermore, ever since Moses selected a negative phrasing when he hammered out the ten great moral laws, the world, with unconscious humor, has gone on listing a man's virtues negatively. We say: he does not drink; he does not gamble; he is nothing of a Lovelace. But his faults remain positive: "he is a thief," we say, rather than "he is not honest," which somehow sounds euphemistic, and breeds instant doubt of the entire truth of the statement. Perhaps, too, because of their less complex make-up, their tendency to fall by themselves, as it were, into classified types, one really gets a rough picture of the men thus negatively described. One likes or dislikes them on even such slight hearsay.

And yet what number of negations will ever convey the slightest idea of a woman? What availeth it to learn of her that she does not drink, is not given to habitual profanity? Even when the praise goes to excess, and we learn that she is not a gadabout, nor does she throw anything large or hard at her husband's head, we are still left in doubt concerning her attractiveness as a companion for either an hour or a lifetime. That a woman's virtues are still summed up positively, in face of much internal opposition to sex-

differentiation of any sort, is a tribute to a difference of standard, which she should be the last to quarrel with, had she wisdom, instead of only a little learning. It also stands for the woman's greater complexity, in which lies half of her power in the world. It requires finer lines to limn her as an individual.

So we will keep (prayerfully!) to the sins of American masculine omission.

To begin with a caution bred of some experience with American complacency, it were as well to recognize at once that geographic isolation is largely responsible for the picture of supreme contentment with themselves which the men of this country present to the humbled beholder. We doubtless have inherited some of it with our British blood, but there still remains much that is stamped in clear lettering, "made in America." From a purely artistic point of view, it is a pity to try to disturb, even for an instant, a national pose so full of boyish optimism in a world largely given over to unsightly regret, humiliation, and despair. But as it is not yet universally admitted that the foremost ship of the millennium has already reached our golden shores, and as a whole nation's self-illusions have been known to vanish in one day and one night; and upon the bare chance that this may again happen, either in smoke literal or smoke metaphorical, may not a little of our own Yankee farsightedness be suggested — and pardoned — once in a way?

This American complacency embraces that citizen himself, as he sees himself; his wife (especially his wife) as he sees her; his children, if perchance he takes time to remember that he has any; his system of government, unless the ogre

known as the Other Party is in power, when the citizen is more critical; his country at large and all that therein is, from finance to watermelons. Like a Turk, he is particularly enamored of size in the harem of his affections.

"The great quality of Dulness is to be unalterably contented with itself," quoth Thackeray; but he was not writing of American human nature, nor are our men in the least dull. They have only been too long geographically removed from any just comparison with other civilized nations; and, what is more to the point, too absorbed mentally with domestic issues to bridge the seas with their minds, if not with their bodily senses, to learn that there are other points of view than our own, equally civilized, if not always more "advanced."

What the busy American citizen sees of those least worthy specimens of other nations who are so rashly welcomed to our shores, only serves further to enhance his own self-satisfaction. But is not that a little like judging one's host by spending the evening in his kitchen?

To offset in a measure this mental provincialism, would it not be possible to introduce in our more advanced grades, in all of our schools, the serious study of the criticisms of the United States written by the enlightened and just foreigners who have not always flattered us? We are surely in no further exigent need of flattery, much as our appetite remains childishly keen for such sweet relish. The habit instilled early of standing back from one's nation, and judging coolly between right and wrong, wisdom and fallacy, can hurt no patriotism worthy the name. "The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised," said one of our own great men.

If we wish to be treated as a nation of grown men among the world's opposed armies of men, there is no better strategy than to find out exactly how our enemy (commercial, political, military) estimates us. There has been more than one great general who has found success along

that line, and laid his plans of offense or defense accordingly. Surely the time for "baby talk" has passed, young as we still obviously are. There are many valuable books written by clear-sighted aliens, criticising, not abusing, us as a people, socially, politically, economically, which might serve to shake this dangerous self-satisfaction, and open young American eyes to the fact that perfection itself has not yet quite been attained; there remains much to be done before we are what we think, or pretend to think, that we are. There is left a lot of plain, old-fashioned, everlasting human blundering going on here in the United States, as well as elsewhere in the world, now as from the beginning.

The just, temperate criticisms of our want of ideality, of beauty, of repose, by the great English critic Matthew Arnold (equally severe with his own people) would serve to clear the atmosphere of mirage, to give one or two illustrations of what is meant. The careful reading of Hugo Münsterberg's estimate of us is doubly valuable: first, because much of it was not primarily written for our eyes; second, because it is distinctly sympathetic, and the *Sun* succeeded in doing what the *Wind* failed to do in the shrewd old fable. One of the wisest Americans of the last half-century, whom the writer had the honor of knowing, once was heard to reply to a query: "No, never read antagonistic biography—it is a pure waste of time! An estimate to be absolutely just, must be in greater part sympathetic." He went on to compare the value of the first part of Bourrienne's *Life of Napoleon*, when he was in favor with his master, with the last part, when Napoleon no longer playfully pinched his quondam secretary's cheeks.

As our average men are admittedly not readers of books, however many newspapers and magazines they may devour, the writer proposes to quote and to paraphrase, for the sake of brevity, from Münsterberg's *American Traits*, especially from the chapter on "Education."

II

There was never before a nation that gave the education of the young into the hands of the lowest bidder. — HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

This trenchant sentence was written of our educational system within ten years. It is based upon the fact that three-fourths of American education is in the hands of women, who are able to underbid the men by the very conditions of their being. Few of them are — what the average man is when he has reached the age when he is fitted to teach — the sole supporters of growing families; and hence they are willing to work for smaller salaries, thereby slowly driving the men from teaching as a paying profession. It was the business of male teachers to remain in the ranks and keep there their dominance, as in other nations which have grown great. If there were nothing more vital to the commonwealth than the distribution of the \$200,000,000 yearly spent in education in this country, then perhaps we might readily comprehend and sympathize with the present attitude toward this serious matter. But to make that very secondary question the prime consideration is to lose sight altogether of the object of this vast expenditure.

Surely it is not to furnish honest support to a given number of needy women (worthy as that plea may be), women who have their full share of American snobishness about working with their hands as a means of support. Is not the real object to get the best, broadest, sanest teachers for the children of the nation?

A civilization is indeed crude that is all eyes for the salary, with only a side-glance for the work to be performed in return.

Our distribution of the salaries of teachers in this country simply places a premium on the celibate spirit, exactly as Rome has for centuries. As a result, Italy to-day has difficulty in finding men to do her work. Some day we may be in equal need of men to be what men ought to be — the social backbone of the nation

in all the ramifications of what is called civilization.

It is into the female celibate hands that our men have suffered the greater part of the education of their children to drift. It is a note of warning to our civilization, that cannot be too often repeated, this rapid “womanizing,” as Münsterberg calls it, of almost the entire education of the American youth.

Is this complete *bouleversement* of sex-conditions so very much nearer the wise economic balance kept by the older nations of civilized Europe than the Eastern conditions where the men draw the curtains of the harem across all such vexing questions? Are our own men, after all, driven by overwork rather than by their senses, slowly reverting to that convenient condition of home affairs: “I have n’t time, go ask your mother?” If that sentence was overheard anywhere on earth, would the speaker’s nationality remain long in doubt, however free from colloquialism his accent?

That young American women stand abreast of men, even very often ahead of them, in college work, represents nothing important save to the most superficial vision. It simply stamps the nature of that work in American colleges. Nor does the fact that women make apparently good teachers settle the question satisfactorily. As our German critic gently puts it: “The work, which in all other civilized countries is done by men, cannot in the United States be slipped into the hands of women without being profoundly altered in character.” And again: “If the entire culture of the nation is womanized, it will be in the end weak and without decisive influence on the progress of the world.”

No poetical claim of idealizing their women, of having the utmost confidence in their judgment, will remove from American men the plain stigma of shirking the burdens borne by the men of all other civilized peoples; shirking them for what, up to the present time, have seemed to them of more importance — questions

of government and of the practical development of primitive conditions. And yet it was Wendell Phillips who wrote, "Education is the only interest worthy of the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

As the future of our republic is rooted in the average intelligence of the people, it is difficult to watch with patience the turning over of the mental training of our children to a sex profoundly dominated by the emotions.

Even a young and daring nation cannot fight the laws of nature, and "Nature cannot be dodged." She makes always for differentiation of function, not for empty repetitions of potentiality among species. The man has his, the woman hers, and our faulty system of education calls aloud for man's reinstated attention, his profoundest thought.

In this country, "the whole higher culture is feminized." Eighty-five per cent of the patrons of theatres are women, says our critic. Women are the readers of our books, they make up an American audience at public lectures, concerts. They control our charities and church work. In Europe at least one-half of the people present at an art exhibition are men; in this country one sees *less than five per centum* of men present at such an exhibition, by actual count. The germ of feminization is firmly planted in the whole national intellectuality, until now woman has the practical monopoly. The purely native resources of our nation and our politics remain in the hands of men; — it is about all they have retained, and the suffragists begrudge them even that.

III

The responsibility for the present humiliating slave-trade in which rich American girls are sold to the titled decadents of England and the Continent is almost wholly the fault of the men of this country. This opinion is offered only after years of observation and consideration of our social conditions, and after a patholog-

ical study of American men. Their open astonishment and chagrin at this phenomenon would be vastly amusing were it not so pathetic. Our men have a helpless inability to see themselves. Nor is the responsibility of the mother lost sight of, for the foreign suitor begins with her, as he does in Europe. She is the outer citadel which must first succumb to his studied charm.

This outer citadel is carried with astonishing ease, as he quickly discovers, and for three reasons. The mother is easily dazzled; her social foundations do not go down deep in the class to which she almost invariably belongs; her husband has made every dollar of the lure of those millions, without which there would not be this problem to solve. Second, the women who see what a given man really is, who estimate him at all justly, who begin even to understand men's social standards in this country or in Europe, are rare indeed. The American mother is clearly out of her depth at the start, as unfit as a child to counsel her daughter. She is not equipped for it. It is not her work. In the third place, that subtle relationship of sex which European men of any age always have the art of establishing with a woman of whatever age: their attention, their quick courtesy toward women, their habit of listening absorbedly when a woman speaks, — all this is so absolutely new to the American mother that she becomes hypnotized by it, and can no longer distinguish truth from falsity, or a mere national point of etiquette from a personal thoughtfulness and delicate tenderness of feeling.

She, poor soul, at the age most sensitive to flattery, is hungry for a little consideration. When it comes from this foreigner, unhappily there has been nothing in her past like it to help her to see through it to its core. On the contrary, she has been so long used to being treated as a social incumbrance, snubbed, interrupted, unconsidered by all of her daughter's domestic suitors, that to separate principles from manners, without the aid of her

husband, who "leaves it all to her," in the old, honored American way, is to demand of her impossibilities.

And he, the father? He is so used to the bees flying to and fro about his flower, he is so absolutely absorbed body and soul in his work, he has for so long shunted all such things off on his wife, that he only wakes up and "gets mad," as the saying is, when it is too late.

Then the astonishment of the thoughtless father and the selfish brother and the discarded, discourteous American suitor, are about equally divided. Any conception that they are in any way responsible for it, never enters their minds. The mother is unjustly blamed for the whole thing. Nor do they withhold the "I told you so," when the cruel ending comes, as it so often does. As if any mother, even a parvenue American, would have encouraged the suit of the foreigner, if she had not erred in her judgment of men.

After all, though the United States may be the girl's paradise, it distinctly is not the mother's. For she must carry the load alone, all but the monetary providing, — alone from the day of the child's birth to the day her boy kisses her lightly good-by, and goes on his way which she alone, not his weary, absent-minded father, helped him to select.

She carries her daughter, from babyhood, through all of her school-life (what number of American fathers know even the name of their daughters' day-schools, or had any part in the selection?) to the day when she too, unterrified through ignorance, opens the door of her own life and goes out hand-in-hand with some unknown man. More than one American mother has told the writer of her weariness in struggling alone with such responsibilities, — "a mother and yet husbandless."

The American masculine claim of absorption in his work does not in the least justify such a condition. Frenchmen support their wives and still find time to go shopping with them too! Englishmen do

likewise, and find energy left to place their sons in school, energy to watch keenly the love-affairs of their daughters, unhesitatingly bidding this or that man be gone; moral courage and physical vitality left after the day's work to be in fact, as well as in fancy, "the head of the house." They have the wisdom to leave hours for play, for pure boyishness of living. And all this may be observed in the same middle class that with us turns the whole issue over to the wife, expecting of her all wisdom, though knowing her sheltered youth; and all vitality, to run unceasingly and unaided the whole machinery of the family. No wonder our women have "nerves"! No wonder they are becoming more and more restless (one of the first evidences of strain), more and more discontented as time passes. Masculine kindness to our women is sometimes so tangled up with selfishness that there need be no surprise that there is some confusion regarding them.

Not that our men want the money, after which they are striving, for themselves, for their pleasures. They do not. They are almost notoriously generous. Our rich men give, give, give: to their wives, their children, to colleges, to hospitals, to churches, until the whole world is amazed at their generosity.

The habit and fury of work, unreasoning, illogical, quite unrelated to any need, is a masculine disease in this country, and the whole social system has for years paid the inevitable penalty. Here and there a man tries to stop in time, but finds himself obsessed by work so that he can no longer think of anything else. He is as much a slave to it as is any opium-taker to his drug, or drunkard to his potion. It is a grave danger, not only to the individual, but to the whole American civilization.

The young Americans too, who are so contemptuous about our girls' preference for foreigners, must look to themselves and their shortcomings for some of the cause, and must, with the older men, share the

responsibility for it. In the first place, our young men are not good lovers, however in the end they may be good husbands. And what girl of twenty has the foresight to comprehend that?

If she has that foresight she is simply not "in love," as the phrase goes, — and alas! it takes so much love to carry a woman, any woman, through the tremendous strain of marriage. A very necessary and a very wise foresight is not natural in any maiden, and that is one of the solid advantages of the European system, at which we so glibly sneer.

The difference in the divorce records of Europe and the United States is not all to the credit of any church. Where the head dominates the heart, the results show in the long run in marriage as well as in any other undertaking. The over-sentimentalism in all such matters with us carries with it the gravest of dangers. We expect our girls to "fall in love" and at the same time be their own cool-headed chaperones; girls from whom we carefully hide the living truth. Is there logic in that? The opinion (which has been held for some twenty years) is ventured that the purely temperamental difference between American men and those of England and the Continent, is at the bottom of the freedom we have found it safe to accord our girls. The latter are not so intrinsically impeccable, but the former are by nature temperamentally cold, a condition perhaps due to several generations of overstraining.

No sensitive woman can be in Europe a single day without recognizing this fact beyond all caviling. No man save a trained psychologist would recognize this pathological fact, of which hundreds of average American women-travelers have spoken to the writer, from girls of seventeen to women of fifty. "We women count for so much more over there, don't we?" is very often the way it is put.

On the other hand, the leisure of our women, their coddling, their luxury of living, has developed them along exactly opposite lines. May not this growing

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temperamental difference account for some of the tendencies in our civilization that seem obscure?

Our young men lean back and complacently argue that, as their hands and hearts are clean, and as all other men are rascals, in greater or less degree, they should be of course preferred. Have they gone no deeper into the question than that? Would Thisbe have cared as ardently for Pyramis if the Wall had not been there?

Who carry flowers, jellies, books, sympathy to criminals, however hideous their crimes, but the women? The ill-regulated, unreasoning emotionality of a large number of our women is not to be overestimated in determining any question appertaining to them. Women's Rights women, — so-called, — who naturally affiliate one with another, may shudder and laugh derisively to their heart's content, but the truth is unassailable, that *worth* has not yet succeeded in deciding the love-affairs of either sex. Men are in no greater degree attracted by the gentle, well-balanced, womanly girls, who would make excellent wives, than the latter by the honest, disinterested, temperate, clean-hearted men. If men and women did make wise selections the villains would be at hand. Other matters decide such problems. The question of brilliancy of plumage is not so far behind us humans that it no longer counts. Our college men study these matters, but fail to make the atavistic analogy when it comes to social matters in their later lives. Hence their profane rage at the girls when foreigners come fortune-hunting.

If the truth were told, most young American men are not especially interesting. They do not keep up their reading. They have a national obtundity when it comes to music, to art, to literature; nor do many of them take any of these things at all seriously. The young among them are not good conversationalists. Our cleverest men are monologists pure and simple. They lecture admirably. They are born orators along modified

lines. They are inevitable story-tellers. None of this is conversation; and women like conversation, like its courtesies, which at least pretend a little interest when their turn comes in the game. Knowledge of people and affairs outside our own country pricks more than one bubble about our young men.

Tired men fill our vaudeville theatres, — for there at least the audience is largely masculine, — even in the daytime. They are too near exhaustion to do more than listen to wit quite easy of comprehension. Our girls are accustomed to amusing these tired men. That joy of being amused, of being interested by a man of the world, is not to be omitted in any just weighing

of the question why they find foreigners attractive; and as time passes, in spite of all the bitter disillusionments of the past, our rich girls will make more and more unflattering selections from among suitors from across the seas. And it is full time our young men awakened to their own share in the causes which lead to such a condition. The whole social system of England and of Europe generally spares a girl such shameful sales. The mothers, the fathers, the men about her, are equipped to protect her, and they take the time and spare the energy to do so. Justly considered, it is a social, psychic question, quite apart from man's commercial value in the world.

TO THE VICTOR

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD .

MAN's mind is larger than his brow of tears:
 This hour is not my all of Time; this place
 My all of Earth; nor this obscene disgrace
 My all of Life; and thy complacent sneers
 Shall not pronounce my doom to my compeers,
 Whilst the Hereafter lights me in the face,
 And from the Past, as from the mountain's base,
 Rise, as I rise, the long tumultuous cheers.

And me who slays must overcome a world:
 Heroes at arms, and virgins who became
 Mothers of children, prophecy and song;
 Walls of old cities with their flags unfurled;
 Peaks, headlands, ocean and its isles of fame —
 And sun and moon and all that made me strong.

THE TIME-CLOCK

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

LABOR is a commodity just as is cotton, coal, or any other material making up the cost of production, but there is added to it the human element, and out of this fact arises the labor problem. This problem includes every question at issue between employer and employee, whether it concerns wages, hours of labor, or sanitary conditions; and, rightly analyzed, is a matter of bargain between the man who buys and the man who sells labor. To understand the labor problem, we must first know something of the factory system which has contributed so largely to our present social unrest.

In the beginning the factory was the creation, not of capital, but of labor; not of the employer, but of the workingman. It was a natural growth out of the home system of manufacture, under which raw material, bought either by the workman himself or given out to him by a second party, was manufactured into the finished product in the home. The transition from the home to the factory system may be studied at first hand in some countries to-day. In Japan, for instance, practically all the spinning of yarn is done in factories, while the larger part of the cloth is made on hand-looms in the homes of the weavers. The first spinning mill was undoubtedly built by some thrifty spinner who, obtaining more work than he could well do with his own hands, hired a few less capable workmen to assist him; afterwards he hired others, until the rooms of his house were too small to contain them and the machinery; then he built a shed devoted to his business, and this shed became the first cotton factory of Japan. Our own industrial development has been similar, and the conditions which we may observe

to-day in Japan once existed in America.

In the early days of the nineteenth century a machinist's apprentice became a journeyman and received from his master, as was the custom in those days, a new suit of clothes and fifty dollars in money. He left the town in which he lived and sought employment in a neighboring village, where several cotton mills had been built. The mill in which he found work would be of interest to one familiar with the great plants of to-day; the owners, the superintendent, the workers, were all New England folk, among whom there was no social distinction. Tradition says that the weavers sat in rocking-chairs beside the newly-invented power-looms, and that some brought knitting to the mill to occupy their spare time, while others cultivated flowers in window-boxes; but rocking-chairs or no, employer and employee began work at the same hour each morning, returned home at the same hour in the evening, and after they had "washed up" and the supper dishes were put away, spent their evenings together.

The power-loom seemed a marvel of ingenuity to the young machinist; he watched the machines turning out their useful products, and repaired them when they failed to work. Then the thought occurred to him that some day he might build looms and sell them to the cotton factories. He became acquainted with another machinist, who had already made a start in this direction, and the two young men formed a partnership, built a small shop, and commenced business. They associated with them a few other machinists, and from bell-hour to bell-hour, employers and employees worked side by side at the bench and lathe. The

owners of the shop and the men who worked with them were friends and neighbors, who went to church and singing-school together, and in social life met as equals. In the shop disputes would arise concerning the hours of labor and the amount of work which might reasonably be expected from each man in his twelve hours of daily toil, and these questions were quarreled out in the evening.

As years went by and the business grew larger, the employers ceased to work at the bench and lathe. One became superintendent, and devoted his time to overseeing the work of the men; the other became treasurer, and attended to financial affairs, keeping the books, buying the iron, selling the machinery, and other matters incident to the general management; but this change in occupation did not alter the close personal relation between them and the men in their employ.

The shop produced a great variety of work: not only power-looms, but steam-engines, turbine water-wheels, machine-tools, shafting, hangers, pulleys, and other appliances for the transmission of power, hydraulic presses, and, as is impressively stated in an advertisement of the day, "machinery generally." Twenty men working together in the little shop were able to produce this vast array of mechanical devices; but each of these twenty men was a machinist who had served an apprenticeship of from five to seven years. He knew each machine he operated, and could make the machine with his own hands; the age of specialization — division of labor, it is called in the factory system — lay in the future.

The machinist's son became associated with him in business. He did not learn the trade, for by this time ability in finance was as essential to the success of the concern as mechanical skill; and the conditions which the son faced were more complex than the conditions the father knew, for the little machine shop had become a modern manufacturing establishment. The treasurer sat at his desk in the office; the superintendent had his desk,

and under him were foremen who were responsible for the several departments of the plant. The traditions of an older day were still vital, a close personal relation existed between employer and employee, but the organization was more complex and the possibility of misunderstanding proportionately increased. Moreover, industrial conditions were changing: competition was becoming keen, the era of small profits and large volume of business was commencing.

In the later days of the century a grandson of the machinist sat at the treasurer's desk. His task would have been unimaginable to the machinist; there were letters to be dictated to a stenographer, not written out in a bold, round hand; there were cost-sheets to be examined — they had not been so particular as to the costs in the old days; the market reports had to be studied — there were no market reports in the days of the machinist. The grandfather once sold a few water-wheels in the southern states and made two tedious journeys, much of the way by stage; the grandson received daily inquiries for machinery from the South by mail and telegraph, and sometimes closed the bargain by telephone. Steam and electricity had annihilated distance; the old order had passed, giving place to the new; division of labor became a necessity.

Inside the factory, conditions were quite as changed as in the office. One man bored holes, another turned studs, each had his little share to contribute to the finished whole. One hundred men, each making a whole machine, might in a year build one hundred small steam-engines, but one man could bore many hundred cylinders, and another could turn many hundred cranks, and thus under the changed conditions a hundred engines could be built in the time formerly required to build one. The machinist gave seven years of his life to learning his trade; he was taught how to run a lathe, standing before it sometimes fourteen hours a day; hand and eye were

trained by countless repetitions of the same process, until the man and the machine became one; meanwhile he had learned to sharpen tools. In a modern shop, tool-sharpening is specialized: day in and day out men point bits of steel; but after a time the apprentice knew this trade as well as the best tool-sharpener. Specialization has increased the efficiency of the shop as an organization, but it has decreased the efficiency of the individual worker as a thinking creature. Under the factory system, the individuality of the worker is lost in the great organization of which he is a part; officially he has ceased to have a name.

Much of our industrial discontent arises from the time-clock, or rather from the thought for which the time-clock stands. Wherever the time-clock is in use, each worker is known by a number. He pushes a button on the clock-door when he commences or quits work, setting the mechanism in motion: the gear revolves, a little lever falls and prints, in blue or red ink, the information that "207—6.59" or "207—7.01;" which means that Christopher Cassidy, a citizen of the United States of America, and in the employ of the Union Steel Company, came to the factory that day at one minute before seven, or else that he was one minute late, for which offense the time-keeper is to dock his pay a quarter of an hour.

Now, while it is quite right to fine a man for being a minute late in getting to his work,—if it has become a fixed habit,—it is equally wrong to rob him of his name if the crime may be avoided. To condemn the use of the time-clock would be absurd, for this ingenious instrument has become a necessity in thousands of factories where great numbers of workmen are employed; and no toiler can complain that the record it prints is incorrect, for when he presses the button he becomes his own time-keeper; yet the relation between the employer and the employee which the time-clock symbolizes is wholly bad. This relation is graphically set forth in a circular I once read advertising these

machines. "Do you employ one hundred hands?" it asked. "Do you realize what the loss of five minutes a day by each man means to you in loss of profits in one year? Suppose your average wage is two dollars a day; fifteen hundred hours at twenty cents an hour. Three hundred dollars! Think of it! And if you employ a thousand hands, your loss will be three thousand dollars. Can you afford this?" At first it would seem that the only answer to the question must come in the form of an order for clocks, but upon reflection the employers may reply, "Possibly I can and possibly I cannot. If I consider each man in my employ as a machine which the overseer sets in motion each morning, as the operative starts his loom, by pressing the shipper-handle, I cannot afford it. But if I look upon the worker as a man capable of infinite growth, then the three hundred or three thousand dollars may be as nothing in my cost of production. The day does not begin at any particular moment; a man may press the button on the time-clock promptly at seven every morning in the year, yet the same man may cheat me out of three hundred hours every twelve months."

The amount of work which each man accomplishes during the day depends upon other factors than the mere hours of labor, and the most important of these factors is the spirit in which the work is done. The spirit of the day's work will depend upon the personal relation which exists between the office and the workshop. If the employer is known to be interested in the welfare of his men, they will be, more truly than otherwise, his retainers, more zealous for the prosperity of his business; but if his relation to them is that of a taskmaster, they will be his slaves merely, and quite capable of any treachery. The effort of the employer who would gain the loyal service of his men must be to preserve in every possible way the individuality of the employee, to emphasize his manhood, and thus to increase his self-respect.

A friend of mine employs several thou-

sand hands in his factories; he is a man who knows from his own experience the meaning of the day's toil, for he worked at the trade in his youth and belongs to that class of "risen workmen" that Shadwell calls hard taskmasters; he, however, is a most humane employer. Understanding from experience "time-clock" conditions, and knowing that the industrial value of a man is increased with the belief in the importance of his own work, this employer has adopted every means to develop in his employees a sense of their individuality. This is illustrated by the system of fines which is enforced in each department of his works. The man who in a week makes the most imperfect parts, loses a small percentage of his pay, and his loss goes as a prize to the man who makes the least bad work. In the main office a chained book is hung, and in it are recorded the mistakes made by the clerks; no penalty is exacted for these mistakes, but each clerk, by reading the record, may profit by the errors of the others; and it has come to be considered a fearful disgrace for one to have his name entered in the book, so vitally does the plan appeal to the individuality of the employee.

This employer also knows that the care of the body is the first step toward developing a sense of self-respect, and he has provided proper bathing facilities for his workers, means for warming the dinners brought to the factory in a thousand dinner-pails, a playground for field sports on Saturday afternoons, and he has spent many thousand dollars in improving the sanitary conditions of his plants; but more than this, he is easily accessible to his men. His private office is carefully guarded, for his time is too valuable to be wantonly wasted. I have seen a dozen men sitting outside his door waiting their turn to be received: trusted representatives of great selling houses, buyers of goods seeking to establish business relations with his firm, perhaps a wealthy philanthropist collecting funds for private charity, and all men of no little

consequence as viewed by the laborer who diffidently enters the office; but this same laborer has only to write his name on a piece of paper and the busy man promptly receives him — so firmly does he cling to that spirit of equality which characterized, in a marked degree, the early days of the factory system.

Side by side with the industrial development of the factory system, there went a "social" development, using the word in its narrow meaning as referring to that body of the elect which worships at the shrine of Fashion. Even to-day the stratification of "Society" is one of the most interesting phenomena to the student of social conditions in a manufacturing community. The factory system is indeed, as Arthur Shadwell has said, "the history of workingmen rising to be employers;" and in the process, by the acquisition of wealth and a degree of leisure, there comes a change in the manner of living. On the surface it is a small matter — the bean-supper becomes a dinner party; the public ball, a dancing party; and the morning bath supersedes the Saturday night tubbing; but to the student of social conditions all this has a real significance.

The machinist who founded the corporation, the development of which we have just traced, lived simply, as did the men in his employ; his wife was cook, parlor-maid, and seamstress, and it was owing to her frugality, more than to any other factor, that he was able to create an establishment which to-day furnishes employment to several hundred machinists, each living under social conditions similar to those he knew. His son never wore overalls and jumper, never worked at the bench and lathe, and he was given an education which made his father's associates shake their heads and prophesy certain failure in life for the boy; so great was their distrust of "book-learning." The grandson of the machinist went to college, and his business failure was predicted. It would be difficult for one unfamiliar with the conditions to realize the con-

tempt with which the old-time machinist, trained under the apprentice system, looks upon a young man educated in a technical school, or how firm is his conviction that a college-bred man must fail hopelessly if he enters business. Machinists of this class may be found in any large shop; they are the survivors from an older day before imagination came to be the first essential to commercial success, and from the human links which unite the age of steam to the days of the stage-coach; in their reminiscences we may trace with authority the changes which have taken place in the relation of employer and employee with the growth of the factory system.

The social world in which the grandson lived had, like the industrial conditions, become complicated. If the machinist by some unlucky chance put a steel knife to his mouth, he might still be invited to the next bean-supper; but should the grandson fail to call either in person or by pasteboard on his hostess of two weeks before, his name might be dropped from her list. This social aspect had its influence in creating the labor problem, for the personal touch between employer and employee necessarily became weaker and weaker with the progress of social development. Moreover, an aristocracy of wealth arose, in which the heartless condescension of an aristocracy of blood was emphasized by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. It is no less a sin to look down upon a man because his grandfather did not live on Beacon Hill than to despise him because he earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, but the latter sin is the more obvious.

I sometimes look out of my window when the bell rings from the school-house across the street. The children who come up the hill are ragged, some of them, while some who come in the opposite direction are brought in fine carriages driven by liveried coachmen. On the surface they belong to different classes, yet their fathers are engaged in the same business — the making of cotton cloth.

It is true that their fathers go in different social "sets," yet in the mill the labor of each is essential to the welfare of the industry. The children, however, are of the same "set," and, in the democracy of the school-yard, mingle in their play, for as yet they have not learned the tremendous significance of clothes. The father of one of the children, who came to school in a motor-car, was offered a position of trust in a cotton factory, and his little daughter, when she heard the news, cried because she feared she might be asked to carry his dinner to him in a pail. When the girl is grown to be a woman she may laugh at this incident, yet it is full of significance. There are many families in every manufacturing town which conform to the democracy of the school-yard — men and women who, in their attitude toward the toilers, foretell that better understanding between the man who buys and the man who sells labor, which is the solution of the present problem; because they have not worked with their hands, they are better able to view the complex life of the community in true perspective; but during the process of rising from bench and lathe to leather-bottomed chair and desk telephone, the working man is apt to view the problem with distorted vision.

The history of the machine-shops which we have here briefly considered, is the history, I believe, of nearly all similar manufacturing companies in the country, and the facts in the development of the factory system which we have observed in a particular case, are applicable also to other industries.

In the history of the factory system two main factors appear, which have a direct bearing on our modern industrial unrest, both tending to minimize the importance of the individual worker and to create a laboring and an employing class. Division of labor is the first of these factors — the expression in the industrial world of that specialization which in scholarship has replaced the broader culture of our fathers with the more precise learn-

ing of to-day, and in the professions has given us doctors of medicine whose knowledge of anatomy is confined to a single organ, lawyers who are unable to address a jury, and clergymen who cannot preach sermons. I am not arguing against this specialization; there is much to be said to its advantage, but it has a tendency, in the professions, to a narrower culture, and in the workshop, to the elimination of the individuality of the worker.

Division of labor was made a necessity by the discovery of the power of steam and electricity, which united nation with nation, thus creating a world-market. It was the need for a larger production which compelled the son of the machinist, quite unconsciously, to adopt the new system; and the moment he adopted it, the individuality of each worker in his employ counted for less. The loss of the individuality of the worker under the factory system was, I believe, the direct cause of unionism. The worker could no longer approach his employer directly, as man to man, and in order to make himself of force he was compelled to combine his efforts with the efforts of others, and unionism was the result.

The value of trade unions is a subject too broad for our present discussion, but that the movement is of value to the workingman, cannot be denied. That it may serve the employer in his relation with the employee, I believe is likewise true. Grave mistakes have been made by organized labor, such as opposition to the introduction of improved machinery, the attempt to limit the number of apprentices, and the many abuses in vogue in union shops; but the movement is growing in strength, and, as it grows, becomes more conservative. It is hard to believe that less than a century ago any combination of workingmen was punishable by imprisonment, yet such is the fact. To-day, not only is the right of combination encouraged by law, but privileges are

granted workingmen to further the principle of collective bargaining — a movement which seeks to place the worker in the same relation with his employer as that which existed between them in the beginning of the factory system; a movement which recognizes the dignity of the workingman as an individual.

The labor problem in one aspect is, how justly to divide the profits of industry between the man who buys and the man who sells labor. This division of profits must accomplish two things — first, the employer must receive a fair return on his invested capital; and second, the employee must receive a living wage. This condition obtained in the old days when master and man worked side by side in the shop, and it is to-day the condition by which a more equitable industrial order may be established. Professor Ryan has pointed out the possibility of a distribution of profits under which every capable worker may receive a living wage; the method by which he would accomplish this result — by act of legislature — we need not here consider; but, granting the possibility of a living wage, one way to establish it is by collective bargaining, based on the fact that no trade is a good one, nor in the long run profitable, unless both parties to it are satisfied. No combination of employers can long continue to conduct an industry in which the workers are with reason discontented, and no combination of workers can continue to demand and obtain an undeserved share of the profits.

The problem involved in collective bargaining is the same problem which master and man faced when they quarreled out their differences as they worked side by side in the shop, only multiplied many times; and its solution lies in the same fairness and mutual respect which, in an earlier day, restored harmony between two antagonistic shopmates — the parties to an individual bargain.

THE WHITE PEACOCK

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY

ALTHOUGH in staying at the Rodneys' one takes one's life, or at any rate one's digestion, in one's hands, a resultant case of chronic dyspepsia would be a light price to pay for the pleasure of their society. Meals in their big, ramshackle wreck of a colonial mansion by the sea, are served when it pleases Providence, or the whim of such unwilling handmaids as have been enticed down to this lonely retreat on the dunes; and any repast is likely to be tintured with a sub-taste of cobalt, rose-madder, or whatever particular pigment that exasperating young couple, Bob and Hallie Rodney, are especially bedaubed with at the time, in the creation of their exquisite marines.

It must not, therefore, be charged up too heavily against the account of Will Rogers, that, as he strode vigorously along the beach, his appetite sharpened by the keen, salt air, he should reflect a little ruefully on the morning coffee, and the evening roast, of the week which he was to spend with his former college chum. But then, not to mention Bob and Hallie, there was the glorious hope that this time he was really to meet — could she be torn from the custody of two dragon maiden aunts — Hallie's bosom friend, the sequestered, the gazelle-eyed Kathleen Graham.

"Hallie," asked Bob some hours later, after a repast quite in keeping with his wife's reputation as a provider, "where are you going to stow Billie to-night?"

"Oh, I don't know; wherever he likes," replied Mrs. Rodney absently. "Just listen to that wind!"

The Rodneys and their guest were gathered by a glorious driftwood blaze in the living-room, listening luxuriously to the howl and beat of the maddened

wind and rain. In the flickering glow Hallie's yellow, tousled head gleamed bright above her open-throated painting blouse, and the somewhat pronounced ruddy bronze on the noses of the two men was pleasantly softened.

"Well, all I can say is," continued Bob, with a comfortable yawn and stretch, "that on a night like this every blessed room upstairs leaks like a sieve. You'll have to put Billy down on this floor in the garden-room. Where —" sweeping his hand along the shelf of the high mantelpiece in a fruitless search — "where in thunder are the candles?"

Mrs. Rodney, suddenly called down to confront one of those ever-recurring domestic conundrums, wrinkled her forehead.

"I just remember, Norah told me to-day we were completely out of candles and kerosene oil, too. That's why we've been sitting so long in the firelight."

"Oh, was that it? I supposed it was to add to the glamour of the romantic descriptions you have been giving Will of Kathleen. Well, she certainly did a mighty plucky thing last week when she pulled that young rascal out of a briny grave."

"Oh, what was that? You never told me about that? What young rascal?"

"What, did n't we tell you about that? Why, we were out walking one day, and Hal and I saw a subject for a sketch further on, and left Kathleen on the pebbly beach. Suddenly she heard a sort of a gasping, strangled cry, and looking out into the surf, she saw something dark and shiny like a seal's head bobbing up and down. But seals don't make that kind of noise; she looked again and then

down she tore into the water, with all her clothes on."

"No, not all her clothes," amended Hallie; "she had taken off her shoes and stockings some time before to paddle in a pool, and when she heard that sound she just slipped off her dress skirt."

"For which piece of impropriety the aunts have n't forgiven her yet," interposed Rodney.

"But still," continued Hallie, "she must have been frightfully hampered by her petticoats, and that wretched boy—"

"That young limb," interrupted Bob, "was scared blue, and when she clutched him, he clung to her like a leech, and what do you think that girl—brought up in cotton-batting as she has been—had the sense and nerve to do? Why, she doubled up her fist and gave him one over the temple and stunned him, and then, somehow or other, she got him to that big black rock out there, that only shows at low tide—the one they call the Nose—and scrambled up in her lace petticoat and bare feet and screamed for help till Cap'n Sands, who was out at his lobster-pots, came sculling along for dear life and picked them off. Now, are you people going to sit here all night?"

But the entranced guest sat immovable. "How did such a cotton-batting girl learn to swim like that?" he asked.

"Swimming school in town," replied Hallie. "She's always been wild about the water, but the aunts would never allow her to bathe in the ocean. Well, she has picked up one admirer: that young reprobate—funny, flinty little chap we always found him—adores the ground she treads on."

"Yes," added Rodney with a yawn, "nice little girl, Kathleen is. Pity we can't get her here."

"You said," rejoined Rogers in an aggrieved voice, "you distinctly said in your last letter that she was going to be here."

"Yes, I know, but you see, Billy—"

"Is there some other man?"

"There ought to be if there is n't; she's

pretty enough." This from Bob; but Hallie, interrupting, continued with her somewhat unenlightening explanations.

"I'm doing my best to get her here, but there is—yes, I admit, there is—an obstacle, a—well, I can't explain; I vowed I would n't, and neither am I quite prepared to sacrifice—but you see I can't explain. Just have patience and it will probably come all right in time, and you see—"

"Oh yes, he sees," interposed Bob, "it's absolutely lucid as you put it. How a woman does love to play around a secret! But I'm going to bed, and so is Billy, and I'm going to give him a little blaze on the hearth to go to bed by."

And with a swoop of his long arms into the wood-basket, Bob caught up some sticks and kindling and kicked open the half-shut door leading into the draughty passage. But Hallie, a determined little figure, stood in the way.

"Bob Rodney, did you propose putting Billy into the garden-room?"

"I did."

"Now, Bob!"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Now you know perfectly well."

"My dear child, it's the only dry bed in the house."

"I don't care, he *can't* sleep there; why, Bob, I promised, solemnly promised—"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But I tell you—Beg pardon a moment, Billy." And drawing her husband into the passage, dark head and blonde close together, a whispered and heated colloquy ensued.

The few words that reached Rogers's ears were hardly reassuring.

"Can't you cover it up, then?" came a muffled suggestion from Bob.

"Ssh! he'll hear—and if—solemnly promised—not a soul—awful shock—poor girl—"

"See here," broke in Will at this juncture. "Is that a haunted chamber? Go ahead, I'm game!"

"Just a minute, Billy," came sooth-

ingly from Hallie, and then an emphatic, "Keep him here a moment, Bob;" and the trip, trip of her little heels was heard beating a rapid retreat down the long hallway.

Rogers joined his host. "What's wrong? Why is Hallie so set on my not sleeping in that room?"

"Oh, just some feminine nonsense. There, she's calling to us now; come on;" and following Rodney down the passage, Rogers was ushered into a large and gloomy chamber, across the uncurtained windows of which a jagged flash of lightning tore as they entered. In the roar and crash of thunder that followed, Bob's avalanche of firewood on the hearth was indistinguishable, and the next flash revealed Hallie in a remote corner of the room, bending over a sort of witch's caldron of sputtering flame.

"Don't light the fire, Bob; I'm starting a bonfire of matches in his basin; it's quite light enough to brush his teeth by; you know we often do it when there aren't any candles." And prodigally casting a whole bunch into the conflagration, she withdrew, and Bob followed.

In the uncertain flicker of the wash-basin bonfire, Rogers took a hasty review of the "haunted chamber." Two battered chairs, an elaborately carved four-poster, and a kitchen table for his toilet articles, constituted its furniture, and the only attempt to cover the bare floor was concentrated in an arrangement of three small but priceless Persian rugs, which had been stiffly laid in a row between the corner windows.

"Queer kind of a storm, this; something almost uncanny about it!" he said to himself, as the rain came beating with equal fury against both sides of the house at once. "Well, I'll have to have some air, if it does flood in." And before climbing into the imposing colonial four-poster, he threw open the two corner windows, and then, in mad flight from the wind which lashed in after him, he flung himself into bed, and drew up the clothes under his chin.

He was awakened, how soon after he could not tell, by a light touch on his forehead.

Springing to a sitting posture his hand involuntarily sought his forehead, where an instant ago he had felt the airy impact, and his bewildered eyes swept the chamber for the mysterious presence whose touch had roused him from slumber. The storm was past, the sky brilliant. In the great bare chamber no sign of life was visible. Stay! What was that white motion on the floor in the square of moonlight? That snowy whirl of tiny bodies circling round and round in a fairy ring? What could it be? Rose-petals blown in by the breeze? What! little furry, four-footed things with tails? Mice? White mice? Surely the ghosts of mice, for when, he asked himself with starting eyes, had he ever before beheld mice filled with such elfin glee, mice that whirled and twirled until the motions of their tiny feet were lost in one vague blur!

In and out they danced, now each by himself, now madly gyrating around one another; and anon pausing a brief moment to lift strangely shaped and preternaturally flexible muzzles upward, as if to snuff the dawn and discover whether cock-crow were near and the time for

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray to vanish into thin air.

How long Rogers, leaning absorbed from his pillow, might have watched these gambols, it is impossible to say; but of a sudden a harsh and discordant cry from without rent the silence of the night, and the ghostly dancers fled palpitating to cover. Jumping to the floor, Rogers ran to the window. Approaching him down the shadow-flecked path came drifting a shimmering something. Was it vapor from the sea? Wraith from its grave? White, white! From the delicate aigrette on the small proud head to the filmy laces of the sweeping train was ever anything so white! But now it dilates, and the trailing vestments, swept as by a wind, rise, fan the perfumed air, and in a quivering halo of tremulous pearl, encircle the

whole slender form. And enwrought in the nimbus, themselves *all* white, appear a host of mystic wheels like the emblematic eyes in a peacock's tail. A peacock! Ah, the spell was broken, and Rogers knew his shimmering wraith to be that ghostly and mysterious bird, Hallie's famous white peacock.

Motionless, with extended plumes, the glorious creature dominated the moonlit garden, and for a moment the fancy struck Rogers that it was no living bird, but a marvelous imitation, done in precious ivory by a cunning craftsman of the Celestial Empire. How exquisitely had been finished the elegantly dainty aigrette on the sleek head, how minutely copied — as accurately as dead white may render the gorgeous blazon — the eyes on the encircling tail. But even as he half cheated himself into this belief, the serpentine throat rippled and undulated, and the polished beak opened to emit the same hoarse cry that had startled the furry dancers.

When one has been credulous enough to be befooled, some outlet to one's feelings is imperative, and it was a relief to Rogers to snatch up the nearest missile from the table and hurl it at the disturber of his peace. That it was perhaps unwise to choose his writing-pad of Russia leather for ammunition did not occur to him till he was safely tucked away in bed again and somewhat calmed down. Still it had accomplished its purpose; the whited sepulchre of a fowl had betaken himself elsewhere; and, untroubled by visions of the Russia-leather pad lying out in rain-soaked grass, Rogers sank into a dreamless sleep. When he awoke it was early morning, and the sky behind the garden shrubbery was of that ethereal and tender luminousness only seen when day is at its freshest. But — oh, marvel of marvels! — it was not only the young day who was looking in at his window! Against the trellis gleamed a face: cheek of rose-petal framed in dusky hair; parted lips and sweeping lashes. The eyes he could not see, for they were bent in

brooding intentness on the floor of his room. He held his breath.

Ah, the drooping lids were lifting, beautiful great eyes were meeting his! A look of exquisite, shrinking maiden terror — and the apparition was gone.

Through the open window stole the scent of the roses, the snowy clusters of which he could perceive tossing lightly in the breeze from the deep blue plane of the sea. Across from the orchard came the pipe of an oriole. Still, in spite of all this smiling and debonair aspect of Dame Nature, she had evidently suffered more or less betouslement from the elements. The lawn was bestrewn with leaves and twigs, some of which had even been whipped into the room and mingled in wild confusion with half the contents of the open grip; while the prim row of Persian rugs had been pounced upon by the invading Boreas and whirled into a heap, revealing on the unpainted floor — what, what was that on the floor, between the corner windows? Footprints? A track of bewildering little footprints? Had then some spirit visitant come and gone?

Incredulous, his eyes starting from his head, Rogers raised himself on his elbow, and then with a bound was out of bed.

Yes, real footprints: an exquisite little track, as mysterious and baffling as those delicate tracings of shy, wild creatures one comes across in snow-bound woodland fastnesses. But these had human shape, and were as of a child or woman: feet, slender and high-arched, with trim heel and well separated Grecian toes. What fairy or familiar spirit had, in the small hours of the night, come flitting in and out, leaving the dewy impress of its tread?

Just outside the low casement at which the footprints started, swayed the white roses, running out on a trellis, and excitedly Rogers peered into their fragrant masses; but no, "It" had gone the other way, and he ran to the opposite window. From that a rough stretch of grass and a tumbledown summer-house, half-smothered in grape-vines, met his eye. The

summer-house must be searched; and, dashing through bath and dressing, he hurried into the open.

Nothing! Nobody! In fact no sign, either, of Bob or Hallie. In despair he sought the breakfast-room, and there, on a littered table, a cocked-hat note disclosed the unpleasant information that host and hostess had departed at three A. M. to a distant beach to catch the sunrise on the fishing-smacks putting out to sea; in a postscript-afterthought it suggested that, when ready for his toast and coffee, their guest should stand at the bottom of the attic stairs, and halloa loudly for Norah and Lena, who invariably overslept.

Rogers spent his morning in the rather unprofitable alternation of smokes on the front stoop, and visits to his chamber to persuade himself that the footprints were not figments of his imagination, but were really as trim and dainty as they seemed to his mental vision when he sat and conjured them up. Why, however, did they not fade out? Reluctantly he was forced to renounce the poetic theory that the feet that had made them had lightly brushed the dews of morning from the greensward.

Whether it was the oppressive stillness of the house, or the uncompromising solemnity of the deep-voiced clock in the passage, little by little the solitary guest began to tell himself that, after all, strange riddles did present themselves in this prosaic world, — unsolvable mysteries before which even modern science stands baffled and dumb. The evident perturbation, the preceding night, of so easy-going a nature as Hallie's; Rodney's whispered injunction to hide away something obnoxious from sight; the half-smothered reference to that "poor girl," — might it not, nay, did it not, all point to some dark secret connected with this weather-beaten old house; some tragic manifestation which his light-hearted friends would instinctively wish to cover up, metaphorically speaking or otherwise? How many palaces had their rec-

ords of past crimes ingrained in deep-dyed stains that "would not out." And these bare boards, gray, nay in spots fairly worm-eaten with age, — what records might they not retain! Lovely girls had undoubtedly grown to maidenhood in this once stately mansion by the sea; might not one of them have been foully done to death, and as she fled from her assailant, left, to cry aloud down the ages, this imprint of her innocent feet?

With a start Rogers came to himself. What tricks had not a cup of execrable coffee, an empty house, and the monotone of the waves been playing with his fancy!

It was not until nearly noon that he pulled himself out of his nether world. Going to the front door for a whiff of the salt air, he became aware that a black speck in motion was breaking the solitude of the dunes. Could it be Bob and Hallie? In a flash the little footprints tripped across his mental vision. *Now* he should know about them. Bob and Hallie could explain. But could that snail-like vehicle really be propelled by that erratic pair? On it came over the sandy road, a carryall drawn by an apoplectic, sober-faced gray. Through the gate, and up to the steps it dragged, and Rogers, rising and taking off his hat, was confronted by the somewhat severe gaze of two elderly ladies.

"Pardon me," said one of the old ladies with formal precision, "may I ask if Mrs. Rodney is at home?"

Rogers expressed polite regret that she was not.

"Pardon me, but permit me to trouble you further by inquiring when Mrs. Rodney will be at home."

"I really have no idea."

"Do I understand you to state that Mrs. Rodney left her residence, and failed to indicate the exact hour of her return?"

With a growing sense of guilt upon him, as of one proved an accomplice in some awful breach of decorum, Rogers produced in exculpation the cocked-hat

note,¹ but realizing its inadequacy thrust it hastily back into his pocket and only ventured a lame, "Oh, well, these artists, you know —"

But here, in an impressive bass voice, the other and statelier of the old ladies interposed: "Pardon me, Sir, we know nothing about artists and their ways. Drive back, sister."

"Is there, perhaps," suggested Rogers, "is there, perhaps, some message I could give Mrs. Rodney?"

But at this proposition both old ladies drew up in offended propriety.

"You are very courteous, Sir, but the matter is one" —

"Of the most extreme delicacy," this from the statelier sister, "and would admit of no discussion." A pause, and then in an agitated duet, "of no discussion whatever, with a *gentleman*." And bowing with great decorum, the two ladies, with no little flapping of the reins, and after several fruitless adjurations to their steed to bestir himself, drove away. They were — he knew it by intuition — Kathleen's dragon aunts.

Rogers returned to some reading of proof, and also to the vain search for a scrap of paper which had unaccountably vanished. It was a mere scrap, but on it he had penned the night before the dedication of his volume of essays; that is, the dedication he would like to use if he dared. It was a dedication, though without mentioning her by name, to Kathleen. During the year in which he had been writing the essays, little things that Hallie had told him of the girl had kept running in his head, and involuntarily he had fallen into the habit of asking himself, what would she think of this, how would she like that. And after all, what was the harm in dedicating this virgin effort of his pen to so charming an embodiment of beauty and purity. No one would know, not she herself, to whom he referred. And then, if he and Kathleen ever did meet, and if — and if —

Long after sunset, disheveled, ravenous, gloriously happy and superbly in-

nocent of offense, the solitary guest's recreant host and hostess straggled in at the front door. But no sooner had Rogers unbosomed himself of the mysterious adventure of the night than they pleaded sleep and hurried off to bed, explaining nothing.

That night Rogers again woke with a start, and the vague consciousness of a presence in the room. It — whatever it was, for the chamber was in utter darkness — must have entered through the low window. A stealthy footstep was faintly to be distinguished above the murmur of the waves on the beach. For an instant he lay tense; then with a bound was out of bed, and stretching groping hands after the intruder. It, with quickened breathing and half-suppressed pants of fear, could be heard retreating before him. Relentless he pursued; he was hard upon it, his fingers swept its garments, almost they closed upon its substance. Now it was gone — but not far; there — there — betrayed by the soft pad of its bare feet — he was on it now — he seized it — held it firm! An arm, a shoulder, a warm, quivering throat, a cheek, palpitating and soft as a peach.

"Lemme go!" panted the terrified treble of a boy.

Rogers only held the tighter, and gave the figure a vigorous shake.

"You imp, you! Who are you?"

"Lemme go, I say."

Securely grasping his captive with one hand, with the other Rogers reached out to the table near which they were struggling, and fumbling for a match, lit the candle.

"You limb, what have you got in your pockets? Turn them inside out."

The boy's rough, brown little paws went to work on his pockets, and in the medley of string, fish-hooks, marbles, and other odds and ends of boyish treasures, Rogers recognized nothing of his own; but suddenly something bright and hard fell to the floor. The little fellow tried to pounce upon it, but the young man was before him.

"My pencil!" he exclaimed, "my gold pencil!"

"I never" — blurted out the boy; then, growing crimson, the first sign of grace he had yet shown, relapsed into silence.

Now this gold pencil, of old-fashioned make, was one that had belonged to Rogers's father; and though the getting it fitted to leads was a difficult matter, he always carried it with him, and loved to use what he so vividly remembered seeing in his father's hands. The sight of it hardened his heart.

"What else have you stolen? Strip!"

Still without a word the boy slipped out of his two slight garments, a shirt and a pair of trousers, and stood, a slim, white little figure, in the flickering candle light. Rogers turned the carefully patched garments inside out, but not even the most minute search revealing any other loot, he tossed them back.

"See here, my boy," he said, "how did you happen to get into a scrape like this? Is it hard times at home?"

For a moment it seemed as if the embryo burglar would be touched by this appeal, but suddenly catching up shirt and trousers he made one bound for the open window, and was out into the night.

"May I see you and Bob a minute?" asked Rogers of his hostess, when breakfast was over.

"Come into the garden," said Hallie; and making their way there, the three seated themselves on a bench near the sun-dial.

"More spirits?" asked Bob, lighting a cigarette.

"No," answered Rogers, and related his midnight adventure. The Rodneys looked grave.

"Dave, of course," said Hallie.

"He was a rather wild little chap," added Bob, reflectively, "before Kathleen took him in hand, but since then he has seemed quite a reformed character."

"How did she happen to take him in hand?"

"Why, he was the youngster she pulled

out of the water; and he'd swear black was white if she told him to. I say," exclaimed Rodney, with a hopeful gleam in his eyes, "Hallie, don't you suppose he came to — that perhaps some one sent him to — and that that accounts for —"

"I wondered when that would dawn upon you," replied Mrs. Rodney with the serene compassion women so often bestow on the slower intuitions of their spouses.

"When *what* would dawn upon you?" asked Rogers in almost irritable bewilderment.

"Why that some one has been suborning Dave to paint out Kathleen's footprints."

"Kathleen's footprints!" exclaimed the more and more perplexed Rogers.

"Now, Bob, you've gone and done it," reproved his wife.

"Oh, nonsense. Whose did you suppose they were, anyway, Billy? The garden ghost's?"

"But how did they get there?"

"Oh, quite simply. When Kathleen ran up dripping wet from the beach after pulling Dave out of the water, she climbed into the house through the low window in the garden-room, forgetting that Hallie had just painted the floor, and before she knew it she had made that little track."

Rogers looked at his friend with eyes of reproachful incredulity. "Can't you invent a more plausible yarn than that, Bob? Painted the floor! Any child could see that floor had n't had a lick of paint on it for a hundred years!"

For answer Bob slapped his knee with a delighted chuckle, and Hallie, jumping up, swept a triumphant courtesy.

"I always insisted it was my *chef-d'œuvre*, that floor," she exclaimed. Rogers's face fell.

"Oh, so you painted in those footprints?"

"Not at all; the footprints are Kathleen's; I merely induced on a hideous, brand-new floor, just laid, that beguiling appearance of age you so admire. Yes, knot-holes and all — my work."

"Nonsense, the boards are fairly worm-eaten."

"Are they? Run in and look more carefully. Rub your fingers over the boards. No, my friend, that is art, pure art. And then Kathleen unwittingly gave just that touch of human interest to the masterpiece to make it perfect. Of course she wanted them painted out, but we would n't."

"I should say not," added Bob. "You see, Will, you are an ignoramus in art, but I can tell you that you don't see a foot like that — not once in a blue moon."

"But Kathleen's aunts —" exclaimed Hallie.

"Yes, the aunts," broke in Rodney, his eyes dancing at the memory of an exciting encounter; "when they heard about the footprints they hurried over hotfoot. Would Mrs. Rodney at once remove those witnesses to the fact of their niece's possessing feet? No, Mrs. Rodney would not. Did Mrs. Rodney care to have their niece visit her again? She certainly did. Well, Kathleen should never darken our doors again till those footprints were removed."

"I might have agreed to it, you know," interposed Hallie, "if they had not gone at it as they did, making me out to be such an indecent person. I did compromise, however, by solemnly swearing no men guests should be put into the room. I did put you in, I had to, but I covered the footprints up carefully with that line of rugs only — you — you peeked under to see if the floor was clean."

"I did not; it was the wind."

"Well, I won't paint them out, anyway, would you now? Bob, would you now?" reiterated Hallie, turning to her husband.

"I give it up. Kathleen, or the footprints. It's every bit as bad as *The Lady or the Tiger*."

"There's the fog bell," exclaimed Hallie, "good-by to our sail on the Curlew." Then jumping excitedly to her feet, and pointing off over the downs, "There she comes now."

"Who?"

"Kathleen."

Yes, toward them over the downs, and as if in answer to the summons of the bell, hurrying, breaking every now and then into little runs, came a young girl, bare-headed, and in white. As she drew near, Rogers could see that her hair was massy and dark, and dark likewise the starry eyes above her peach-bloom cheeks. Then for the first and last time in his life, he went cold and faint. It was the dream-face he had seen at his window in the early dawn.

But now she was close at hand. She had pushed open the rickety gate, all overgrown with wild grape, and run up to Hallie, whom she seized by both hands.

"He's entirely innocent," she panted, "it was all my fault! Dave kept silent to — to save me."

"Yes, dear, yes, yes," replied Hallie, disengaging one hand but keeping a firm hold of the excited girl with the other; "we'll talk it all over later. In the mean time, this is Mr. Rogers."

It struck each member of the trio that it was well that Hallie had a detaining hand on her visitor, for something like an electric shock seemed to go through her; she started, flushed furiously all over her face and throat, and tried to pull away from her friend.

"I — I — am glad to have the pleasure," stammered Rogers, and Kathleen bent her head slightly in acknowledgment, but retired behind Hallie.

"Could n't we go in the house?" she murmured.

But Hallie threw an arm about the girl, and laughed. "Come," she said, "let's make an end of this foolish business. You don't mind, really, do you, dear? You wanted those footprints out so you could come over and stay, and you bribed Dave to do it. Is that it?"

"Yes," faltered Kathleen, picking up courage, but still keeping Hallie between herself and the man it was obvious to her delighted friends she was yearning to meet. "But I did n't tell him to go at

night. Was n't that like a boy? He probably sleeps so soundly himself that cannon-balls could n't wake him, and he thought that Mr. — Mr. — here another violent accession of color followed the former wave — "Rogers was like him."

"But what I want to know is," said Bob, "what he was going to paint with."

Kathleen edged a little bit round the protecting presence. "Oh, he had his brush, only when he heard Mr. Rogers he threw it out of the window. He's not a bad boy, indeed, indeed he is not." And now Kathleen came out of eclipse, and boldly confronting Rogers, lifted a pair of imploring eyes. "It's true that once before he did annoy you, I know — he told me about it — by letting Hallie's Japanese dancing mice escape into your room. He had been playing with them, and they got loose, and he did n't find them till the next morning. I hope they did n't run over your face or anything in the night."

"If they did," replied Rogers, "they made up for it by dancing for me most charmingly."

"Sit down, Kathleen," said Bob, patting the bench beside him. "You've made it all right and clear, of course, except I'm awfully sorry to bother you, as you're so fond of the little chap, but there's one thing I don't quite understand, — that is, what Dave was doing with Mr. Rogers's gold pencil. Of course, you don't know about that; Dave's confidences did not probably get quite to that point, but he had that gold pencil in his possession."

If Kathleen had flown signals of flaming distress before, those she now hoisted were of a fairly alarming character. She sank down on the bench beside Bob, but was as quickly on her feet again. It was evident that some desperate resolve was fluttering in her breast beneath its undulating folds of cambric.

"As Hallie says," she burst out at last, "it's best to make a clean breast of every-

thing. He was n't stealing that pencil, he was returning it."

"Oh, he had stolen it before!"

"No, I stole it!"

"Kathleen!"

"That is — I found it — one morning — in the garden."

"In the garden? But you have n't been in the garden since Mr. Rogers was here."

Kathleen had now turned completely away, and was pulling nervously at the strings of the broad-brimmed hat she was carrying. She was evidently nerving herself for a final effort.

"Yes, I was once, very early, that time you were off at the wreck. I — I — came over — the aunts never knew — but I came over to see — to look in and see — I supposed the room was empty — to see if — if — the footprints —"

"Jove!" exclaimed Rodney, "a good thing Rogers did n't see you: he would have taken you for the garden ghost."

Rogers looked straight ahead. There was a moment's pause, and Kathleen took up the thread of her confession.

"I found — there was — there was — in the grass — a pad with — with some writing on it."

The dedication!

"It was a very wrong thing to do — but — but — I don't know why, I looked at it, and because I did n't understand it very well I thought I would look at it some more, and then — then, something frightened me, and I ran home, and when I got there I found I still had the pad in my hand, and there was a gold pencil stuck into the little leather ring, and I gave them both to Dave to bring back, and then —"

"You must have dropped your pad and pencil yourself in the garden," said Hallie in a matter-of-fact tone, to turn the attention from Kathleen's painful if becoming droop of embarrassment.

"No," said Rogers, finding tongue at last, "I fired it out of the window at that blessed white peacock."

VISTAS OF LABOR

"How long, O Lord, how long!"

BY RICHARD BURTON

I

THE STEAMSHIP STOKER

SWEAT-DRENCHED, and blinded by the heat, he reels
Back from the furnace, crawls on deck to win
A cooling breath or two, ere plunging down
Into his torture-house of Steam.

In truth,
He earns his heaven, for, fierce hour by hour,
He knows the bitterness and bite of hell.
What more could heaven do for any soul
Than fan a burning brow with airs as bland
As those of Arcady, and soothe the eyes
With touch of winsome waters, at whose call
The seeming dead grow light and labor-strong!

II

THE MINER

Up creaks the car; he leaves his ghastly dream
Of flickering, strange lights and caverns gloomed,
Grim fears of death-damp and the rumblings deep
Of an inferno whence the damned come back
Daily to taste of Paradise, before
The Devil bids them down; up creaks the car
Disgorging men and mud indifferently.

How sweet the lingering sun, and yonder, look,
The cabin lights are beckoning fondly, where
Warm love awaits him; for a little space
He's no machine but human, and his God
Our God, — no mid-earth Devil, but a power
Benign and near. . . .

But now the nether pit
Reclaims these children of a double world,
And once again Life is a nightmare dream.

III

IN A SWEATSHOP

Pent in, and sickening for one wholesome draught
Of air, — God's gift that cities sell so dear,
They stitch and stitch. The dim lights fall upon
Bent bodies, hollowed bosoms and dead eyes.
Their very mirth is horrible to hear,
It is so joyless! Every needle-stroke
Knits into dainty fabrics that shall go
Where Fashion flaunts, the protest and the pain
Of ravaged lives, of souls denied their food.

At last the clock-stroke! From the beetling shop
The prisoners file, and up and down the street
Scatter to hutches humorists call Home,
To sin, to die, or, if it may be, clutch
Some pleasure fierce enough to drown the thought
That on the morrow they must meet again.

IV

FACTORY CHILDREN

Here toil the striplings, who should be a-swarm
In open, sun-kissed meadows; and each day
Amid the monstrous murmur of the looms
That still their treble voices, they become
Tiny automata, mockeries of youth:
To her that suckled them, to him whose name
They bear, mere fellow-earners of Life's bread:
No time for tenderness, no place for smiles, —
These be the world's wee workers, by your leave!

Naught is more piteous underneath the sky
Than at the scant noon hour to see them play
Feebly, without abandon or delight
At some poor game; so grave they seem and crushed!
The gong! and foulness sucks them in once more.

Yet still the message wonderful rings clear
Above all clang of commerce and of mart:
Suffer the little children, and again:
My Kingdom is made up of such as these.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES¹

V

THE CABINET DURING THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN

[Grant had assumed personal command of the expedition against Vicksburg on January 30. The difficulties of the undertaking were not altogether appreciated in the North, and the public was growing restive.]

Tuesday, June 2, 1863.

There was some discussion of affairs at Vicksburg. The importance of capturing that stronghold and opening the navigation of the river is appreciated by all, and confidence is expressed in Grant, but it seems that not enough was doing. The President, Halleck declares, can furnish no additional troops. As yet I have seen nothing to admire in the military management of General Halleck, whose mind is heavy and, if employed at all, is apparently engaged on something else than the public matter in hand. At this time when the resources of the nation should be called out, and activity pervade all military operations, he sits back in his chair doing comparatively nothing. It worries the President; yet he relies upon Halleck and apparently [on] no one else in the War Department. No one more fully realizes the magnitude of the occasion, and the vast consequences involved, than the President. He wishes all to be done that can be done, but yet in army operations will not move or do except by consent of the dull, stolid, inefficient and incompetent General-in-Chief. Stanton does not attend one-half of the Cabinet meetings. When he comes, he communicates little of importance. Not unfrequently he has a private

conference with the President in the corner of the room, or with Seward in the library. Chase, Blair, and Bates have each expressed their mortification and chagrin that things were so conducted. To-day as we came away, Blair joined me, and said he knew not what we were coming to. That he had tried to have things different.

Saturday, June 6, 1863.

Am unhappy over our affairs.

How far Halleck is sustaining Grant at Vicksburg, I do not learn. He seems heavy and uncertain in regard to matters there. A further failure at V[icksburg], will find no justification. To-day he talks of withdrawing a portion of the small force at Port Royal. I am not, however, as anxious as some for an immediate demonstration on Charleston. There are I think strong reasons for deferring action for a time, unless the army is confident of success by approaches on Morris Island. Halleck is confident the place can be so taken. But, while he expresses this belief, he is not earnest in carrying it into effect. He has broken out with zeal for Vicksburg, and is ready to withdraw most of the small force at Port Royal and send it to the Mississippi. Before they could reach Grant the fate of Vicksburg will be decided. If such a movement is necessary now, it was, weeks ago, while we were in consultation for army work in South Carolina and Georgia.

Halleck inspires no zeal in the army or among our soldiers. Stanton is actually hated by many officers, and is more in-

timate with certain extreme partisans in Congress, the Committee on the Conduct of War and others, than with the Executive, Administration and military men. The Irish element is dissatisfied with the service, and there is an unconquerable prejudice on the part of many whites against black soldiers. But all our increased military strength now comes from the negroes. Partyism is stronger with many in the free states than patriotism. Every coward and niggardly miser opposes the war. The former from fear, lest he should be drafted; the latter, to avoid taxes.

Wednesday, June 10, 1863.

The accounts of piratical depredations disturb me. My views, instructions, and arrangements to capture the Alabama, which would have prevented these depredations, have failed through the misconduct of Wilkes. The rebel cruisers are now beginning to arm their prizes and find adventurers to man them. Our *neutral* friends will be likely to find the police of the seas in a bad way.

Friday, June 12, 1863.

The interference of members of Congress in the petty appointments and employment of laborers in the Navy Yards is annoying and pernicious. The public interest is not regarded by the members, but they crowd partisan favorites for mechanical positions in place of good mechanics and workmen, and when I refuse to entertain their propositions, they take offence. I can't help it if they do. I will not prostitute trust to their schemes and selfish personal partisanship.

Sunday, June 14, 1863.

Farther reports of depredations. Got off vessels last night from New York and Hampton Roads. Sent to Boston for Montgomery to cruise off Nantucket.

INCOMPETENCE OF WAR DEPARTMENT

[R. H. Milroy, Major General of Volunteers, in charge of a division of the eighth

army corps, was stationed at Winchester, Virginia. Here, on June 15, he was attacked by the main body of Lee's army marching north to Pennsylvania. The fighting lasted for three days, when Milroy succeeded in cutting his way out, with the loss of the major part of his forces. His conduct was made the subject of investigation, and in 1865 he resigned from the army.]

Scary rumors abroad of army operations and a threatened movement of Lee upon Pennsylvania. No doubt there has been a change. I fear our friends are in difficulty. Went to the War Dept. this evening. Found the President and General Halleck with the Secretary of War in the room of the telegraphic operator. Stanton was uneasy, said it would be better to go into another room. The President and myself went into the Secretary's office. The other two remained. The President said, quietly, to me, he was feeling very badly, that he feared Milroy and his command were captured, or would be. He (Milroy) has written that he can hold out five days, but at the end of five days he will be in no better condition, — for he can't be relieved. "It is," said the President, "Harper's Ferry over again."

I enquired why Milroy did not fall back, — if he had not been apprised by Hooker or from here, what Lee was doing? etc. I added, if Lee's army was moving, Hooker would take advantage and sever his forces, perhaps take his rear guard. The President said it would seem so, but that our folks appear to know but little how things are, and showed no evidence that they ever availed themselves of any advantage.

How fully the President is informed, and whether he is made acquainted with the actual state of things, is uncertain. He depends on the War Department which, I think, is not informed and is in confusion. From neither of the others did I get a word. Stanton came once or twice into the room where we were, in a fussy

way. Halleck did not move from his chair where he sat with his cigar, the door being open between the two rooms. From some expressions which were dropped from H[alleck] I suspect poor Milroy is to be made the scapegoat, and blamed for the stupid blunders, neglects, and mistakes of those who should have warned and advised him.

I do not learn that any members of the Cabinet are informed of army movements. The President is kept in ignorance, and defers to the General in Chief, though not pleased that he is not fully advised of matters as they occur. There is a modest distrust of himself, of which advantage is taken. For a week, movements have been going on of which he has known none, or very few, of the details.

I came away from the War Department painfully impressed. After recent events Hooker cannot have the confidence which is essential to success, and all-important to the commander in the field. He has not grown in public estimation since placed in command. If he is intemperate, as is reported, God help us! The President, who was the first person to intimate this failing to me, has a personal liking for Hooker, and clings to him when others give way.

THE PANIC IN THE NORTH

Monday, June 15, 1863.

Met Blair at the depot. Told him of the conversation I had last evening with the President and the appearance of things at the War Department. It affected him greatly. He has never had confidence in either Stanton, Halleck, or Hooker. He fairly groaned that the President should continue to trust them, and defer to them, when the magnitude of the questions is considered. "Strange, strange," he exclaimed, "that the President, who has sterling ability, should give himself over so completely to Stanton and Seward!" Something of a panic pervades the city. Singular rumors reach us of rebel advances into Maryland. It is said they have reached Hagerstown, and some

of them have penetrated as far as Chambersburg in Pennsylvania. These reports are doubtless exaggerations, but I can get nothing satisfactory from the War Department of the rebel movements, or of our own. There is trouble, confusion, uncertainty, where there should be calm intelligence.

I have a panic telegram from Gov. Curtin, who is excitable and easily alarmed, entreating that guns and gunners may be sent from the Navy Yard at Philadelphia to Harrisburg without delay. We have not a gunner that we can spare. Commodore Stribling can spare men, temporarily, from the Navy Yard.

"[Harrisburg," says Rhodes, "the capital of the state, was indeed in danger. If Harrisburg was captured it was thought the Confederates would march on Philadelphia. Men well informed believed that Lee had nearly 100,000 men and 250 pieces of artillery."]"

I went again, at a late hour, to the War Department, but could get no facts or intelligence from the Secretary, who either does not know or dislikes to disclose the position and condition of the army. He did not know that the rebels had reached Hagerstown, did not know but some of them had, — quite as likely to be in Philadelphia as Harrisburg. Ridiculed Curtin's fears. Thought it would be well, however, to send such guns and men as could be spared to allay his apprehension. I could not get a word concerning Gen. Milroy and his command, whether safe or captured, retreating or maintaining his position. All was vague, — opaque, thick darkness. I really think Stanton is no better posted than myself, and from what Stanton says am afraid Hooker does not comprehend Lee's intentions nor know how to counteract them. Halleck has no activity, never exhibits sagacity or foresight, though he can record and criticise the past. It looks to me as if Lee was putting forth his whole energy and force in one great desperate struggle which

shall be decisive, — that he means to strike a blow that will be severely felt, and of serious consequence, and thus bring the war to a close. But all is conjecture.

Tuesday, June 16, 1863.

We hear this morning that Milroy has cut his way through the rebels and arrived at Harper's Ferry, where he joins Tyler. I cannot learn from the War Department how early Milroy was warned from here that the rebels were approaching him, and that it would be necessary for him to fall back. Halleck scolds and swears about him as a stupid worthless fellow. This seems his way to escape censure himself and cover his stupidity in higher position.

The President yesterday issued a proclamation calling for 100,000 volunteers to be raised in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and West Virginia. This call is made from outside pressure, and intelligence received chiefly from Pennsylvania, and not from the War Department or Head-Quarters. Tom A. Scott, late Assistant Secretary of War, came on expressly from Pennsylvania, sent by Curtin, and initiated the proceeding.

Halleck sits, and smokes, and swears, and scratches his arm and hates it, but exhibits little military capacity or intelligence — is obfuscated, muddy, uncertain, stupid as to what is doing or to be done.

Neither Seward, nor Stanton, nor Blair, nor Usher, were at the Cabinet meeting. The two last are not in Washington. At such a time all should be here, and the meetings full and frequent for general consultation and general purposes. Scarcely a word on army movements. Chase attempted to make inquiries; asked whether a demonstration could not be made on Richmond, but the President gave it no countenance. No suggestions ever come from Halleck.

Young Ulric Dahlgren, who is on Hooker's staff, came in to-day. He is intelligent and gallant. I asked where the army was. He said between Fairfax and Centre-

ville, or most of it was there; that Lee and the rebel army are on the opposite side of the mountain, fronting Hooker. He knows little or nothing of the reported rebel advances into Pennsylvania, and thinks Hooker does not know it. This is extraordinary, but it accounts for the confusion and bewilderment at the War Office.

Wednesday, June 17, 1863.

Had a telegram at ten last night from Mr. Felton, president of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, requesting that a gun-boat might be sent to Havre de Grace to protect the Company's ferry-boat property. Says he has information that the rebels intend going down the river to seize it.

LINCOLN'S TEMPORARY RELIEF

I went forthwith to the War Department to ascertain whether there was really any such alarming necessity, for it seemed to me, from all I had been able to learn, that it was a panic invocation. Found the President and Stanton at the War Department, jubilant over intelligence just received that no rebels had reached Carlisle as had been reported, and it was believed had not even entered Pennsylvania. Stanton threw off his reserve, and sneered and laughed at Felton's call for a gun-boat. Soon a messenger came in from Gen. Schenck, who declares no rebels have crossed the Potomac, that the stragglers and baggage trains of Milroy had run away in affright, and squads of them, on different parallel roads, had alarmed each other, and each fled in terror in all speed to Harrisburg. This alone was asserted to be the basis of the great panic which had alarmed Pennsylvania and the country.

The President was relieved and in excellent spirits. Stanton was apparently feeling well, but I could not assure myself he was wholly relieved of the load which had been hanging upon him. The special messenger brought a letter to Stanton, which he read, but was evidently unwilling to communicate its con-

tents, even to the President who asked about it. Stanton wrote a few lines which he gave to the officer, who left. General Meigs¹ came in about this time, and I was sorry to hear Stanton communicate an exaggerated account of Milroy's disaster, who, he said, had not seen a fight or even an enemy. Meigs indignantly denied the statement, and said Milroy himself had communicated the facts that he had fought a battle and escaped. While he (Meigs) did not consider Milroy a great general, or a man of very great ability, he believed him to be truthful and brave, and if General Schenck's messenger said there had been no fight, he disbelieved him. Stanton insisted that was what the officer (whom I think he called Payson) said. I told him I did not so understand the officer. The subject was then dropped; but the conversation gave me uneasiness. Why should the Secretary of War wish to misrepresent and belittle Milroy? Why exaggerate the false rumor and try to give currency to, if he did not originate, the false statement that there was no fight, and a panic flight?

The President was in excellent humor. He said this flight would be a capital joke for Orpheus C. Kerr² to get hold of. He could give scope to his imagination over the terror of broken squads of panic-stricken teamsters, frightened at each other and alarming all Pennsylvania. Meigs with great simplicity inquired who this person (Orpheus C. Kerr) was. "Why," said the President, "have you not read those papers? They are in two volumes. Anyone who has not read them must be a heathen." He said he had enjoyed them greatly except when they attempted to play their wit on him, which did not strike him as very successful, but rather disgusted him. "Now the hits that are given to you, Mr. Welles, or to Chase, I can enjoy, but I dare say they

may have disgusted you while I was laughing at them. So vice versa as regards myself." He then spoke of a poem by this Orpheus C. Kerr, which mythologically described McClellan as a monkey fighting a serpent representing the rebellion, but the joke was [that] the monkey continually called for "more tail," "more tail," which Jupiter gave him, etc., etc.

Friday, June 19, 1863.

Chase informs me that he has just returned from a visit to Hooker's headquarters, at or near Fairfax Court House. The troops he says are in good spirits and excellent condition, as is Hooker himself. He commends Hooker as in every respect all that we could wish. His (Chase's) tone towards Halleck is much altered since our last conversation. All of which is encouraging. But Chase's estimate and judgment of men fluctuates as he has intercourse with them, and they are friendly and communicative, or otherwise.

Saturday, June 20, 1863.

Tidings from New York to-day are sad respecting Admiral Foote. I fear he cannot recover and that his hours upon earth are few. His death will be a great loss to the country, — a greater one, in this emergency, to me, than to any other outside of his own family. Individual sorrows and bereavements, and personal friendships, are not to weigh in matters of national concernment, but I cannot forget that "we were boys together," and that in later and recent years we have mutually sustained each other. I need him, and the prestige of his name, in the place to which he has been ordered.

Sumner's opinion and estimate of men does not agree with Chase's. Sumner expresses an absolute want of confidence in Hooker; says he knows him to be "a blasphemous wretch;" that after crossing the Rappahannock and reaching Centreville, Hooker exultingly exclaimed, "The enemy are in my power, and God Almighty cannot deprive me of them." I have before heard of this, but not

¹ Quartermaster-General of the U. S. Army.

² Orpheus C. Kerr (Office Seeker) was the pseudonym of Robert H. Newell, whose burlesque sketches of current events were much in vogue at the time.

so directly and positively. The sudden paralysis that followed, when the army in the midst of a successful career was suddenly checked and commenced its retreat, has never been explained. Whisky is said by Sumner to have done the work. The President said if Hooker had been killed by the shot which knocked over the pillar that stunned him,¹ we should have been successful.

Neither Seward nor Stanton was at the Cabinet meeting. Mr. Bates had left for Missouri. The President was with General Hooker at the War Department when we met, but soon came in. His countenance was sad and careworn, and impressed me painfully. Nothing of special interest was submitted. The accustomed rumors in regard to impending military operations continue.

Chase, who evidently was not aware that General Hooker was in Washington until I mentioned it, seemed surprised and left abruptly. I tried to inspire a little cheerfulness and pleasant feeling by alluding to the capture of the Fingal. For a few moments there was animation and interest, but when the facts were out and the story told, there was no new topic and the bright feelings subsided. Believing the President desired to be with General Hooker, who has come in suddenly and unexpectedly and for some as yet undisclosed reason, I withdrew. Blair left with me. He is much dispirited and dejected. We had ten or fifteen minutes talk as we came away. He laments that the President does not advise more with all his Cabinet, deprecates the *bad* influence of Seward, and Chase, and Stanton, Halleck and Hooker.

DAHLGREN AS AN OFFICER

Had two interviews with Dahlgren today in regard to his duties as successor of Dupont in command of the South Atlantic Squadron. Enjoined upon him to leave me at no time in ignorance of his views if they underwent any change, or should be different in any respect from

¹ An incident of Chancellorsville.

mine or the policy proposed. Told him there must be frankness and absolute sincerity between us in the discharge of his official duties; no reserve, though we might differ. I must know, truthfully, what he was doing, and have his frank and honest opinion at all times. He concurs, and I trust there will be no misunderstanding.

My intercourse and relations with Dahlgren have been individually satisfactory. The partiality of the President has sometimes embarrassed me, and given D[ahlgren] promotion and prominence which may prove a misfortune in the end. It has gained him no friends in the profession, but the officers feel and know he has attained naval honors without naval claims or experience. He has intelligence and ability without question; his nautical qualities are disputed — his skill, capacity, courage, daring, sagacity, and comprehensiveness in a high command, are to be tested. He is intensely ambitious, and I fear too selfish. He has the heroism which proceeds from pride and would lead him to danger and to death, but whether he has the innate, unselfish courage of the genuine sailor and soldier remains to be seen. I think him exact and a good disciplinarian, and the President regards him with special favor. In periods of trying difficulties here, from the beginning of the rebellion, he has never failed me. He would, I know, gallantly sustain his chief anywhere and make a good second in command, such as I wished to make him when I proposed that he should be associated with Foote. As a Bureau officer, he is capable and intelligent, but he shuns and evades responsibility. This may be his infirmity in his new position.

Wednesday, June 24, 1863.

No definite or satisfactory information in regard to military movements. If it were clear that the Secretary of War and General-in-Chief knew, and were directing military movements intelligently, it would be a relief; but they communi-

cate nothing, and really appear to have little or nothing to communicate. What at any time surprises us, surprises them. There is no cordiality between them and Hooker, not an identity of views and action, such as should exist between the general in command in the field and the headquarters and department, separated [by] only a few miles. The consequence is an unhappy and painful anxiety and uncertainty, the more distressing to those of us who should know and are measurably responsible because we ought to be acquainted with the facts. Were we not in that position, we should be more at ease.

Word is sent me by a credible person who left Hagerstown last evening, that Ewell and Longstreet with their divisions passed through that place yesterday to invade Pennsylvania with 60,000 men.¹ The number is probably exaggerated, but I am inclined to believe there may be half that number, perhaps more. Where in the meantime is General Hooker and our army? I get nothing satisfactory from Head-Quarters or Stanton.

Friday, June 26, 1863.

Rumors are rife concerning the army. If Hooker has generalship in him, this is his opportunity. He can scarcely fail of a triumph. The President in a single remark to-day betrayed doubts of Hooker, to whom he is quite partial: — "We cannot help beating them if we have the man. How much depends in military matters on one master mind. Hooker may commit the same fault as McClellan and lose his chance. We shall soon see; but, it appears to me, he can't help but win."

[Clement L. Vallandigham, the Copperhead leader of the Western Democrats, had been arrested by U. S. troops, in May, on the charge of sedition. With the President's approval, he was court-

martialed and banished to Confederate lines.]

A pretty full discussion of Vallandigham's case and of the committee from Ohio, which is here ostensibly in his behalf, but really to make factious party strength. Blair is for letting him return, — turning him loose, says he will damage his own friends. The President would have no objection but for the effect it would have in relaxing army discipline, and disgusting the patriotic sentiment and feeling of the country, which holds V[allandigham] in abhorrence.

Saturday, June 27, 1863.

A telegram last night informed me of the death of Admiral Foote. The information of the last few days made it a not unexpected event, yet there was a shock when it came. Foote and myself were schoolboys together at Cheshire Academy, under good old Doctor Bronson, and, though [he was] three or four years younger than myself, we were pursuing some of the same studies, and there then sprang up an attachment between us that never was broken.

Sunday, June 28, 1863.

The President convened the Cabinet at ten A. M. and submitted his reply to the Vallandigham committee. Save giving too much notoriety and consequence to a graceless traitor, who loves notoriety and office, and making the factious party men who are using him for the meanest purposes that could influence men in such a crisis, conspicuous, the letter is well enough, and well conceived.

LINCOLN ON GENERAL HOOKER

After disposing of this subject, the President drew from his pocket a telegram from General Hooker, asking to be relieved. The President said he had, for several days, as the conflict became imminent, observed in Hooker the same failings that were witnessed in McClellan after the battle of Antietam: — a

¹ A few days later, Meade, who estimated the Federal forces at 100,000 effective men, reckoned Lee's entire army at above 80,000 men.

want of alacrity to obey, and a greedy call for more troops which could not, and ought not to be taken from other points. He would, said the President, strip Washington bare, had demanded the force at Harper's Ferry, which Halleck said could not be complied with (Halleck was opposed to abandoning our position at Harper's Ferry). Hooker had taken umbrage at the refusal, or at all events had thought it best to give up the command.

Some discussion followed, in regard to a successor. The names of Meade, Sedgwick, and Couch were introduced. I soon saw [that] this review of names was merely a feeler to get an expression of opinion, a committal, or to make it appear that all were consulted. It shortly became obvious, however, that the matter had already been settled, and the President finally remarked, he supposed General Halleck had issued the orders. He asked Stanton if it was not so. Stanton replied affirmatively, that Hooker had been ordered to Baltimore and Meade to succeed him. We were consulted after the fact.

Chase was disturbed more than he cared should appear. Seward and Stanton were obviously cognizant of what had been ordered before the meeting of the Cabinet took place, and had been consulted. Perhaps they had advised proceedings, but, doubtful of results, wished the rest to confirm their act. Blair and Bates were not present with us.

Instead of being disturbed, like Chase, I experienced a feeling of relief, and only regretted that Hooker, who I think has good parts, but is said to be intemperate at times, had not been relieved immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville. No explanation has ever been made of the sudden paralysis which befell the army at that time. It was then reported by those who should have known, that it was liquor; I apprehend from what has been told me that was the principal cause. It was so intimated, but not distinctly asserted in Cabinet. Nothing has been

communicated by the War Department, directly, but there has been an obvious dislike of Hooker, and no denial or refutation of the prevalent rumor. I have once or twice made enquiries of Stanton, but could get no satisfactory reply of any kind. The War Department has been aware of these accusations, but has taken no pains to disprove or deny them, perhaps because they could not; perhaps because the War Department did not want to. The President has been partial to Hooker all this time and has manifested no disposition to give him up, except a casual remark at the last Cabinet meeting.

Whether the refusal to give him the troops at Harper's Ferry was intended to drive him to abandon the command of the army, or is in pursuance of any intention of Halleck to control army movements, and to overrule the general in the field, is not apparent. The President has been drawn into the measure, as he was into withholding McDowell from McClellan, by being made to believe it was necessary for the security of Washington. In that instance, Stanton was the moving spirit, Seward assenting. It is much the same now, only Halleck is the forward spirit, prompted perhaps by Stanton.

Of Meade I know very little. He is not great. His brother officers speak well of him, but he is considered rather a "smooth bore" than a rifle. It is unfortunate that a change could not have been made earlier.

Monday, June 29, 1863.

Great apprehension prevails. The change of commanders is thus far well received. No regret is expressed that Hooker has been relieved. This is because of the rumor of his habits, the reputation that he is intemperate, for his military reputation is higher than that of his successor. Meade has not so much character as such a command requires. He is however kindly favored, will be well supported, [will] have the best wishes of all, but does not inspire immediate

confidence. A little time may improve this, and give him name and fame.

Tuesday, June 30, 1863.

The President did not join us to-day in Cabinet. He was with the Secretary of War and General Halleck, and sent word there would be no meeting. This is wrong but I know no remedy. At such a time as this, it would seem there should be free and constant intercourse and interchange of views, and a combined effort.

Lee and his army are well advanced into Pennsylvania, and they should not be permitted to fall back and recross the Potomac. Halleck is bent on driving them back, not on intercepting their retreat; is full of zeal to drive them out of Pennsylvania. I don't want them to leave the state, except as prisoners. Meade will, I trust, keep closer to them than some others have done. I understand his first request was for the troops at Harper's Ferry to join him — which was granted. Hooker asked this, but it was denied him by the War Department and General Halleck.

BLAIR'S DISTRUST OF STANTON

Blair is much dissatisfied. He came from the Executive Mansion with me to the Navy Department and wrote a letter to the President urging that Dix's command should be immediately brought up; says Halleck is good for nothing and knows nothing. I proposed that we should both walk over to the War Department, but he declined; said he would not go where Stanton could insult him, that he disliked at all times to go to the War Department, had not been there for a long period, although the government, of which he is a member, is in these days carried on, almost, in the War Department.

We have no positive information that the rebels have crossed the Susquehanna, though we have rumors to that effect. There is no doubt that the bridge at Columbia, one and a half miles long, has been burnt, and, it seems, by our own people. The officer who ordered it must have

been imbued with Halleck's tactics. I wish the rebel army had got across before the bridge was burnt. But Halleck's prayers and efforts (especially his prayers) are to keep the rebels back, to drive them back across the "frontiers" instead of intercepting, capturing, and annihilating them. This movement of Lee and the rebel forces into Pennsylvania is to me incomprehensible, nor do I get any light from military men or others in regard to it. Should they cross the Susquehanna, as our General-in-Chief and Governor Curtin fear, they will never recross it without being first captured. This they know, unless deceived by their sympathizing friends in the North, as in 1861; therefore I do not believe they will attempt it.

I have talked over this campaign with Stanton this evening, but I get nothing from him definite or satisfactory of fact or speculation, and I come to the conclusion that he is bewildered, that he gets no light from his military subordinates and advisers, and that he really has no information or opinion as to the rebel destination or purpose.

[Wednesday, July 1, was the first day of Gettysburg.]

Thursday, July 2, 1863.

Met Sumner and went with him to the War Department. The President was there, and we read despatches received from General Meade. There was a smart fight, but without results, near Gettysburg yesterday. A rumor is here that we have captured six thousand prisoners; and on calling again this evening at the War Department I saw a telegram which confirms it. General Reynolds is reported killed. The tone of Meade's despatch is good.

Met the elder Blair this evening at his son's, the Postmaster General. The old gentleman has been compelled to leave his pleasant home at Silver Spring, his house being in range of fire, and rebel raiders at his door. He tells me McClellan wrote Stanton after the seven days

fight near Richmond, that he (Stanton) had sacrificed that army. Stanton replied cringingly, and in a most supplicating manner, assuring McClellan he, Stanton, was his true friend. Mr. F. P. Blair assures me he has seen the letters. He also says he has positive unequivocal testimony that Stanton acted with the secessionists early in the war, and favored a division of the Union. He mentions a conversation at John Lee's house, where Stanton set forth the advantages that would follow from a division.

Mr. Montgomery Blair said Stanton was talking secession to one class, and holding different language to another. That while in Buchanan's Cabinet he communicated Toucey's¹ treason to Jake Howard and secretly urged the arrest of Toucey. During the winter of 1860 and 1861, Stanton was betraying the Buchanan administration to Seward, disclosing its condition and secrets, and that for his treachery to his then associates and his becoming a tool of Seward, he was finally brought into the present Cabinet.

These things I have heard from others also, and there have been some facts and circumstances to corroborate them with in my own knowledge.

SEWARD'S MISCONCEPTION OF THE WAR

Mr. Seward, who has no very strong convictions and will never sacrifice his life for an opinion, had no belief that the insurrection would be serious or of long continuance. Familiar with the fierce denunciations and contentions of parties in New York, where he had, from his prominent position and strong adherents, been accustomed to excite and direct, and then [to] modify the excesses aroused by anti-masonry and anti-entire outbreaks by pliable and liberal action, he entertained no doubt that he should have equal success in bringing about a satisfactory result in national affairs by meeting exaction with concessions. He was strengthened in this by the

¹ Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy under President Buchanan.

fact that there was no adequate cause for a civil war, or for the inflammatory, excited and acrimonious language which flowed from his heated associates in Congress. Through the infidelity of Stanton, he learned the feelings and designs of the Buchanan administration, which were not of the ultra character of the more impassioned secession leaders. One of the Cabinet already paid court to him — Dix² — and some others he knew were not disunionists; and, never wanting faith in his own skill and management, he intended, if his opponents would not go with him, as the last alternative, to go with them and call a convention to remodel the constitution. Until some weeks after Lincoln's inauguration, Seward never doubted that he could by some expedient, a convention or otherwise, allay the storm. Some who ultimately went into the rebellion also hoped [for] it. Both he and they overestimated his power and influence. Stanton in the winter of 1861 whispered in his ear state secrets, [so] it was understood, because Seward was to be first in the Cabinet of Lincoln, who was already elected. The Blairs charge Stanton with infidelity to party and to country from mere selfish considerations, and with being by nature treacherous and wholly unreliable. Were any overwhelming adversity to befall the country, they look upon him as ready to betray it.

RUMORS FROM GETTYSBURG

Friday, July 3, 1863.

I met the President and Seward at the War Department this morning. A despatch from General Meade, dated 3 P. M. yesterday, is in very poor tone. The Sixth Army Corps, he says, has just arrived entire but exhausted, having been on the march from 9 P. M. of the preceding evening. In order that they may rest and recruit he will not attack, but is momentarily expecting an onset from the rebels.

They were concentrating for a fight and, unless Meade is greatly deceived,

² John A. Dix was Secretary of the Treasury in 1861.

there will be a battle in the neighborhood of Gettysburg. I hope our friends are not deceived, so that the rebel trains with their plunder can escape through the valley.

Saturday, July 4, 1863.

I was called up at midnight precisely by a messenger with telegram from Byington, dated at Hanover Station, stating that the most terrific battle of the war was being fought at or near Gettysburg; that he left the field at half-past six P. M. with tidings, and that everything looked hopeful. The President was at the War Department where this despatch, which is addressed to me, was received. It was the first word of the great conflict. Nothing had come to the War Department. There seems to have been no system, no arrangement for prompt, constant, and speedy intelligence. I had remained at the War Department for news till about eleven. Some half an hour later the despatch from Byington to me came over the wires, but nothing from anyone to Stanton or Halleck. The operator in the War Department gave the despatch to the President, who remained. He asked, "Who is Byington?" None in the Department knew anything of him, and the President telegraphed to Hanover Station, asking, "Who is Byington?" The operator replied, "Ask the Secretary of Navy." I informed the President that the telegram was reliable. Byington is the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper in Norwalk, Connecticut, active and stirring, is sometimes employed by the *N. Y. Tribune*, and is doubtless so employed now.

The information this morning and despatches from General Meade confirm Byington's telegram. There is much confusion in the intelligence received. The information is not explicit. A great and bloody battle was fought and our army has the best of it, but the end is not yet. Everything, however, looks encouraging.

Later in the day despatches from Haupt and others state that Lee with his army commenced a retreat this A. M. at

3 o'clock. Our army is waiting for supplies to come up before following — a little of the old lagging infirmity. Couch is said to be dilatory, has not left Harrisburg. His force has not been pushed forward with alacrity. Meade sent him word, "the sound of my guns should have prompted your movement." Lee and the rebels may escape in consequence. If they are driven back Halleck will be satisfied. That has been his great anxiety, and too many of our officers think it sufficient if the rebels quit and go off; that it is unnecessary to capture, disperse, and annihilate them.

Extreme partisans fear that the success of our arms will mean success to the administration. Gov. Curtin is in trepidation, lest, if our troops leave Harrisburg to join Meade, the rebels will rush in behind them and seize the Pennsylvania Capitol. On the other hand, Stanton and Halleck ridicule the sensitiveness of the governor, and are indifferent to his wishes and responsibilities. Of course, matters do not wash well.

THE MISSION OF A. H. STEPHENS

[Before the sanguine expectations of the Confederacy concerning the invasion of Pennsylvania by Lee's army were crushed by Gettysburg, Vice-President A. H. Stephens determined, as he afterwards asserted, to "deeply impress the growing constitutional party at the North with a full realization of the true nature and ultimate tendencies of the War," or, more plainly speaking, to open ostensible peace negotiations which, while they would be sure to fail, would be reported in the newspapers and rouse in men's minds the suspicion that the Federal government was not willing to secure peace by generous terms. After discussing this shrewd notion very fully with the Confederate Cabinet, Stephens sent to Admiral Lee a letter stating that he was the bearer of a communication in writing from "Jefferson Davis, Commander in Chief of the land and naval forces of the Confederate States to Abraham Lincoln, Commander

in Chief of the land and naval forces of the United States," and that he desired to proceed direct to Washington on his own steamer, the *Torpedo*. The phraseology of the note was studiously framed to avoid a controversy over the title of Jefferson Davis. The request was transmitted to Washington after Gettysburg had been fought, and Lincoln's action in the matter cut short Stephens's undertaking.]

Received this evening a despatch from Admiral Lee, stating he had a communication from A. H. Stephens,¹ who wishes to go to Washington with a companion, as military Commissioner "from Jefferson Davis, Commanding General of Confederate forces, to Abraham Lincoln, President and Commanding General of the Army and Navy of the United States," and desired permission to pass the blockade in the steamer *Torpedo* on this mission, with Mrs. Olds, his private secretary. Showed the despatch to Blair whom I met. He made no comment. Saw Stanton directly after, who swore and growled indignantly. The President was at the Soldiers' Home, and not expected for an hour or two. Consulted Seward, who was emphatic against having anything to do with Stephens or Davis. Did not see the President till late. In the meantime Stanton and others had seen him, and made known their feelings and views. The President treats the subject as not very serious nor very important, and proposes to take it up to-morrow. My own impression is, that not much good is intended in this proposition, yet it is to be met and considered. It is not necessary that the vessel should pass the blockade, or that Stephens should come here, but I would not repel advances, or refuse to receive Davis's communication.

Two intercepted despatches were received, captured by Captain Dahlgren. One was from Jeff Davis, the other from Adjutant General Cooper, both addressed to General Lee. They disclose trouble

and differences among the rebel leaders. Lee, it seems, had an understanding with Cooper that Beauregard should concentrate a force of forty thousand at Culpepper for a demonstration, or something more, on Washington, when the place became uncovered by the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac in pursuit of Lee. Davis appears not to have been informed of this military arrangement, nor satisfied with the programme when informed of it. Lee is told of the difficulty of defending Richmond and other places, and that he must defend his own lines, instead of relying upon its being done from Richmond.

Sunday July 5, 1863.

A Cabinet meeting to-day at 11 A. M. The principal topic was the mission of Alexander H. Stephens. The President read a letter from Col. Ludlow, U. S. Agent for exchange of Prisoners, to Secretary Stanton, stating that Stephens had made a communication to Admiral Lee, which the Admiral had sent to the Secretary of the Navy. After reading it, the President said he was at first disposed to put this matter aside without many words, or much thought, but a night's reflection and some remarks yesterday had modified his views. While he was opposed to having Stephens and his vessel come here, he thought it would be well to send someone, perhaps [to] go himself, to Fortress Monroe. Both Seward and Stanton were startled when this remark was made. Seward did not think it advisable the President should go, nor any one else. He considered Stephens a dangerous man, who would make mischief anywhere. The most he (Seward) would do would be to allow Stephens to forward any communication through General Dix. Seward passes by Admiral Lee and the Navy Department through whom the communication originally came. Stanton was earnest and emphatic against having anything to do with Stephens, or Jeff Davis, or their communication. Chase

¹ Vice-President of the Confederacy.

was decided against having any intercourse with them. Blair took a different view. He would not permit Stephens to come here with his staff, but would receive any communication he bore, and in such a case as this he would not cavil about words; something more important was involved.

DEPARTMENTAL JEALOUSY

While this discussion was going on, I wrote a brief answer to Lee, and said to the President, I knew not why Colonel Ludlow was intruded as the medium of communication, or General Dix — that neither of them was in any way connected with this transaction. Admiral Lee, in command of the blockading force, received a communication from Mr. Stephens, and had made known to the Navy Department, under whose orders he is acting, the application of the gentleman who had a mission to perform, and was now with Admiral Lee waiting an answer. In this stage of the proceeding, the Secretary of State proposes that Admiral Lee should be ignored and the subject transferred from the Navy to some military officer, or one of his staff. Was it because Admiral Lee was incompetent or not to be trusted? Admiral Lee has informed Stephens he cannot be permitted to pass until he has instructions from the Navy Department. Nothing definite has yet been suggested in reply. He and the parties are waiting to hear from me, and I propose to take some notice of this application, and, unless the President objects, send an answer as follows to Admiral Lee: —

“The object of the communication borne by Mr. Stephens is not stated or intimated. It is not expedient from this indefinite information that you should permit that gentleman to pass the blockade with the Torpedo.”

None of the gentlemen adopted or assented to this, nor did they approximate to unity or anything definite on any point. After half an hour's discussion and disagreement, I read what I had pencilled

to the President, who sat by me on the sofa. Under the impression that I took the same view as Chase and Stanton, he did not adopt it. Seward, in the mean time, had reconsidered his proposition that the communication should be received, and thought with Stanton it would be best to have nothing to do with the mission in any way. The President was apprehensive my letter had that tendency.

Mr. Blair thought my suggestion the most practical of anything submitted. Chase said he should be satisfied with it. Stanton the same. Seward thought that both Stanton and myself had better write, each separate answers — Stanton to Ludlow, and I to Lee — but to pretty much the same effect.

The President said my letter did not dispose of the communication which Stephens bore. I told him the despatch did not exclude it. Though objection was made to any communication, an answer must be sent Admiral Lee. Everything was purposely left open, so that Stephens could, if he chose, state or intimate his object. I left the despatch indefinite in consequence of the diversity of opinion among ourselves, but I had not the least objection, and should for myself prefer to add, “I am directed by the President to say that any communication which Mr. Stephens may have, can be forwarded.”

This addendum did not, as I knew it would not, meet the views entertained by some of the gentlemen. The President prefers that a special messenger should be sent to meet Stephens to which I see no serious objection, but which no one favors. I do not anticipate anything frank, manly or practical in this mission, though I do not think Stephens so dangerous a man as Seward represents him. It is a scheme without doubt, possibly for good, perhaps for evil — but I would meet it in a manner not offensive, nor by a rude refusal would I give the rebels and their sympathizers an opportunity to make friends at our expense or to our injury. This, I

think, is the President's purpose. Mr. Blair would perhaps go further than myself; the others not so far.

We must not put ourselves in the wrong by refusing to communicate with these people. On the other hand, there is difficulty in meeting and treating with men who have violated their duty, disregarded their obligations, and who lack sincerity.

I ought to answer Lee, and because I have not, Ludlow and Dix have been applied to. Seward will make the Secretary of War or himself the medium, and not the Secretary of the Navy; Ludlow or Dix, not Admiral Lee.

I propose to inform Admiral Lee that his communication should be answered to-morrow, it having been decided we would not reply to-day. Seward said the subject would not spoil by keeping. The President thought it best to send no word until we gave a conclusive answer to-morrow.

At five P. M. I received a telegram that the Torpedo with Mr. Stephens had gone up the river. Another telegram at eight said she had returned.

Monday, July 6, 1863.

There was a special Cabinet meeting at 9 A. M. on the subject of A. H. Stephens' mission. Seward came prepared with a brief telegram, which the President had advised, to the effect that Stephens' request to come to W[ashington] was inadmissible, but any military communication should be made through the prescribed military channel. A copy of this answer was to be sent to the military officer in command at Fortress Monroe by the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Navy was to send a copy to Admiral Lee. The President directed Mr. Seward to go to the telegraph office and see that they were correctly transmitted. All this was plainly pre-arranged by Seward, who has twice changed his ground, differing with the President when Chase and Stanton differed; but he is finally commissioned to carry out the little de-

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tails which could be done by an errand boy or clerk.

The army news continues to be favorable. Lee is on the retreat, and Meade in hot pursuit, each striving to get possession of the passes of the Potomac.

Tuesday, July 7, 1863.

The President said this morning, with a countenance indicating sadness and despondency, that Meade still lingered at Gettysburg, when he should have been at Hagerstown or near the Potomac, to cut off the retreating army of Lee. While unwilling to complain, and willing and anxious to give all praise to the General and army for the great battle and victory, he feared the old idea of driving the rebels out of Pennsylvania and Maryland, instead of capturing them, was still prevalent among the officers. He hoped this was not so, said he had spoken to Halleck and urged that the right tone and spirit should be infused into officers and men, and that General Meade especially should be reminded of his, the President's, wishes and expectations. But General Halleck gave him a short and curt reply, showing that he did not participate and sympathize in this feeling, and, said the President, "I dropped the subject."

This is the President's error. His own convictions and conclusions are infinitely superior to Halleck's, even in military operations more sensible and more correct always, but yet he says, "It being strictly a military question, it is proper I should defer to Halleck whom I have called here to counsel, advise, and direct in these matters, where he is an expert." I question whether he should be considered an expert. I look upon Halleck as a pretty good scholarly critic of other men's deeds and acts, but as incapable of originating or directing military operations.

LINCOLN AND THE NEWS OF VICKSBURG

When I returned from the Cabinet council I found a delegation from Maine at the department, consisting of Vice-President Hamlin, the two Senators of

that State, and Senator Wilson of Massachusetts. These gentlemen had first waited on the President in regard to the coast defences and protection of the fishermen, and were referred by him to me instead of the army which claims to defend the harbors. At the moment of receiving this delegation I was handed a despatch from Admiral Porter, communicating the fall of Vicksburg on the fourth of July. Excusing myself to the delegation, I immediately returned to the Executive Mansion. The President was detailing certain points relative to Grant's movements on the map to Chase and two or three others, when I gave him the tidings. Putting down the map, he rose at once, said we would drop these topics, and "I myself will telegraph this news to General Meade." He seized his hat, but suddenly stopped, his countenance beaming with joy, he caught my hand and throwing his arm around me, exclaimed, "What can we do for the Secretary of the Navy for this glorious intelligence! He is always giving us good news! I cannot, in words, tell you my joy over this result. It is great, Mr. Welles, it is great!"

We walked across the lawn together. "This," said he, "will relieve Banks. It will inspire me."

The opportunity I thought a good one to insist upon his own views; to enforce them, not only on him, but on Halleck.

Thursday, July 9, 1863.

The Secretary of War and General Halleck are much dissatisfied that Admiral Porter should have sent me information of the capture of Vicksburg in advance of any word from General Grant, and also with me for spreading it at once over the country without verification from the War Office.

Friday, July 10, 1863.

I am assured that our army is steadily, but I fear too slowly, moving upon Lee and the rebels. There are, I hope, substantial reasons for this tardiness. Why cannot our army move as rapidly as the rebels? The high water in the river has stopped them, yet our troops do not catch up. It has been the misfortune of our generals to linger, never to avail themselves of success, to waste, or omit to gather the fruits of victory. Only success at Gettysburg and Vicksburg will quiet the country for the present hesitancy. No light, or explanation, is furnished by the General in Chief, or the War Department!

[Meade finally determined to make an attack on July 13, but with an overwhelming sense of his responsibility he called a council of war, and when a majority of the general officers present opposed the attack, he postponed battle indefinitely.]

(To be continued.)

MY FRENCH SCHOOL DAYS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

I WAS eleven years old when my education, then a slender enough little plant, I am sure, was transplanted from American to French soil. Such a transplanting may seem to you of no great consequence, but, I assure you, to me it was a matter of great importance.

"But, mother, shall I have to study everything in French?"

"Yes."

"But I do not know any French, — not any at all."

"But you will learn it very quickly."

This seemed to me absurd optimism on a gloomy subject.

I had studied German a little — and disliked it. My sisters had studied French under a French governess; but I, being the youngest, had been let off from studying it, and I knew literally nothing of French, save one song, *Frère Jacques*. I came of a people who loved languages, and I was expected to inherit the taste. I knew that one of my grandfathers, — he of the soft hair and white stock, — when he was engaged, had written his love-letters to my grandmother in Italian, for the pure pleasure of it; and she, for the same reason, had written her replies in the same dulcet language. That used to seem to me romantic. I was sorry enough now that they had ever done it.

My mother would have comforted me.

"In my old home," she said, "my father and mother always spoke French together. It was that more than anything else which helped me to learn quickly. I was always so eager to know what they were talking about. It will be quite the same with you. You will hear all the

little French children talking, and you will wish to know what they are saying."

She finished with a French sentence containing, no doubt, an encouraging sentiment; but, like a flash of heat-lightning, only leaving things darker than before. But no sooner had we arrived in Paris than the gloomy dread concerning my French school days gave place to interest, almost to delight.

I went at different times to two different schools in Paris, but it was the school of Mademoiselle Mallet which was, I think, the most characteristic, and which I remember best.

It was no school at all in the ordinary sense of the term. There was certainly no air of a school about it. There was not a desk anywhere, nor, if I remember rightly, a blackboard. There was Mademoiselle Mallet herself, a woman whose smile I remember as one of the most delightful things in Paris. Oh, it was well worth winning, that smile, and easy to win. If you pronounced a word correctly you were rewarded with a smile. If you looked up suddenly from your studious book and caught her eye, you were rewarded with a smile. If your eyes were dreaming out of the window and your glance wandered back and found that she had caught you dreaming, you were rewarded with a smile. It was very charming. Yet she was serious, too. There was no petting in the ordinary sense; none. What Mademoiselle gave her pupils, more, I should say, than anything else, was respect. This, I believe, was the keynote in her education of them.

I used to sit in perfect despair sometimes, looking at my book, the tears rolling silently down my cheeks. It used

to seem to me I should never, never learn the impossible language. English was not forbidden, it was simply not understood, which was worse. Neither Mademoiselle herself nor the pupils knew a word of it.

But even in these worst moments Mademoiselle never petted me. I was also never once rebuked for my tears, nor told that it was babyish or unbrave of me to cry. I was treated like a little person. I have always liked the term "little people." The French have a way of treating children like "little people," little persons. I do not remember in all my French school days once being patronized or talked down to. I was always treated as a person, as an equal. In my few years of school in America I had often been treated very much as a child, and often as an *unequal*. The teachers in America seemed always to be descending to my child-world and then returning — upstairs as it were — to their own world, and closing the door after them.

Here there was nothing of the sort. I was always expected, it would seem, to go into the grown-people's world when I chose. We lived on the same floor, on the same level. If I chose to stay out in the garden of my childhood, playing with little people of my own age, well and good; the grown people wanted me to enjoy that, too; but the doors of their friendship, and the comfortable cool rooms of their companionship and understanding and approval, always stood open. I make a point of this because I should not be surprised if this were the most really important, the most really educational point in my whole French training. I grew under it. So did the other little children with whom I was thrown. They, too, were "little people," and little people of no small importance.

There were perhaps ten or twelve little girls altogether, but only two destined to remain clear, portrait-like in my memory: Geneviève Martin and Wanda Galezowski. Geneviève was French, Parisian to the tips of her slender little

fingers. Wanda was the daughter of a Polish, now famous, oculist, even then oculist to the Czar, I believe. I loved these little girls very much. I loved their very names. I do not mean that Galezowski or Martin thrilled me at all; but Geneviève, pronounced in the soft French fashion, how lovely it was! And Wanda, — what a story-book name! I had known only one Wanda, and she was a princess in a fairy tale.

There was a little boy, too, — Ernest, — a little lad not more than six years old, I should say, and the pet of the school. Mademoiselle Mallet used to button him into his long black alpaca blouse every morning, always smiling over the task, for Ernest, silent or talkative, quiet or restless, was always amusing, and Mademoiselle had a sense of humor.

Whenever a visitor or any of the parents came to the school, Ernest was always called on to exhibit his learning. "*Voyons, Ernest,*" Mademoiselle would say, always with a smile and a glance toward me, as if to say, "This question is for your benefit, too, my dear:" "Qui est-ce qui a découvert l'Amérique?" — And Ernest would beam and say, delighted with his own erudition, —

"Christophe Colombe! Quatorze-cent-quatre-vingt-douze."

"Christophe Colombe!" any one could understand that to be our own Christopher Columbus, and it gave readily enough the key to Mademoiselle's question; but it took many a repetition of this exhibition of noble learning on the part of Ernest for me finally to discover that the other words which he rattled off at awful speed meant just "fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two."

This fact I always remember with pleasure, perhaps because it was by Christopher Columbus's own method that I finally learned French. I *discovered* it, and that, I believe, is by all odds the most sound of educational methods — the method of discovery. Nothing was hurried, nothing pressed on me, unduly. It was never explained to me, nor insisted on,

that "quatorze-cent-quatre-vingt-douze" meant fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two; that it was in that year that Christopher Columbus made his memorable discovery. I sailed many days without so much as a glimpse of land on that subject, though I always knew that sometime that dark saying would be clear to me. And then, one day, along the low horizon of my childish understanding, there it lay, like new land. Of course! *Quatorze cent-quatre-vingt-douze* meant fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two! *Of course!* And the discovery and the land as well were my own, my very own.

II

In American schools as I had known them, I had acquired a vast conception of my own ignorance and my teachers' erudition; here, among these sympathetic, courteous, flexible people I soon gained a great idea of my own ignorance, to be sure, but not from any insistence laid on the matter by the manner of my teachers. On the contrary, I was treated as though I were nearly as well informed as they. It would be difficult to give you an adequate idea of the friendliness, the camaraderie, the respect, the courtesy of it all.

But though courtesy and respect were fundamental, important factors in my French school days, they were by no means the only ones. Next to them in importance, I think I should place the spirit of reverence which I there learned.

I noticed it first in the streets of Paris. One day I saw that the doors of the great church of the Madeleine were draped with heavy black pall-like draperies, bizarre enough, such as are commonly used in France over the doorways of the churches or private houses where there is a death or where a funeral is to take place. I noticed that the "cabbies" drew their horses to a slower pace, and raised their hats, remaining uncovered as they went past. Or if it chanced to be laboring men or gentlemen passing by, even on the other side of the street, they too all raised

their hats in silent respect as they went past the house of the dead. This impressed me a good deal. There was reverence and fellowship too in the simple tribute. Had I been a boy my own cap would have come off.

But to go back to the school. Reverence was learned there, too, and more particularly, reverence coupled with enthusiasm. As an instance: I had heard of Joan of Arc all my days, of course, but you must not suppose that the Joan I had always heard of was like the Joan I now learned to know. The Joan I had learned of was an enthusiastic girl who had gone, in full armor, at the head of an army, and fought as bravely as a man; but the Joan I learned about now — not from a book — the Joan I was told about by Mademoiselle Mallet herself — well, she might have been a dear and personal friend of Mademoiselle's, so cherished, so beloved, so revered, so talked of from the heart was she. Mademoiselle described her to me as accurately as one would describe one's best friend: not too tall; pale, with eyes of blue; her hands thin and spiritual; a broad clear brow; eyes that looked always to be seeing visions.

I learned about her home-life; such heart-seeking, little intimate anecdotes about her: of how she loved her father, who did not well understand her; and one story of a lamb, forgotten of the fold one night; and Joan waking in the darkness, St. Michael's voice having roused her. "Is it France that needs me now?" and Joan rose kneeling in bed, awed and ready. "No, my good little Joan. *Non, ma bonne petite Jeanne!* not yet! Only a little lamb forgotten in a thicket." And then she and the good St. Michael went out across the snow together and sought and sought. "Ah, it was very cold, *ma chère*. Very cold, I do assure you!" Joan sought it and sought it with all her heart, as though it had been the whole of France to save. "The whole of France, *ma chère*, instead of only a little young lamb." And she carried it home with

its head in her bosom. — Then finally, the call to arms; Joan's leave-taking; the people of Domrémy gathered to see her go. Then the battles; the wounded; the slain; the weary march; the soldiers devoted, oh, devoted day and night to guard her; though she had no fear, — St. Michael was her champion. But oh, the weary march! Mademoiselle must have been on that march herself, I think, to have known so minutely and heartfully the details and happenings of it.

And then Joan at Rheims! Oh, the blare of trumpets! Joan victorious! Joan crowning the young Dauphin! I must have sat, a very attentive little child, you may be sure, fascinated by it all. Here was a story indeed! and the story of a real person! and told, as is not too often the case, by a real person. The climax approached so steadily and gloriously, like the sure tramp of an army; now lost at some turn of the road, now coming on again, surer than ever. And then when it came to Joan — *la petite Jeanne* — in the cathedral among all the banners, raising the crown above the bent head of the Dauphin kneeling before her, the glorious moment of complete triumph was too great for Mademoiselle in the telling of it. Her voice broke, her eyes filled with tears, she could not go on for emotion. I shall never forget the direct simple impression that had on me. I had, along with most children, learned to look upon tears as something childish and unworthy. But here was Mademoiselle, whom I loved and respected, as a strong, wonderful grown person, her face aglow with enthusiasm, her eyes fairly radiant with love and devotion and reverence for Jeanne d'Arc, — a girl dead and gone these hundreds of years, mind you; yes, and the tears slipping down over Mademoiselle's cheeks out of the fullness of her heart and sheer warmth of feeling.

It is in such moods of radiance and emotion that the world sometimes sees nature in the spring. It is under such moods that young things and growing plants thrive; and out of such moods that a bow of hope

sometimes gets itself spanned gloriously enough across the heavens. Here indeed was my first lesson in that real enthusiasm, coupled with real reverence, which is so large a part of education in France; yet, happily, like many another lesson learned under Mademoiselle's kind teaching, I did not know it for a lesson at all. This was no task, no instruction. It was, no less than the rest, discovery, pure and simple. It was like new and foreign land which my mere wandering sails had found. But my foot touched it on that day; once more, I knew it and claimed it as my own. Joan from then on was one of my friends, — intimately, reverently, as she was one of Mademoiselle's friends; and were I to tell a little child about her now, I should feel it a neglect not to tell the very color of her eyes.

If you think I make much of this, well, it meant much to me; I feel sure it would mean much to any child. But where to-day, I ask you, in our ordinary schools, so-called, shall you find children getting lessons like this? You will find many a teacher dutifully enough giving out many a chalky blackboarded kind of instruction, but you shall not so readily find one with her eyes aglow, her whole soul swimming to the surface like that; and the tears on her cheeks, from sheer whole-souled, unselfish, out-of-self reverence and enthusiasm.

"How little we pay our way in life! Although we have our purses continually in our hand, the better part of service goes still unrewarded." So it does. I have still those neat bills of Mademoiselle's sent to my mother for instruction of *les demoiselles Portor*. They are not small bills at all, and a good many extras, *cahiers*, pencils, pens, and the like, were charged to swell the account. But neither do they in any way cover the price of the service rendered; and there is no mention in them, as indeed why should there be, of all the priceless things which stood in Mademoiselle's unpublished curriculum, and were included generously in her daily instruction.

III

You must not suppose that this discovery of Jeanne d'Arc was exceptional. Before long I grew familiar enough with the tone of devoted enthusiasm. I grew to expect the thrill back of the words. There was many another spoken of with no less devotion, no less enthusiasm. Napoleon! — why, I knew his return from Elba, and the soldiers sobbing at his feet, and kissing the hem of his coat, as that little boy in the first row of seats knows his 2×2 . I knew Roland in the pass at Roncesvalles as most children know the easiest words in the speller. I knew St. Louis; I knew Clovis, and Charlemagne, and Charles le Martel. I knew Louis XVI even to the black ribbon on his queue, and the prune-colored clothes that he wore to the scaffold. I knew dear, kind Madame Elizabeth. I knew Marie Antoinette. Oh, I ask you, did I not know Marie Antoinette! do I not know her now, better than any other! I knew her, to the whitened hair, the kerchief she wore opened at the neck, the blue veins on her thin hands as she stood asking a blessing on her prison food; and her jailer, with his seamed face and stockinet cap, peering curiously at her from behind the screen. — And the little Dauphin! Do you suppose I did not know just how he clung to his mother, and how she kissed him, weeping, — and then bade him compose himself and bear himself like the son of a king, — like the Dauphin! — the *Dauphin of France*!

It would take me far too long to tell you all those I knew. Such a company! and I only a little child. There were glory and panoply in those days, glory and panoply enough; — and a fanfare of trumpets, and a procession of people such as would raise the pride and hopes and ambition, yes, and the goodness, of any child, I think. There were people of all classes: the starving citizens of Calais, saved at last, you remember, how dramatically; there was the worthless young

prince of England, who yet died nobly for his sister at the sinking of the “White Ship;” and the page, in the same tale, who came before the old King, the Prince’s father, mute, and dressed all in black, because none of the nobles, no, not the boldest of them, dared tell the King so sorrowful a piece of news; dared not, mind you, because of the King’s grief, which would be so great that it was to be feared no less than the anger of any other king.

There were heroes, heroines, kings, queens, traitors, citizens, doctors, men of law, men of science, poets, monks, nuns, musicians, men of letters. I was daily in as varied a company as Chaucer himself on his way to Canterbury; and I only a little child.

It may seem absurd to you, but I knew George Sand, and whatever a child would have liked about her, I liked. I knew Madame de Staël in no stiff fashion. I knew about her this, for instance: that when Napoleon exiled her from Paris, she pined, oh, yes, she pined for France, even among the glories of Switzerland; and when some one, visiting at her château on Lake Lemman, urged on her the loveliness of that lake, she sighed and said, “Ah yes, it is beautiful, beautiful!” and then, sadly, “*Mais donnez-moi mon petit ruisseau dans la rue du Bac.*” She would give it all gladly, gladly, for that!

This, too, was not explained to me. It took me quite a while to discover that the *ruisseau* was just the little gutter in the rue du Bac in Paris. Paris, her own and her beloved! Ah, she was very human, this Madame de Staël, and I liked her for it. I even thought it would be very nice to be so loyal to the gutter that ran past my house in my own little home town. Perhaps it is even largely due to Madame de Staël, as Mademoiselle Mallet introduced her to me, that I later grew to this very loyalty; that my own old home, and my own home town, in years of exile from them, are so wonderfully dear to me.

I met, too, the great tragedians — Corneille, Racine, and the rest. I not only knew little intimate things about their lives, but I knew their heroes and heroines. I learned by heart page after page of *Le Cid*, *Polyeucte*, *Athalie*; by heart, you see, rather than waiting to read them later by head. This may seem to you an absurdity. Well, — it was Mademoiselle's method. What has a little child to do with *Le Cid*, *Polyeucte*, *Athalie*? — I answer you: It was Mademoiselle's method.

Nor was this method Mademoiselle's alone. That we might advance the more quickly in our studies, one of my sisters and I went, two afternoons of each week, to be given instruction by one Madame Bonnard, a very beautiful Frenchwoman, young, high-bred, around whose life was woven a story of a good deal of mystery and romance. Her home was beautiful, and the great *salle* where we had our lessons was hung with wonderful old tapestries, and full of a solemn light admitted through windows high above the ground.

Here, too, I was instructed in no cut and dried fashion. Madame Bonnard was of an entirely different type from Mademoiselle Mallet, yet the method was the same, and the tears could come to her eyes, too, it would seem.

My first lesson was from the seventh scene of the second act of *Athalie*. I was to learn by heart all the part of Joas, the child; my oldest sister was to learn the part of *Athalie*, the Queen; Madame Bonnard herself would take the unimportant part of Josabeth.

Unless you are familiar with that rich scene, full of keen dramatic interest from start to finish, you can hardly have an idea how I enjoyed it; enjoyed learning it by heart; piecing out the sense, discovering for myself the interest, the meaning, the beauties. How I enjoyed those poignant questions put by my sister in the person of *Athalie*! how I delighted, I, Joas, to answer them so wonderfully, so tellingly!

Athalie. You are without parents?

Joas. They have abandoned me.

Athalie. How? Since when?

Joas. Since I was born.

Athalie. Does none know, at least, your country?

Joas. This temple is my country; I know no other.

Athalie. Who put you in this temple?

Joas. An unknown woman who told me not her name, and whom no one has since seen.

Athalie. But what hand cared for your first years? (Mais de vos premiers ans quelles mains ont pris soin?)

Ah that was my cue! Then came the speech of all others that I loved best: —

“Dieu laissa-t-il jamais ces enfants au besoin?
Aux petits oiseaux il donne leur pâture;
Et sa bonté s'étend sur toute la nature.
Tous les jours je l'invoque; et d'un soin pa-
ternel

Il me nourrit des dons offerts sur son autel.”

How I loved to give them — the confounding replies of the child Joas!

The scene grows in meaning with each line, — opens out like a flower. *Athalie* at last speaks in pity of the young child whose days are all spent in the service of God in the temple. She offers him instead her patronage, the pleasures of her court. She would treat him as her own son. There, too, was a part that I loved, I, the child Joas.

Joas. Comme votre fils?

Athalie. Oui — vous vous taisez?

Joas. Quel père

Je quitterais! Et pour —

Athalie. Hé bien?

Joas. Pour quelle mère!

That last said, oh, tellingly, I assure you, once I had gotten the full meaning of it.

These you may call mere fragments of learning, and not to be compared with any right-minded spelling-book or arithmetic. Fragments they were, but of noble proportions, and they carried with them

something that was like those fragments of the Parthenon which, great in themselves, give one the suggestion of something still greater. Then, too, you must not forget that there were spelling-books and arithmetics besides.

I have already told you that I went to school to Paris as well as to Mademoiselle Mallet; and, my books closed for the day, I did but go into a larger and more delightful class-room.

We had a little Swiss maid who had a hand in my education, too, but who believed her duty to be solely to button our shoes, to brush our hair, to tie our ribbons, to keep us tidy, to wait upon us, and to see to it especially that I, the youngest, was kept content and happy. It was in company with her that I went about Paris: to the Louvre gardens and galleries, to the Punch and Judy shows, — a penny a chair! to the Luxembourg, to Cluny, to dozens of other places, not sight-seeing, but pleasure-enjoying.

I had learned the French method now, I knew the zest, the interest, the meaning they put into everything. What did *Champs Elysées* mean? The French would not have given it that name without some meaning. I knew them well enough for that! Sophie could not enlighten me. But I soon learned what the Elysian Fields stood for in ancient religion, and in story and romance. Ah, did I not tell you that these people would not have given a meaningless name!

I did not think of it then, for I was in no critical humor, but I think of it now. Do you suppose that these people, full of associations, and devotions, and cultured enthusiasms, would have elected to call a great stretch of the most beautiful park land in the world "Central Park," as we have done? No. A small strip, not too wonderful, as we all know, is to them the "Elysian Fields;" and topped and bottomed, if you please, by an "Arch of Triumph" and the "Place of Concord" — the "Place of Peace."

Then there was the street of the Little Fields. What were they, these little fields?

The rue Louis le Grand; ah, him I knew! The rue de la Paix. What peace? — for it was sure to commemorate an especial peace. The rue de Rivoli, the rue Richelieu, the Chaussée d'Antin, the rue Quatre Septembre; the colonne de Juillet; Boulevard des Capucines; des Italiens; Boulevard St. Michel; St. Germain des Près; Champs de Mars; how well named! Place Molière, and I knew well now who Molière was! Chapelle Expiatoire; ah, that! That had meaning!

And these were only a few! Streets, boulevards, and monuments full of meaning, and each with an especial interest. Why, Paris had as many stories to tell as Mademoiselle! Dear Mademoiselle! Dear, delightful Paris!

IV

One day a great event was astir, a great event for me. There was to be a Children's Ball; a Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Grand Opera House in Paris, and I was to be allowed to go; not merely as an onlooker, but I was to go in a fancy dress, myself, and I was to dance and make merry like the other little children. This was wonderful, of course.

And what was I to wear. I was to go as "little America" — that was soon decided on. My dress was to be of soft American flags. My cap was to be a little liberty cap.

The shopping was a matter of great interest. The flags were bought, a lovely soft sort of veiling flags they were. The cap was made of a smaller silk flag. As for the stockings, they must be striped red and white lengthwise, of course. And the slippers must be blue, of a blue like the field of the flag. The shopping might have been difficult anywhere but in Paris. But did dear sympathetic Paris have stored away in her little *boutiques* a pair of red and white striped stockings of an exact size and of a perfect match for the flags? Yes, of course. And a pair of blue satin slippers, high-heeled, just the right

size, just the right shade, exactly? To be sure! And a little unmounted photograph of Washington and one of Lafayette, to be sewed upon little fringed flags, one French, one American, for me to wear as epaulets? — Yes, yes; certainly.

So the great day came at last, and I was dressed for the ball. Ah that was a ball, indeed! The very stairway of the Opera was a wholly fairy-like thing. And once inside the great doors, oh, the great vast place it was! vast it seemed to me with its gold and its glittering lights; its tiers on tiers of boxes; its flutter of children; so many, so many, all dancing, laughing, talking, fanning themselves!

I had scarcely got on the floor when a little French Columbine came toward me, clapping her hands with delight. "Oh regardez! regardez la petite Amérique!" A little Lohengrin with a huge cotton swan under one arm ran up to me, and beamed in unaffected delight: "Mais oui! Bon jour, Mademoiselle l'Amérique!" and he bowed to me, and made the swan do so too.

So it was amid a little hum of appreciation and surprise that I danced in my high-heeled blue slippers, and looked over my shoulder in a maze of pleasure. Oh, I never danced so well, I assure you. They would appreciate, if any audience would, the pride of my step; and each step I took was for America; America which I had come to love now with such zest and enthusiasm; yes, even as the French love France. A little French boy in peasant costume and his lass followed dancing near-by, near enough to read the name on the epaulet on my right shoulder: "Washington" pronounced the little boy proudly. Then they polka'd around to see the other. "Eh, Lafayette! Tiens! Vive l'Amérique et la France!"

How they entered into it all! What a good thing it was to be a little American girl, and a little American girl in Paris, and a little American girl in Paris at a Children's Ball at the Grand Opera!

Not a soul of them did I know, save

my partner, an American boy. But I was among friends, and when the children did not actually speak to me, they would smile and nod in the most friendly manner; and I doubt if ever the stars and stripes got a prettier welcome.

I do not know when I first learned of it, but gradually, all over the sea of dancing children there was the stir and murmur of some happening. I was slow to trace it, but I found out at last! There on the left of the Opera House, two boxes from the stage, in the lowest tier, so low that you could touch the crimson velvet rim of it with your hand, — there was the great man of all Paris, — Victor Hugo. Close beside him was his little granddaughter Jeanne. I can hardly tell you the impression, the influence his presence had on the ball; he who loved children so! Had I not learned by heart some of his verses about childhood! He who loved Paris so! he who had been exiled, he too! He who was the idol of the people, their great man, their man of letters, head and shoulders above the rest.

I was prepared to like him in true French fashion. We danced up close to the wonderful opera box. I looked with a child's eyes. I saw a man undeniably ugly; yes, I thought him very ugly. His white hair stood up stiff and rather short and straight; and his white beard only added to the unkempt look. His eyes were small, and they seemed, to me at least, slightly crossed. His figure was stocky, and his head was sunk forward quite a little. I was disappointed. He was in no sense my idea of a hero. Jeanne kept close to him, and, if I remember, with her hand in his all the while. The thing that did not disappoint me was his evident interest in the ball, in the children. They would dance past the box looking at him, couple after couple; and his name was repeated over and over, each child telling the other, "C'est Victor Hugo." "Oui, et sa petite-fille Jeanne!" I do not know why, nor just how the impression was conveyed, but this seemed his world, this world of happy, light-hearted

children. He seemed full of keen interest all the while. He watched the dancers. Sometimes he smiled and nodded to them. I do not know whether he noticed me especially, but I hoped that he did, and I felt the prouder that his look had brushed over me.

I do not know how long the ball lasted. It seemed as though it might go on forever. In the midst of it I was told that it was time for me to go home.

I had had a glorious afternoon. In the open place outside the Opera House were the same crowds that had waited to see the costumed children arrive. There had been a little murmur from the crowd when I got out of the carriage and went into the Opera House, I along with other little children. I was anticipating the same murmur now, when my mother touched my hand and bent and said a few words to me, then directed her eyes to some one standing almost beside me. I looked. It was he. He and Jeanne were leaving the Opera House, too. He had a slouch hat pulled down over the stiff unkempt-looking hair, and a coat with a cape about him. Jeanne's hand was in his.

They stood a moment, freed from any immediate crowd, at the head of the steps. At once the people recognized him. The recognition and feeling seemed unanimous. Instead of the narrow walkway left by the crowd, men and women fell back a little with one accord, until a broad way was left free to him, down the open approach to the Opera; a broad way, even, orderly, as though gendarmes had made it. The great man and the little girl stepped down the steps, he with head bent even a little further forward.

I waited, breathless and fascinated, to see the two of them go. He seemed to me a very great man now, with Paris silent, respectful before him. I have never seen anything like it. As he went, slowly, and even a little uncertainly, — for he was an old man, and even then within only a few short strides of his grave, — every man in that crowd raised his hat silently, and

without demonstration, and stood uncovered while Victor Hugo and his little grandchild passed down the line to their carriage. I saw Jeanne get in. The great man paused, bent his head still more and followed after her. The door was closed by the guard, and the carriage drove away. It was then that the men replaced their hats.

And I, I had learned one more lesson, made one more discovery in reverence and enthusiasm; this time at the hands of Paris herself.

Ah, what schoolmistresses they were, she and Mademoiselle Mallet!

v

Many delights continued to fill the days. They came and bloomed and went like flowers; and like flowers there were always others to take their place. The studies were often difficult, but there was a glow in life, a constant kindling of enthusiasm.

From older years I can look and see that much that has been most beautiful in my life has had root in these French traits, — enthusiasm and reverence. My mother's reverence, her loving enthusiasm for beauty, for greatness, for goodness, was this not perhaps taught her in large part by the education, more French than American, which my grandfather saw given to his children? Is it not owing largely to this and to my French school days that there is so much beauty and goodness and enthusiasm in life for me now?

When I returned to America it was with many misgivings. I did not know the capitals of the States, or the dates of American battles, or my tables of American weights and measures, all of which my companions would have learned in my absence. What good would the departments of France and *kilogrammes* and *millimetres* do me!

But if I did not know the things in knowledge of which my little comrades were so glib, I was yet far advanced in

hero-worship. I might stand at the foot of my American classes, but before school, at recess-time, or after school, there was hardly a child in that class who would not listen gladly, eagerly too, all but the slightly envious, to the tales I could tell, of *Roland at Roncesvalles*, of *Louis le Grand*, of *Jeanne*, of *Athalie*, and of all the rest.

But here in American schools are we not beginning to make a great point of the telling of stories of great men and women? Yes, but it does not seem to me the same; and we tell them with so much less intimacy, and, if I may say it, with so much less graciousness; more as a duty than a delight. I know, I know that we have what is perhaps "the greatest school system in the world," and wonderful theories of education. But teaching — as I take it — is neither a theory nor a system, not more than is painting. It is a great art, a great creative art, no less. And, like all the other arts, it requires the devotion of the individual.

I loved my American teachers. Yet, as I recall them (and in twelve years of American schooling as against two of French, I had many American teachers), all of them seem, beside Mademoiselle Mallet, Madame Bonnard, and the other Frenchwomen who taught me, strangely lacking in taste, in culture, and in interest. No one of them had at her command such a host as was at the disposal of all these Frenchwomen.

Yet here is a matter of importance enough in education, for the sympathetic teacher knows the child must forever be her guest, and her schoolroom rather a house, a home where more than elsewhere the child shall memorably meet, intimately, warmly, the great and good of all ages.

Nor do I see how this more intimate, more French method of teaching is avoided, as it is skillfully, by so many. For all teaching of all subjects is finally, as I take it, and in one form or another, the teaching of history. Make education as dry as you like, it is still bound to be, at

bottom, the story, the life-story, of something or of somebody. Even the most abstruse subjects are woven in with human history, and bound up with strands of human meaning, with human joy and misery, human baseness or nobility.

"The address of all history," says Froude, "is less to the understanding, than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good, and we learn to hate what is base."

Il a beau dire — ce bon Froude! The history examination papers approved by our boards of education still contain few enough questions asked or answered concerning human nobility or baseness, human joy or sorrow; but there is in them a great insistence and nicety as to dates and eras, as to the exact age of dynasties, republics, and successions.

No American teacher told me, as a child, the whole ragged, wonderful, solemn, heart-breaking story of Lee's surrender as it well might have been told. Lee's surrender! Lee's farewell to his soldiers! "Ah, mais je vous demande!" What an occasion would not Mademoiselle Mallet have made of *that*!

I was only expected to know the date of Appomattox.

I still remember the picture of Lincoln, tacked to the blackboard in the chill February days, and the dates of his birth and death written in colored chalk, — and that I failed utterly on the dates of the battles of the Civil War.

Since then it has become the fashion to teach of Lincoln the man. There are few of our heroes so humanized. Yet even this has become, in large measure, a part of the "system." And it is still the individual teacher who must separate from the "theory of how to give children the hero-thought," who must separate from the "prescribed order of Lincoln exercises for the day," and from the learning "in concert" the Gettysburg speech, Lincoln the man. It is still she who will gather about her a group of eager children, and who will tell them, perhaps with a break in her voice (I hardly see

how it could be otherwise) of the life and death of Lincoln, *her friend Lincoln*.

The things which set my French school days apart as more colored, more valuable than the rest, were, first of all, the entire French method: that delightful method of discovery, for instance, of which I have told you; the method of unfailing respect and courtesy shown me, which lent charm and dignity to the days; the constant association with forms of great art. These things seem to me I cannot say how valuable toward the sound and successful education of any child. And back of all the delightful and sound "method" was the reinforcing individuality, the personality, the personal charm of the Frenchwomen who taught me.

Though "systems," and the fashion of books and slates and rulers and examination papers may dwell long among us, yet it is still forever the personality of Socrates that makes famous the garden of Academos. In a later age it is not the theories of Ascham that are so keenly remembered, good though they may be, but Ascham himself, the friend and teacher, who stands out portrait-like, lovable, influential.

One memorable day I learned that Mademoiselle Mallet had had a lover who was killed in the Siege of Paris. Mademoiselle did not tell us this. I do not now know rightly who told it. But so fine

a piece of color in France would not be hid, you may be sure. It explained many things besides Mademoiselle's feeling description of the Siege. It accounted for how much of her reverence, her warmth, her enthusiasm, her lovely personality!

One would not wish to draw too fine a point, nor would one seem to insist that a teacher to be eminent in matters of education must needs have a lover killed in some war (we cannot all be Mesdemoiselles Mallet). Yet if any *had*, why then, as a matter of eligibility, I for one should say, "*Eh bien!* so much the better. *Tant mieux!*"

I have never returned to France. I have never refreshed at their fountain-head these memories of my French school days. I have never since looked into Mademoiselle's kind, direct eyes. My French, once her great pride, — "*Quel accent parfait a-t-elle, cette petite!*" — is grown rusty in places. Between her and me "wide seas have rolled," since the "old long-since" of those days. Yet I know well that it is due chiefly to her that, no matter how long hence, in turning back the pages of a more complete life, few chapters will seem of such lasting importance, few will be so richly colored, and have such an influence on the story, as that chapter with its simple heading, —

School Days in France.

AN AMERICAN HOLIDAY

BY WILLIAM ORR

SOME six years ago a New England city awoke to the fact that the great national holiday, July Fourth, because of the unrestrained and excessive use of fireworks and explosives and accompanying acts of hoodlumism, had become a menace to life and property and a positive public evil. The citizens of this town, Springfield, Massachusetts, with the local initiative so characteristic of the Bay State, thereupon began to devise ways and means of organizing a community celebration devoid of objectionable features. A representative committee was selected to plan for a day of popular recreation and entertainment.

While the initial impulse was the wish to do away with noise, danger, and riot, the committee soon came to see a large opportunity in the enlistment of the energy and ingenuity of all elements of the population in making the day a true civic festival, and in shaping the events to uplift and widen the aspirations of the people. With this ideal as a guide, July Fourth has taken on a new meaning, and is now a factor of no small importance in promoting a vigorous and progressive community spirit.

In a large way, the policy of the Independence Day Committee has been twofold: gradually to restrict the indiscriminate use of fireworks and explosives; and to provide, under definite control, extensive and varied entertainment.

The programme followed last year embodied the results of many experiments and much experience, and by its success and influence showed that Springfield had found a way of making our chief American holiday an occasion of real significance. At nine o'clock in the morning the two principal streets were lined

with spectators of the civic and military parade.

A truly festival aspect pervaded the entire town. Business blocks and private houses were gay with colors and bunting, and at certain selected centres local decoration and illumination committees were busy hanging lanterns and otherwise preparing for the displays of the evening. The procession well befitted such a setting. It was one of the most notable and significant parades in the history of the city. In accordance with the thought of the organizers of the day's celebration, the long column represented many elements of the population, and constituted an object-lesson in the value of human liberty and the meaning of American citizenship.

There were the usual features of the police detail to lead the way; the local militia and naval reserve; and by courtesy of Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") the most interesting groups of his "Wild West Show," a picturesque setting forth of the life of the Plains and Frontier and of the armies of foreign countries. But three divisions of the parade were especially noteworthy. First of these was a battalion of nearly one thousand boys, of ages from ten to fourteen, organized in companies, one for each ward, and arrayed in special uniforms of khaki, red, white, and blue, and other picturesque colors, and armed with wooden guns. They marched sturdily over the entire route, despite the drizzling rain that for the first quarter of an hour gave some discomfort to spectators and participants.

In another section were floats made up by the grammar-school children as a pageant illustrative of local and national

history. Such scenes as an Indian village, a group of Puritan maidens, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and Washington crossing the Delaware, were presented in a way that showed careful study of costumes, persons, and situations on the part of the actors, and made real the stirring events of colonial and revolutionary times to the people who looked on.

Most impressive and significant was the contribution of the various races and nationalities that help make up the citizenship of Springfield. In a population of 80,000, representatives of thirteen peoples were found who by their interest, enthusiasm, and public spirit furnished the climax of the parade. Three great divisions of the human family appeared in this pageant of the nations; in the ranks were the offspring of four continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, America. Chinamen, Ethiopians, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Swedes, Poles, Armenians, and Syrians strove, in cordial emulation, to show the characteristic qualities of each people, and the contribution each was making to American life.

Sweden presented a Viking ship, true to the smallest detail, with Leif Ericson catching his first glimpse of this continent. Mary Queen of Scots, in all the splendor and romance of her court, with maids of honor and Highland chiefs, and heralded by two pipers, was the contribution of the land of Wallace, Bruce, and Prince Charlie. Two floats were provided by the German societies: the Schützenverein showed a fine scene from the life of William Tell, while the Maennerchor and Turnverein, in thorough Teutonic fashion, had an allegorical group, the figures of Germania and Columbia, attended by Art, Literature, and Music. With a view to the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec, the French, who are of Canadian descent, portrayed Champlain landing from his canoe on the St. Lawrence. A band of Chinese musicians came on from New York to represent

their nation, while in addition their resident countrymen furnished a richly decorated oriental float for the parade, and in the evening a display of Chinese fireworks. Italy made a most effective and artistic group of her great men, Dante, Michelangelo, Galileo, Columbus, Verdi, and Marconi, with heralds and pages in advance, the whole like a scene out of some Florentine spectacle of the times of the Medici. After the same fashion, the local Greeks presented four figures, Pericles, Lycurgus, Socrates, and Plato, attended by a marching battalion of fifty young Hellenes, each carrying his country's banner, and all uniting in bearing along a huge American flag. Armenia recalled her early glories as an independent nation in a rich setting of the throne and court of Abgar, her first Christian king. A conference in an eastern smoking-room was presented with great realism as the contribution of the Syrians. Lovers of the Celtic and Gaelic found satisfaction in the setting of St. Columcille pleading for the Bards before King Aodh, monarch of all Ireland, in the year 590. Negro veterans of the Civil War brought in a touch of American history in their presentation of the attack on Battery Wagner, when the colored race, under the leadership of Robert Gould Shaw, proved for all time its title to manhood. Poland had in line a battalion, forty-five strong, accompanied by a Polish band.

There was a singular fitness and deep meaning in the English float: the signing of Magna Charta, a document that in the struggle for human liberty must forever be placed alongside the Declaration of Independence, even as the flags of England and America were entwined over the scene in the pageant. Much to their regret, the Jewish people were unable to take part in this festival of humanity from the fact of the day being their Sabbath. They are enthusiastic in their plans for next year.

The impression and value of this pageant of the nations is well stated by

Mary Vida Clark in "Charities and Commons:" —

"Surely no citizen of Springfield, young or old, could see such a historic pageant of races and nationalities without gaining some appreciation of the nature of the modern contribution to our national life, or could escape having his outlook broadened by some glimpse of the America of the future that is to come out of this mingling of races and race-ideals, or could fail to see the great possibilities for improvement in the amalgamation of many of these people bringing traditions of such beauty and nobility.

"It is no small benefit to us, and to these newer fellow citizens of ours, that they should have a chance to exhibit their heroic side, to show us their nationality as it looks to them, rather than as it is caricatured by our provincialism. It does the intolerant young American no harm to be reminded that the ancestors of his Greek and Italian schoolmates may have dwelt in marble halls, while his were naked savages, roaming the woods, even though he has a personal preference for the naked savage. Such a Fourth of July carries to the whole community the message that the settlements, with their industrial exhibits and their revivals of the classical dramas, have so long been dining into the ears of those 'who have ears to hear.'"

As the parade returned to Court Square, the civic centre, the people were assembling for the next numbers on the programme, — choral singing, and literary exercises. Three bands were massed, and with this accompaniment, under the leadership of a prominent musical director, the multitude joined in full-throated chorus in rendering national hymns and folk-songs. A selection of such music had been printed and five thousand copies distributed. The result was a revelation of the possibilities of this form of expression of sentiment and emotion. Then came a scholarly and forceful address on the responsibility of the people in the solution of our national

problems, by a talented young son of Springfield.

Meanwhile, a short distance away, two balloons were in preparation for an ascension. At the close of the speaking came more singing, and as the first balloon rose into the air, the great throng burst forth, as with one voice, into the strains of "My Country 't is of Thee." Thus the morning exercises came to a fitting close and climax as the cannon from the Arsenal thundered out the national salute of forty-six guns.

In the afternoon the scene of the celebration shifted to the open glades of Forest Park. Family groups resorted to this pleasant woodland to enjoy picnics and the band music. The Park extends to the Connecticut River, and its slopes leading down to that stream made a convenient view-point for those who were interested in the regatta and water-sports. The children, whose natural instincts lead them to play on such occasions, were organized for the time in a series of charming games from which the participants carried off as souvenirs small American flags.

Athletic contests on track and field, and the river-sports, with a great variety of races for many kinds of craft, occupied the attention of youth and young men. By this distribution of events, people were widely scattered, and a congestion of street-car traffic prevented.

As evening drew on, the city became a veritable fairyland, so general and skillful was the illumination. Four centres were selected for the display of fireworks, and each given in care of a local committee. Myriads of Japanese lanterns lined the approaches to these open spaces. Main Street was aglow with vari-colored lights, and while the last rockets and bombs were flashing in the sky, a wearied, but satisfied and happy community turned homeward for rest and slumber.

Such is Springfield's realization of a community festival. Her general committee, which has the entire programme in charge, is continued from year to year,

and has always been able to command the interested services of capable business and professional men. Many hours are given to planning and organizing the celebration. A popular subscription places at the disposal of the committee about \$3000, and the city council usually makes an appropriation of \$500. This fund meets the expenses of parade, bands, balloon ascension, choral singing, literary exercises, sports, games, fireworks, and the illumination of Main Street and Court Square. Private expenditures for decoration, and special displays, largely increase the total amount spent. Many of the participants in the parade of nations met their own expenses.

Public interest was enlisted by a thorough use of the news columns for the two months before the day. The papers were most generous in the space and attention they gave to all items about the plans for the celebration. A few days before the Fourth a complete detailed programme was distributed to every home in the city. It is safe to say that by the morning of Independence Day every man, woman, and child was familiar with the order of events. This widespread interest and general participation contributed largely to the success of the festival.

While the riot of noise and explosion has not yet ceased, there has been a sensible decrease in the disposition to make July Fourth a day of license. Restrictive measures are now more rigid, and are better enforced. This year accidents were few and not serious, and the fire department had practically an idle day. The small boy was busy with his preparations for the parade, and in enjoying the various attractions provided by the committee. Wholesome and delightful entertainment was so general that the mischief-maker had small opportunity, and little time. Most important of all, however, is the growing conviction and sentiment of the community that the proper celebration of a national holiday is one where a festal spirit dominates and controls.

It is evident from the comments of the

press on the present evils of our Fourth of July that there is urgent need of a definite control and wise direction of the popular use of this holiday. The roll of dead and wounded for the last ten years, as compiled by the *Chicago Tribune*, is eloquent in its warning. The figures tell their own story of an insensate and reckless abuse of the day's privileges:—

	Dead.	Wounded.
1908	72	2736
1907	58	3807
1906	51	3551
1905	59	3169
1904	58	3049
1903	52	3065
1902	31	2796
1901	35	1803
1900	59	2767
1899	33	1742
	508	29,085

That these statistics, gathered by July 6, are below the real totals is seen from the tabulations of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* made in August, when tetanus has had time to do its dire work:—

	Dead.	Wounded.	Total.	(Tetanus.)
1908	163	5460	5623	55
1907	164	4249	4413	62
1906	158	5308	5466	75
1905	182	4994	5176	87
1904	183	3986	4169	91
1903	466	3983	4449	406
Totals	1316	27,980	29,296	776

Surely the sorrow, suffering, and mutilation here represented mock the claim that our July Fourth, as at present observed, is in any sense a festal day; rather is it a day of terror, anxiety, and dread. High-power explosives, unknown a generation ago, are put into the hands of irresponsible children, and of brutal and careless rowdies, to use without let or hindrance. The ordinary safeguards against danger to life, and damage to property, are withdrawn. Such a state of affairs reveals a serious weakness in our social organization, since our communities do not know how to enjoy themselves in sane and rational fashion. Here is a field for educating the people, rich in possibilities

of far-reaching results on our national characteristics.

From many cities there come protests and warnings against present conditions, and the expression of a desire for better things. Cleveland, through her city council, has prohibited all use of fireworks and explosives by individuals. The *New York Tribune*, in its comments on the action of Cleveland, says, "In a land which has not yet learned to celebrate its memories fittingly, tetanus is only one of the many arguments for the Springfield example." Mere repression will, in the long run, not be effective. It is necessary to recognize and satisfy the natural instinct of men for spectacles and pleasurable excitement. Let the resources of music, beauty in form and color, oratory, athletic contests, games and plays, and stately pageantry with wealth of historic allusion, be used with judgment and good taste to make a popular festival!

For it must be recognized that the present frenzy for noise, explosives, and unearthly din and rattle is an attempt to express, in superficial fashion, emotions in themselves most desirable. The spirit of Independence Day, while it has much that is crude and shallow, is, in essence, joy in liberty, sympathy with the struggles of humanity for freedom, and aspiration for world-wide brotherhood. But as the child and savage, in times of excitement and emotional exaltation, resort to gaudy colors, hideous decorations, shrieks and howls, and the squeak, rattle, and din of instruments, called musical only by courtesy, so our people, in the mass, have yet to learn how to express adequately, and with good taste, patriotic fervor and enthusiasm for humanity. It is also a well-known psychological law that, as the art of expression is cultivated, the feelings grow fine, deep, rich, and true.

Europe abounds in illustrations of public holidays that are truly festal. The art of celebration has been studied and practiced there for many generations, and has gathered to itself the resources of drama, music, legend, history, the sanctity of re-

ligious ceremonial, and the dignity of devotion to the fatherland. How simply, and yet effectively, do the Swiss recall the foundation of their Confederation! At the close of day the bells peal out on the evening air, while bonfires flame along the mountain crests. A few fireworks, an inexpensive illumination here and there, with perhaps a few words from some speaker on national history and duty, complete the programme. In the summer of 1905, all Belgium, for over one month, was in festival attire on the anniversary of her independence. Street processions, illuminations by night, bunting and banners by day, children's parades, outings in the country, and a great exposition at Liège, were some of the features of this season of rejoicing. At Brussels great crowds gathered at evening, in the square before the Hôtel de Ville, to listen to music, and to watch a marvelous display of colored fires on the façade and in the richly sculptured tower of that building.

An Italian immigrant, a native of a small town on the Riviera, told the writer with great enthusiasm of the care with which their popular celebrations were planned. A committee had the entire affair in charge. In the evening, fireworks were set off, at a specially selected point of vantage, so as to secure a multifold reflection in the waters of the Mediterranean. Here is certainly an improvement on the promiscuous discharge of rockets, Roman candles, bombs, and other pyrotechnics, in our American cities.

The skill of French and Germans in organizing and executing elaborate and satisfying programmes on national *fest* days is too well-known to call for more than a mention. In England, at present, there is a strong tendency toward the use of pageantry. This particular form of display met with conspicuous success at the exercises commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec. The Welsh make much of choral singing, and at their annual Eisteddfodd use with effect the ritual of Druidic worship.

American communities may well begin the campaign for a better July Fourth by the introduction of some features of European festal days. Springfield has found that her citizens of foreign birth are ready to coöperate, and thus the very spirit of the Old World may be felt here on the soil of the New. Pageantry is a most promising departure, and affords a good ground for common effort. There are two methods for such a display, one the procession of floats through the streets, the other a series of tableaux presented on some woodland glade as a stage. Boston proposes at her next Fourth of July to use the great Stadium at Harvard for a representation of colonial and revolutionary times. The use of public parks as forest theatres has this advantage: that people are there brought into a restful and invigorating environment, safe for children, and giving genuine recreation to the adult. Hartford made a notable success of historical tableaux at the dedication of her bridge in October, 1908. At college commencements, much is made of the outdoor drama. Mount Holyoke, Wellesley, and Vassar have won distinction in this field.

The street parade, on the other hand, brings the spectacle before a greater number of people than could be accommodated in any sylvan amphitheatre, and affords opportunity for martial music, and the display of banners, colors, and decorations along the line of march. Then there is a certain stately impressiveness in the steady onward motion of a procession, and this makes its own appeal to the senses and emotions. Possibly a combination of tableaux and parade may prove the most available form of pageantry in holiday celebrations.

Music, instrumental and vocal, including that of chiming bells, is a mode of expressing feeling and aspiration to which careful attention should be paid. Our bands and orchestras are winning distinction, and the quality shows steady improvement. Our smaller towns and cities do not, as yet, enjoy such excellent

music as is heard in the gardens and public squares of Germany from regimental players. But there is abundant material whereby concerts can be given at important centres in any community, and such an element promotes a festival spirit. As for chimes to make articulate the voice of the city, one has but to recall the thrill of emotion and the myriad memories stirred into life by the pealing bells of London, Paris, Rome, or Edinburgh on some fête-day, or the wondrous dreams evoked at eventide by the melodies from the Court of Honor at Chicago.

'T is the Bells of Shandon,
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

Here is the opportunity for the public-minded man to erect a memorial that will truly enrich his city by making its very air vibrant with joy.

Another large field for development is that of choral or mass-singing. On special occasions, particularly in religious meetings, a multitude of people will sing with zest and enthusiasm. In public gatherings in the open air, it is rare to find any disposition or ability to join effectively in the rendering of patriotic songs and hymns. This failure results from lack of training and practice, with consequent timidity, the poverty of suitable music of high grade, and ignorance of the selections already at our command. It is doubtful if any general gathering could sing all the stanzas of "My Country, 't is of Thee," or of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Churches, schools, singing societies, and fraternal organizations may, by persistent effort, soon bring it to pass that young and old shall be familiar with the best festival lyrics, and ten or twenty thousand people be able to unite in full-throated chorus. Meantime our poets and composers may well concern themselves with increasing the number of our national songs comparable in quality with those of the old-world peoples. Such mass-singing, under skillful conductors, reveals by contrast the true hideousness

and savagery of the din and uproar of blank cartridge and cannon-cracker. For the choral comes out of the deep experiences of humanity; it is an expression of struggle, hope, and triumph, of the fervor of enthusiasm, the glow of patriotic ardor, and the aspirations of religion: a hymn of prayer and praise.

The element of instruction must also be considered in the plans for a day of such significance as July Fourth. It is highly fitting that the thoughts of the people should be turned, in serious mood, on the great deeds of the fathers and the present duties of the sons. An oration by some one who understands the art of addressing a multitude in the open air gives dignity and weight to a festival. This part of the programme should not be long or labored. It should be suggestive and stimulating to thought rather than didactic; an appeal to face resolutely and intelligently the pressing problems of national life.

When these substantial and essential features of the celebration are provided, there is still large room for the skillful selection of recreation and entertainment suited to the particular community. In some instances athletic contests meet the popular demand. Advantage should be taken of natural features, hills, open parks, and river and lake shores. Fireworks can be made many times more effective by placing them on some vantage point and securing a background of wood or water. Automobile parades, exhibition of local industries, pageantry to show the progress of arts and sciences, or of education, may be cited as illustrations of possibilities.

While the holiday has its chief reason for existence in the desire for enjoyment and entertainment, and a relief from the monotony of daily toil, there are certain practical values worthy of attention. The mood of the populace on a properly ordered holiday constitutes a psychological opportunity. Impressions are easily made, and ideas readily become part of the consciousness of the individual. It is as

if the glow of enthusiasm and the ardor of excitement fuse the day's experience and instruction into the mental make-up of the participants. Receptive attention is most alert. Emotion and sentiment are strong and keen. Educationally, Independence Day is an opportunity for promoting that general intelligence, that right attitude toward public questions, and that abiding patriotism and loyalty, on which the nation depends for existence. Likewise, such a day helps to stimulate and foster a just pride in the city or town; no stronger influence can be used to raise the level of community life.

The very union of people of all occupations, interests, and aptitudes in such an undertaking is in itself a means of education. With the growth of cities, concerted organized effort by the inhabitants of such places as Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, has become almost impossible. It is hard to secure any feeling of unity. By proper organization and planning, a celebration such as outlined will interest and occupy all elements of a city; and to work together in such an undertaking is a lesson in coöperation and regard for the common weal that carries far-reaching results.

Such union and amalgamation is especially important as affecting the many alien elements brought in by immigration. With all that has been said of the extent to which our population is made up of foreign-born, one still runs against statistics that startle. Lowell in the state of Massachusetts has a colony of Greeks numbering about seven thousand. There are two thousand in Boston and two hundred in Springfield. In New York City, representatives of well-nigh every people under heaven are to be found. These aliens are in the course of time to become members of our body, politic and social. They are eager to play their part. July Fourth, Independence Day, may well be a festival of humanity, whereon there shall be symbolized the spirit of American life, and the rich elements that life may

secure from those who bring the legends, traditions, and history of a thousand years to our shores.

The Springfield pageant, small as it was, revealed potent elements pregnant with human experience, hallowed by memories of struggle, defeat, and triumphs that are to become a part of our own national life and character. The vision of the seer of old is made real in our eyes, "and they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it." New England especially may well rejoice in the enrichment to come to her through the warmth of feeling, and skill in the

use of form and color brought to her from across the sea.

As a people, we are in the making, plastic, responsive, receptive. Such a spirit will take the best among all the influences that bear upon it. Our civilization is in a "nascent state," with its power of affinity at its strongest, and its capacity for assimilation most vigorous. Such occasions as the popular festival of Independence Day constitute a rare opportunity to minister to the multitude, and rightly to shape and fashion our characteristics as a people. No more inspiring or ennobling call ever came to mankind.

THE MYSTERY

BY BERTHA CHACE LOVELL

To wake some morning — just a common day
Of rain or sun, bird-note or budded rose,
Like any other day — and at its close
To be from all I knew a life away,
How wondrous strange 't would be! No more to play
With children's voices; and when winter goes,
To wait no spring's return; when glorious glows
The sunset, not to watch till night is gray.
O stranger far than dreams! The crowded street,
Scorched in the noon-tide, laughter, suppliant hands,
Man's joy in work, man's pain, unchanged abide;
While I, who thought that ever eager feet
Still in old paths would lead me through known lands,
Sudden, surprised, fare out to the untried.

THE NOVELIST'S ALLEGORY

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ONCE upon a time the Prince of Felicitas had occasion to set out on a journey. It was a late autumn evening, with few pale stars, and a moon no larger than the paring of a finger-nail. And as he rode through the purlieus of his city, the white mane of his amber-colored steed was all that he could clearly see in the dusk of the high streets.

His way led through a quarter but little known to him, and he was surprised to find that his horse, instead of ambling forward with his customary gentle vigor, stepped carefully from side to side, stopping now and then to curve its neck and prick its ears, — as though at something of fear unseen in the darkness; while on either hand creatures could be heard rustling and scuttling; and little cold draughts as of wings fanned the rider's cheeks.

The Prince at last turned in his saddle, but so great was the darkness that he could not even see his escort.

"What is the name of this street?" he said.

"Sire, it is called the Vita Publica."

"It is very dark." Even as he spoke, his horse staggered, but recovering its foothold with an effort, stood trembling violently; nor could all the incitements of its master induce the beast to move forward again.

"Is there no one with a lanthorn in this street?" said the Prince.

His attendants began forthwith to call out loudly for any one who had a lanthorn. Now it chanced that an old man, sleeping in a hovel on a pallet of straw, was awakened by these cries. When he heard that it was the Prince of Felicitas himself, he came hastily, carrying his old lanthorn, and stood trembling beside the

Prince's horse. It was so dark that the Prince could not see him.

"Light your lanthorn, old man," he said.

The old man laboriously lit his lanthorn. Its pale rays fled out on either hand. Beautiful but grim was the vision they disclosed: tall houses, fair court-yards, and a palm-grown garden; and in front of the Prince's horse a deep cess-pool, on whose jagged edges the good beast's hoofs were planted; and as far as the glimmer of the lanthorn stretched, both ways down the rutted street, paving-stones displaced, and smooth tessellated marble; pools of mud, the hanging fruit of an orange tree, and dark, scurrying shapes of monstrous rats bolting across from house to house. The old man held the lanthorn higher, and instantly bats flying against it would have beaten out the light, but for the thin protection of its horn sides.

The Prince sat still upon his horse, looking first at the rutted space that he had traversed, and then at the rutted space before him.

"Without a light," he said, "this thoroughfare is dangerous. What is your name, old man?"

"My name is Cethru," replied the aged churl.

"Cethru!" said the Prince. "Let it be your duty henceforth to walk with your lanthorn up and down this street all night, and every night." And he looked at Cethru. "Do you understand, old man, what it is you have to do?"

The old man answered in a voice that trembled like a rusty flute, —

"Aye, aye, to walk up and down, and hold my lanthorn so that folk can see where they be goin'."

The Prince gathered up his reins, but the old man lurching forward touched his stirrup:—

“How long be I to go on wi’ thickey job?”

“Until you die!”

Cethru held up his lantern, and they could see his long, thin face, like a sandwich of dried leather, jerk and quiver, and his thin, gray hairs flutter in the draught of the bats’ wings circling round the light.

“T will be main hard,” he groaned, “an’ my lantern’s nowt but a poor thing.”

With a high look, the Prince of Felicitas bent, and touched the old man’s forehead.

“Until you die, old man,” he repeated; and bidding his followers light torches from Cethru’s lantern, he rode on down the twisting street. The clatter of the horses’ hoofs died out in the night, and the scuttling and the rustling of the rats, and the whispers of the bats’ wings, were heard again.

Cethru, left alone in the dark thoroughfare, sighed heavily; then, spitting on his hands, he tightened the old girdle round his loins, and slinging the lantern on his staff, held it up to the level of his waist, and began to make his way along the street. His progress was but slow, for he had many times to stop and rekindle the flame within his lantern, which the bats’ wings, his own stumbles, and the jostlings of footpads, or of revelers returning home, were forever extinguishing. In traversing that long street he spent half the night, and half the night in traversing it back again. The saffron swan of dawn, slow swimming up the sky-river between the high roof-banks, bent her neck down through the dark air-water to look at him staggering below her, with his still smoking wick. No sooner did Cethru see that sunlit bird than, with a great sigh, he sat him down, and at once fell asleep.

Now, when the dwellers in the houses of the Vita Publica first gained knowledge that this old man passed every night

with his lantern up and down their street, and when they marked those pallid gleams gliding over the motley prospect of cesspools and garden-gates, over the sightless hovels and the rich-carved frontages of their palaces, or saw them stay their journey and remain suspended like a handful of daffodils held up against the black stuffs of secrecy, they said,—

“It is good that this old man should pass like this,—we shall see better where we’re going; and if the Watch have any job on hand, or want to put the pavements in order, his lantern will serve their purpose well enough.”

And they would call out of their doors and windows to him passing,—

“Hola! old man Cethru! All’s well with our house, and with the street before it?”

But for answer the old man only held his lantern up, so that in the ring of its pale light they saw some sight or other in the street. And his silence troubled them, one by one, for each had expected that he would reply:—

“Aye, aye! All’s well with *your* house, sirs, and with the street before it!”

Thus they grew irritated with this old man who did not seem able to do anything but just hold his lantern up. And gradually they began to dislike his passing by their doors with his pale light, by which they could not fail to see, not only the rich-carved frontages and scrolled gates of courtyards and fair gardens, but things that were not pleasing to the eye. And they murmured amongst themselves, “What is the good of this old man, and his silly lantern? We can see all we want to see without him: in fact, we got on very well before he came.”

So, as he passed, rich folk who were supping would pelt him with orange-peel, and empty the dregs of their wine over his head; and poor folk, sleeping in their hutches, turned over, as the light of the lantern fell on them, and growled, cursing him for that disturbance. Nor did revelers or footpads treat the old man

kindly, but tied him to the wall, where he was constrained to stay till a kind passer-by released him. And ever the bats darkened his lanthorn with their wings, and tried to beat the flame out. And the old man thought, "This be a terrible hard job: I don't seem to please nobody, I don't." But because the Prince of Felicitas had so commanded him, he continued nightly to pass with his lanthorn up and down the street; and every morning, as the saffron swan came swimming overhead, to fall asleep. But his sleep did not last long, for he was compelled to pass many hours each day in gathering rushes and melting down tallow for his lanthorn; so that his lean face grew more than ever like a sandwich of dried leather.

Now it came to pass that the Town Watch, having had certain complaints made to them that persons had been bitten in the *Vita Publica* by rats, doubted of their duty to destroy these ferocious creatures; and they held investigation, summoning the persons bitten and inquiring of them how it was that in so dark a street they could tell that the animals which had bitten them were indeed rats. Howbeit for some time no one could be found who could say more than what he had been told; and since this was not evidence, the Town Watch had good hopes that they would not, after all, be forced to undertake this tedious enterprise. But presently there came before them one who said that he had himself seen the rat which had bitten him, by the light of an old man's lanthorn.

When the Town Watch heard this they were vexed, for they knew that if this were true they would now be forced to prosecute the arduous undertaking, and they said, —

"Bring in this old man!"

Cethru was brought before them, trembling.

"What is this we hear, old man, about your lanthorn and the rat? And in the first place what were you doing in the *Vita Publica* at that time of night?"

Cethru answered, "I were just passin' with my lanthorn!"

"Tell us — did you see the rat?"

Cethru shook his head: "My lanthorn seed the rat, maybe!" he muttered.

"Old owl," said the Captain of the Watch, "be careful what you say! If you saw the rat, why did you then not aid this unhappy citizen who was bitten by it — first, to avoid that rodent, and subsequently to slay it, thereby relieving the public of a pestilential danger?"

Cethru looked at him, and for some seconds did not reply; then he said slowly, "I were just passin' with my lanthorn."

"That you have already told us," said the Captain of the Watch; "it is no answer."

Cethru's leathern cheeks became wine-colored, so desirous was he to speak, and so unable. And the Watch sneered and laughed, saying, "This is a fine witness."

But of a sudden Cethru spoke: —

"What would I be duin' — killing rats; tidden my business to kill no rats."

The Captain of the Watch caressed his beard, and looking at the old man with contempt, said, —

"It seems to me, brothers, that this is an idle old vagabond, who does no good to any one. We should be well advised, I think, to prosecute him for vagrancy. But that is not at this moment the matter in hand. Owing to the accident — scarcely fortunate — of this old man's passing with his lanthorn, it would certainly appear that citizens have indeed been bitten by rodents. It is, then, I fear, our duty to institute proceedings against these poisonous and violent animals."

And amid the sighing of the Watch, it was so resolved.

Cethru was glad to shuffle away, unnoticed, from the Court, and sitting down under a camel-date tree outside the City wall, he thus reflected, —

"They were rough with me! I done nothin', so far 's I can see!"

And a long time he sat there with the bunches of the camel-dates above him,

golden as the sunlight. Then, as the scent of the lyric flowers, released by evening, warned him of the night dropping like a flight of dark birds on the plain, he rose stiffly, and made his way as usual toward the *Vita Publica*.

He had traversed but little of that black thoroughfare, holding his lanthorn at the level of his breast, when the sound of a splash and cries for help smote his long, thin ears. Remembering how the Captain of the Watch had admonished him, he stopped and peered about, but owing to his proximity to the light of his own lanthorn he saw nothing. Presently he heard another splash and the sound of blowings and of puffings, but still unable to see clearly whence they came, he was forced, in bewilderment, to resume his march.

But he had no sooner entered the next bend of that obscure and winding avenue than the most lamentable, lusty cries assailed him. Again he stood still, blinded by his own light. Somewhere at hand a citizen was being beaten, for vague, quickly-moving forms emerged into the radiance of his lanthorn out of the deep violet of the night air. The cries swelled, and died away, and swelled; the mazed Cethru moved forward on his way. But very near the end of his first traversage, the sound of a long, deep sighing, as of a fat man in spiritual pain, once more arrested him.

"Drat me!" he thought, "this time I will see what 'tis;" and he spun round and round, holding his lanthorn now high, now low, and to both sides. "The devil an' all's in it to-night," he murmured to himself; "there's some'at here a-fetchin' of its breath, most awful loud." But for his life he could see nothing, only that the higher he held his lanthorn the more painful grew the sound of the fat but spiritual sighing. And desperately he at last resumed his progress.

On the morrow, while he still slept stretched on his straw pallet, there came to him a member of the Watch.

"Old man, you are wanted at the Court

House; rouse up, and bring your lanthorn."

Stiffly Cethru rose.

"What be they wantin' me fur now, mester?"

"Ah!" replied the Watchman, "they are going to see if they can't put an end to your goings-on."

Cethru shivered, and was silent.

Now, when they reached the Court House it was patent that a great affair was forward; for the Judges were in their robes, and a crowd of advocates, burgesses, and common folk, thronged the carven, lofty hall.

When Cethru saw that all eyes were turned on him, he shivered still more violently, fixing his fascinated gaze on the three Judges in their emerald robes.

"This, then, is the prisoner," said the oldest of the Judges; "proceed with the indictment!"

A little advocate in snuff-colored clothes rose on little legs, and commenced to read:—

"Forasmuch as on the seventeenth night of August fifteen hundred years since the Messiah's death, one Celestine, a maiden of this city, fell into a cesspool in the *Vita Publica*, and while being quietly drowned, was espied of the burgess Pardonix by the light of a lanthorn held by the old man Cethru; and, forasmuch as, plunging in, the said Pardonix rescued her, not without grave risk of life and the ruin of his clothes, and to-day lies ill of fever; and forasmuch as the old man Cethru was the cause of these misfortunes to the burgess Pardonix, by reason of his wandering lanthorn's showing the drowning maiden, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise place charge upon this Cethru of 'Vagabondage without serious occupation.'

"And, forasmuch as, on this same night the Watchman Filepo, made aware by the light of this said Cethru's lanthorn, of three sturdy footpads, made to arrest them, and was set on by the rogues, and well-nigh slain, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise charge upon

Cethru, complicity in this assault, by reasons, namely, first, that he discovered the footpads to the Watchman, and the Watchman to the footpads, by the light of his lantern; and, second, that having thus discovered them, he stood idly by and gave no assistance to the Law.

"And, forasmuch, as on this same night the wealthy burgess Pranzo, who, having prepared a banquet, was standing in his doorway awaiting the arrival of his guests, did see, by the light of the said Cethru's lantern, a beggar woman and her children groveling in the gutter for garbage, whereby his appetite was lost completely; and forasmuch as he, Pranzo, has lodged a complaint against the Constitution for permitting women and children to be starved, the Watch do hereby indict, accuse, and otherwise make charge on Cethru of rebellion and anarchy, in that willfully he doth disturb good citizens by showing to them without provocation disagreeable sights, and doth moreover endanger the laws by causing persons to desire to change them.

"These be the charges, reverend Judges, so please you!"

And having thus spoken, the little advocate resumed his seat.

Then said the oldest of the Judges, —

"Cethru, you have heard; what answer do you make?"

But no word, only the chattering of teeth, came from Cethru.

"Have you no defense?" said the Judge; "these are grave charges!"

Then Cethru spoke.

"So please your Highnesses," he said, "I can't help what my lantern sees."

And having spoken these words, to all further question he remained more silent than a headless man.

The Judges took counsel of each other, and the oldest of them thus addressed himself to Cethru: —

"If you have no defense, old man, and there is no man will say a word for you, we can but proceed to judgment."

Then, in the main aisle of the Court, there arose a youthful advocate.

"Most reverend Judges," he said in a mellifluous voice, clearer than the fluting of a bell-bird, "it is useless to look for words from this old man, for it is manifest that he himself is nothing, and that his lantern is alone concerned in this affair. But, reverend Judges, be-think you well: would you have a lantern ply a trade or be concerned with a profession, or do aught indeed but walk the streets at night, shedding its light? which, if you will, is vagabondage. And, sirs, upon the second count of this indictment: would you have a lantern dive into cesspools to rescue maidens? would you have a lantern to beat footpads? or, indeed, to be any sort of partizan either of the Law or them that break the Law? Sure, sirs, I think not. And as to this third charge of fostering anarchy — let me but describe the trick of this lantern's flame. It is distilled, most reverend Judges, of oil and wick, together with that sweet secret heat of whose birth no words of mine can tell. And when, Sirs, this pale flame has sprung into the air swaying to every wind, it brings to human eyes the power to see. And if it be charged on this old man Cethru that he and his lantern, by reason of their showing not only the good but the evil, bring no pleasure into the world, I ask, sirs, what in the world is so dear as this power to see — whether it be the beautiful or the foul that is disclosed?

"Need I indeed tell you of the way this flame spreads its feelers, and delicately darts and hovers in the darkness, conjuring things from nothing? This mechanical summoning, sirs, of visions out of blackness, is benign; by no means of malevolent intent; no more than if a man, passing two donkeys in the road, one lean and the other fat, could justly be arraigned for malignancy because they were not both fat. This, reverend Judges, is the essence of the matter concerning the rich burgess Pranzo, who, on account of the sight he saw by Cethru's lantern, has lost the equilibrium of his

stomach. For, sirs, the lanthorn did but show that which was there, both fair and foul, no more, no less; and though it is indeed true that Pranzo is upset, it was not because the lanthorn maliciously produced distorted images, but merely caused to be seen, in due proportions, things which Pranzo had not seen before.

"And surely, reverend Judges, being just men, you would not have this lanthorn turn its light away from what is ragged and ugly, because there are also fair things on which its light may fall; how indeed, being a lanthorn, could it if it would? And I would have you note this, sirs, that by this impartial discovery of the proportions of one thing to another, this lanthorn must indeed perpetually seem to cloud and sadden those things which are fair, because of the deep instincts of harmony and justice planted in the human breast. However unfair and cruel, then, this lanthorn may seem to those who, deficient in these instincts, desire all their lives to see naught but what is pleasant, — lest they, like Pranzo, should lose their appetites, — it is not consonant with equity that this lanthorn should, even if it could, be prevented from thus mechanically buffeting the holiday cheek of life. I would think, sirs, that you should rather blame the queasy state of Pranzo's stomach.

"The old man has said that he cannot help what his lanthorn sees. This is a just saying. But if, reverend Judges, you deem this equipoised, indifferent lanthorn to be indeed blameworthy for having shown in the same moment, side by side, the skull and the fair face, the burdock and the tiger-lily, the butterfly

and toad, then, most reverend Judges, punish it, but do not punish this old man, for he himself is but a flume of smoke, a thistle dispersed, — nothing!"

So saying, the young advocate sat down.

Again the three Judges took counsel of each other, and after much talk had passed between them, the oldest spoke:—

"What this young advocate has said has seemed to us to be the truth. We cannot punish a lanthorn. Let the old man go!"

And Cethru went out into the sunshine.

Now it came to pass that the Prince of Felicitas, returning from his journey, rode once more on his amber-colored steed down the Vita Publica.

The night was dark as a rook's wing, but far away down the street burned a little light, like a red star truant from heaven. The Prince riding by descried it for a lanthorn, with an old man sleeping beside it.

"How is this, Friend?" said the Prince. "You are not walking as I bade you, carrying your lanthorn."

But Cethru neither moved nor answered.

"Lift him up!" said the Prince.

They lifted up his head and held the lanthorn to his closed eyes. So lean was that brown face that the beams from the lanthorn would not rest on it, but slipped past on either hand into the night. His eyes did not open. He was dead.

And the Prince touched him, saying, "Farewell, old man! The lanthorn is still alight. Go, fetch me another one, and let him carry it!"

TEACHING BIOLOGY IN THE SCHOOLS

BY BENJAMIN C. GRUENBERG

EDUCATION is effective in proportion as it produces changes in the thoughts or feelings or conduct of people, in proportion, that is, as it makes people think and feel and act differently from what they would otherwise have done. In this sense it may be admitted at once that all education is more or less effective. What really concerns every one of us is: What kinds of changes are produced; what are the thoughts and feelings and actions of those who receive the benefits of education, as compared with those who do not; what kinds of education produce the most desirable kinds of thinking and feeling and doing? In short, what kind of education is really practical?

Educators have claimed for their processes that they yield training and culture; to the non-professional citizen these things have not always appeared as practical. It is not enough to say to-day for any subject that it yields training or culture; the public has been taught to expect *every* subject to yield training and culture, and it knows that some subjects are more directly of use to the pupil than others. The public wants to know the *practical* value of every subject in addition to its training or culture-value. And in this demand the public is entirely in the right.

But we find further that the common notion of what is "practical" in education involves not only efficiency in work, and skill in obtaining a livelihood; it involves also the idea of success in industrial or commercial competition. In other words, to the public mind "economic welfare" as an educational end is but another name for individual economic advantage.

Until public education became quite

general, the aim of education was chiefly directed toward giving the individual certain *advantages*, some social, or spiritual, or military, others distinctly industrial or economic. It is still possible for the individual to advance his private material interests at the expense of the community at large, or at the expense of his neighbors; and there are those things in "education" which make it possible for the individual to get for himself certain material benefits in his competition with other individuals. Thus the individual who has acquired more skill or more knowledge of certain kinds has advantages over other individuals. A good medical or technological school may give its graduates an equipment that will be of great advantage to them in their competition with graduates of a less efficient school.

On the other hand, the aim of the public school cannot be considered to bear on the economic advantage of the individual over other individuals; public education cannot concern itself with the training of individuals for a keener economic competition. We cannot suppose that the state is engaged in the enterprise of training boys and girls to become expert in outdoing one another. When education is not only offered to, but actually imposed upon, all children at public expense, it seems absurd to speak of the advantages that are to accrue to the individual in competition with others — as a result of this education. Public education is concerned, first and last, with the public and the general welfare; it is its purpose primarily, not to give each individual what he needs *against* all others, but to give each what he needs as a member of the community, to give all what it

is important for all that all should have. Teachers in public schools cannot claim for their subjects that they give to the pupils economic advantages over other individuals; they cannot claim for Latin or geography that it enables the student to excel others in the arts of making money, succeeding in business, and the like. The relation of a subject to the "economic welfare" must be sought on the non-competitive plane of general advantage.

In taking the economic point of view, we must consider the effect of any study upon the community's producing power, and upon its methods of utilizing its wealth. Leaving out of account for the present the direct effect of technical or industrial training upon the skill — and thus upon the productivity — of all workers, I wish to consider some of the effects of one branch of education upon the thoughts and feelings and conduct of the citizen with regard to the utilization of the wealth of the community. And, by way of illustration, I shall refer to the teaching of biology in high schools: first, because I happen to know more about this subject than about any other; and second, because this subject is so commonly considered a "fad" that its "practical" use finds very little appreciation.

There are many plants and animals, and many organic processes in nature, of which mankind makes direct use; it is important that those who have to do with these plants and animals and processes should understand these things. But very few of the boys and girls in our high schools, especially in the cities, are to become farmers or fishermen or foresters, or even physicians; and if any of them do take up these callings they will not do so on the basis of the year of biology they can get in the high school, nor will any one be able to dispense with the services of a physician in sickness because of having studied biology in the high school. Nevertheless, there are many points at which the practical welfare of the people

touches the biology which every high-school pupil can get.

The economic welfare of the people rests upon the economical utilization and husbanding of the natural resources. The conduct of the citizen in relation to the natural resources of his community or nation will depend to a very large extent upon his realization of the importance of the various factors of the natural environment to the life of the community, and to the life of the various members of the community. Such a realization can be acquired only — or, at any rate, most economically — by learning at a proper time and in a proper way of the relations between man and the living part of his environment.

To understand wherein the "fertility" of the soil consists, the relation of the soil to plant and animal life, how it may be preserved and how it may be improved, is of great practical importance to the farmer; the farmer who does not understand these things is to that extent inefficient, and foredoomed to failure as a farmer. But to the extent that all the citizens understand these things, whether they are farmers or not, the soil of a nation will be preserved as to quantity and as to quality.

To understand the conditions for the growth and renewal of forests, the enemies and the friends of the forests, is of great importance to the forester and to the lumberman; but it is of greater importance to the whole people that each citizen should understand the relation of the forest to the welfare of the nation. Such an understanding would make impossible the shameful waste that has been going on for the past fifty years. A nation with such an understanding would not tolerate the absurd spectacle enacted in the last Congress, the spectacle of that august body solemnly refusing to appropriate funds to fight the mistletoe which is destroying valuable oak trees in some of the states, on the ignorant — or the insolent — pretext that it was placing sentiment above dollars. A nation with

such an understanding would not tolerate the disgraceful frauds connected with the seizure of millions of acres of the people's forest lands.

It is important to the fisherman to know something about the habits of his prey; but it is more important for the community that it shall regulate the disposal of refuse that may contaminate its streams, and that it shall prevent the depletion of its fish-supplies with some regard for the morrow. The factory-owner who throws waste poison into the river, and the wholesale fisher, are concerned with quick profits; but the community continues to need its rivers and its fish-supplies after the manufacturer and the fisherman and you and I are gone. The safety of the community lies in a public intelligence that will be quick to rebuke the absence of private conscience, that will refuse to tolerate anything that is inimical to the common welfare, even in the name of private enterprise or business success.

The practice of hunting rests upon the individual's interests or pleasure; the restriction of hunting as to seasons and territory, and as to species and age of birds or mammals killed, rests upon the larger need of the whole people. It is possible to have sane laws in these matters, and to carry out their intent, just in proportion as the general public both realizes their importance and sympathizes with their purpose.

I claim in the first place, then, that in the ways suggested the teaching of biology in the high schools may have a direct effect upon the conduct of a community, in leading it to oppose the exploitation of public wealth, in the form of natural resources, for private gain. Whether it will at the same time teach the general principle of resistance to exploitation of the public wealth in general, depends very largely upon the teacher.

The first wealth of a nation is the health of its citizens. The bearing of a knowledge of hygiene upon the well-being of the individual and of the commun-

ity has been pretty generally recognized; but that the community actually needs that all its members should understand something of the principles of diet and nutrition, has not been so generally recognized. An understanding of the relation between green plants and the renewal of oxygen in the air is a good basis for realizing the importance of trees and parks in cities, from the narrower practical point of view, something apart from appreciating the need for playgrounds or the æsthetic value of these things.

The boy who learns to kill mosquitoes and to spare the lady-birds will probably not be the richer for it when he comes to make his will; but the community that learns to kill its mosquitoes and to spare its lady-birds will surely have an incalculable balance in its favor. The occasional individual who learns to avoid spitting is still exposed to infection from the spitting of others; the community that first eliminates spitting and pencil-licking will probably be the first to eliminate the white plague. If an understanding of the relations of bacteria and ventilation and diet and work to people's health will lead a generation of citizens to oppose with all their might the building of unsanitary dwellings, the operation of ill-ventilated factories, the marketing of unwholesome foods and quack remedies, and the overworking of men, women, and children, such an understanding is worth all it can cost. No other knowledge given to *all* the children of a nation will do so much for the general welfare as an appreciation of the relations between man and the organic factors of his environment.

I claim in the second place that a public opinion informed properly upon these subjects will oppose the exploitation of the health of human beings for private gain.

The application of science to technical and economic problems has in nothing produced more significant results than in the biological field. The tremendous increase in the yield of useful plants

and animals for the work expended, the great improvements in the qualities of plants and animals, the gradual elimination of plant and animal diseases and of other destructive agencies, have advanced to the point where the material wants of all the people may be amply provided for.

It is of the greatest practical importance that the people at large should realize that, so far at least as the available supplies of materials are concerned, the problem of poverty is entirely within our control. A widespread appreciation of these facts would go far toward advancing the general level of living, inasmuch as it would strengthen the demand for a larger share of the world's goods on the part of the mass of the people. A population that understands clearly, even if only approximately, how man has mastered his material surroundings, will not tolerate the destruction of human possibilities through the improper or insufficient feeding of children; it will demand such organization and administration of industries as will eliminate all want and privation that are not, from the nature of the case, absolutely unavoidable.

I claim, then, in the third place, that a general understanding of the control of the world's food-supply by socially organized human beings will make the members of a community intolerant of the destruction of human happiness through unnecessary material starvation.

Now, it may be said that we have experts to look after all the things I have mentioned, and that it is not necessary that every individual receive a technical training in all the specialties. But, while it is neither possible nor desirable to have every individual thoroughly trained in all the specialties, it is still not sufficient that there be experts who are thoroughly familiar with the technical details pertaining to the utilization and preservation of our national resources and of the public health, that there be experts who know how to prevent the imposition of unfair conditions of life and work, or the sale of

improper foods, drugs, and the like. We already have experts on gypsy moths and mosquitoes and Russian thistles; on tuberculosis and smallpox and timber-rot; on winter wheat and sugar beet and prize hogs. For years our experts have known that our forest policies, our food and drug laws, and our anti-spitting ordinances have been inadequate. Yet it has not been possible in the past to prevent, through the activities of these experts and of their corps of assistants, the stealing and the wasting and the destroying of the people's wealth and the people's health. The stealers and wasters and destroyers also employ experts. There is no reason to suppose that a mere increase in the number of experts, or in the size of their corps of assistants, will be more effective in the future in preventing the undermining of the people's economic well-being.

It is necessary that our legislatures be better informed on the fundamental conditions of our very existence in the midst of the organic world; and it is necessary that every citizen shall be in hearty accord with the efforts of the official agents of the population in protecting and preserving the nation's wealth. There is no way apparent for reaching the consciences of the would-be exploiters. But there is a way apparent for reaching the understanding of the whole people as to their own interests; and there is a way apparent for reaching the understanding of legislators, who are chosen more or less at random from the population at large, and for securing the active coöperation on the part of the unofficial portions of the population in resisting the various kinds of waste and exploitation; and that way is the teaching of the fundamental principles of plant and animal life, and of the relations of these to the life and welfare of man, to all pupils in the high schools.

In brief, the teaching of biology in the high schools cannot be justified on the claim that it gives the pupil any advantage in his competition with others. The

economic return for the expense and effort put into a public-school subject must be sought in the gain to the community. The community that teaches all its children to appreciate the relations between man and the organic factors of his environment will gain economically in the

direction of increased public health, in the wiser utilization of the natural resources, and in the increased resistance to the exploitation of natural resources belonging to the people, as well as to the exploitation of individual human beings, for private profit.

THE PHRASE-MAKER

AN IMAGINARY REMINISCENCE

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit.

— HORACE.

THE sun still hung high over a neat little farm among the Sabine hills, although the midday heat had given way to the soft and comforting warmth of a September afternoon. Delicate shadows from dark-leaved ilexes, from tall pines and white poplars, fell waveringly across a secluded grass-plot which looked green and inviting even after the parching summer. The sound of water bickering down the winding way of a stream gave life and coolness to the warm silence. Thick among the tree-trunks on one side grew cornel bushes and sloes, making a solid mass of underbrush, while on the other side there was an opening through which one might catch sight of a long meadow, and arable fields beyond, and even of blue hills along the horizon.

But the master of this charming outlook evidently had his mind on something else. He was a man about fifty-five years old, short and stout, and with hair grayer than his age warranted. As he leaned back among his cushions on a stone bench, so skillfully placed under an ilex tree that his face was protected while the sun fell across his body, he looked an unromantic figure enough, no better than

any other Roman gentleman past his prime, seeking the sunshine and intent on physical comfort. Indeed, only a gracefully low forehead and eyes at once keen and genial saved his face from commonplaceness, and would have led a spectator to feel any curiosity about his meditations.

He had let fall into his lap a letter which had reached him that morning, and which he had just reread. It had traveled all the way from Gaul, and he had opened it eagerly, curious to know with what new idea his younger friend was coquetting, and hoping to hear some interesting literary gossip about their common acquaintances. But the letter had been chiefly filled with questions as to why he had not yet written, and, above all, why he did not send on some verses. Horace still felt the irritation of the first reading, although he had had his lunch and his nap, and had reached the serenest hour of the day. When they said good-by in Rome he had told Florus that he should not write: he was too lazy in these later years to write very regularly to any one except Mæcenas, the other part of his soul, and it was foolish of the younger man not to have accepted the situation. As for the request for verses, Horace felt ashamed

of the anger it had aroused in him. One would think that he was twenty years old again, with black curls, lively legs, and a taste for iambs, to get so out of patience with poor Florus. But it certainly was annoying to be pressed for odes when he had long ago determined to spend the rest of his life in studying philosophy. To be sure, he had once made that vow too early and had been forced to tune his lyre again after he had thought to hang it in Apollo's temple. He had had a pride in the enthusiastic reception of his new odes, and in the proof that his hand had by no means lost its cunning; but Florus ought to understand that he had at that time yielded to the Emperor's request as equivalent to a command, and that he meant what he said when he declared that he wished to leave the lyric arena.

He had never been unreasonable in his demands on life, nor slow in the performance of his share. It seemed only just that he should spend the years that were left to him as he chose. People talked about his tossing off an ode as if he could do it at dessert, and still spend the solid part of the day in other pursuits. They little dreamed that the solid part of many days had often gone into one of his lyric trifles, and that Polyhymnia, she who had invented the lyre, and struck it herself in Lesbos, was among the most exacting of the Muses. With the departure of his green youth and play-time had gone the inclination, as well as the courage, to set himself such tasks. He had always been interested in reading the moral philosophers, and, whatever his friends said, he meant to keep to his books, and to write, if he wrote at all, in a comfortable, contemplative style.

Besides (so his irritated thoughts ran on), how could Florus expect a man who lived in Rome to write imaginative poetry? How tiresome the days were there! Whenever he went out, some one wanted his help in a dull business matter, or dragged him off to a public reading by some equally dull author. Even if he tried to

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visit his friends, one lived on the Quirinal and one on the Aventine, and the walk between lay through noisy streets filled with clumsy workmen, huge wagons, funeral processions, mad dogs, dirty pigs, and human bores. No notes from the lyre could make themselves heard amid such confusion.

Suddenly his feeling quickened: how good it was to be away just now in this autumnal season, when Rome labored under leaden winds fraught with melancholy depression, and when his head always gave him trouble and he especially needed quiet and freedom! The afternoon sun enveloped him in a delicious warmth, the shadows on the grass danced gayly as a faint breeze stirred the branches above his head, the merry little stream near by seemed to prattle of endless content.

The frown above Horace's eyes disappeared, and with it his inner annoyance. Florus was a dear fellow, after all, and although he intended to write him a piece of his mind, he would do it in hexameters, more for his amusement than for his edification. It would be a pretty task for the morning hours to-morrow. Now he meant to be still, and forget his writing tablets altogether. He was glad that his house was empty of guests, much as he had enjoyed the preceding week when a lively company had come over from Tibur, in whose retreat they were spending September, to hunt him out. They had had charming dinners together, falling easily into conversations that were worth while, and by tacit consent forgetting the inanities of town gossip. But at present he liked the quiet even better. He had been walking about his little place more regularly, laughing at his steward who often grew impatient over the tiny crops, and assuring himself of the comfort of the few slaves who ran the farm. And on more extended walks he had felt once more, as he had so often in these long years, the charm of the village people near him, with their friendly manners, their patient devotion to work, and

their childlike enjoyment of country holidays.

Certainly, as he grew older and his physical energy diminished (he had not been really well since he was a very young man, and now before his time he felt old), he appreciated more and more his good fortune in owning a corner of the earth so situated. He remembered with amusement that in earlier days he sometimes used to feel bored at the end of his journey from Rome by the solitude of his farm, and wonder why he had left the lively city. But that was when he was young enough to enjoy the bustle of the streets, and, especially in the evenings, to join the crowds of pleasure-seekers and watch the fortune-tellers and their victims. That he could mingle inconspicuously with the populace he had always counted one of the chief rewards of an inconspicuous income. Now, the quiet of the country and the leisure for reading seemed so much more important. He was not even as anxious as he used to be to go to fashionable Tibur or Tarentum or Baiæ in search of refreshment. How pleased Virgil would have been with his rustic content!

The sudden thought brought a smile to his eyes and then a shadow. Virgil had been dead more than ten years, but his loss seemed all at once a freshly grievous thing. So much that was valuable in his life was inextricably associated with him. Horace's mind, usually sanely absorbed in present interests, began, because of a trick of memory, to turn more and more toward the past. Virgil had been one of the first to help him out of the bitterness that made him a rather gloomy young man when the Republic was defeated, and his own little property confiscated, and had introduced him to Mæcenas, the source of all his material prosperity and of much of his happiness. And indeed he had justified Virgil's faith, Horace said to himself with a certain pride. He had begun as the obscure son of a freedman, and here he was now, after fifty, one of the most successful poets of Rome, a

friend of Augustus, a person of importance in important circles, and withal a contented man.

This last achievement he knew to be the most difficult, as it was the most unusual. And there in the clarifying sunshine he said to himself that the rich treasure of his content had been bought by noble coin: by his temperance and good sense in a luxurious society, by his self-respecting independence in a circle of rich patrons, and perhaps, above all, by his austere honest work among many temptations to debase the gift the Muses had bestowed upon him. He had had no Stoic contempt for the outward things of this world. Indeed, after he had frankly accepted the Empire he came to feel a pride in the glory of Augustus's reign, as he felt a deep reconciling satisfaction in its peace, its efforts at restoring public morals, its genuine insistence on a renewed purity of national life. The outward tokens of increasing wealth charmed his eyes, and he took the keenest pleasure in the gorgeous marble pillars and porticoes of many of the houses he frequented, in the beautiful statues, the bronze figures, the tapestries, the gold and silver vessels owned by many of his friends, and in the rich appointments and the perfect service of their dining-rooms, where he was a familiar guest. But he had never wanted these things for himself, any more than he wished for a pedigree and the images of ancestors to adorn lofty halls. He came away from splendid houses more than willing to fall back into plainer ways. Neither had he ever been apologetic towards his friends. If they wanted to come and dine with him on inexpensive vegetables, he would gladly himself superintend the polishing of his few pieces of silver and the setting of his cheap table. If they did not choose to accept his invitations, why, they knew how much their standards amused him. As for his more august friends, the Emperor himself, Mæcenas, and Messala, and Pollio, he had always thought it a mere matter of justice and common cour-

tesy to repay their many kindnesses by a cheerful adaptability when he was with them, and by a dignified gratitude. But not even the Emperor could have compelled him to surrender his inner citadel.

Perhaps, after all, that was why Augustus had forced him back to the lyre, in support of his reforms and in praise of the triumphal campaigns of Tiberius and Drusus. An honest mind betokened honest workmanship, and upon such workmanship, rather than upon a subsidized flattery, the imperial intruder wished to stake his repute.

However lightly Horace may from time to time have taken other things, he never trifled with his literary purpose after it had once matured. Even his first satiric efforts had been honestly made; and when he found his true mission of adapting the perfect Greek poetry to Latin measures, there was no airy grace of phrase, no gossamer-like slightness of theme, which did not rest upon the unseen structure of artistic sincerity. That was why in rare solemn moments he believed that his poetry would live, live beyond his own life-time and his age, even perhaps as long as the Pontifex Maximus and the Vestal Virgin should ascend to the Capitol in public processional. He had said laughingly of his published metrical letters that they might please Rome for a day, travel on to the provinces, and finally become exercise-books for school-boys in remote villages. But his odes were different. They were not prosaic facts and comments put into metre: they were poetry. If he were only a laborious bee compared with the soaring swans of Greek lyric, at least he had distilled pure honey from the Parnassian thyme. Now that he had determined to touch the lyre no more, he felt more than ever sure that his lyre had served Rome well. How much better, indeed, than his sword could have served her, in spite of the military ambitions of his youth. What a fool he had been to believe that the Republic could be saved by blood, or that he could be a soldier!

All these things Horace was meditating beneath his ilex tree, being moved to evaluate his life by the chance appeal of his memory to that dead friend whose "white soul" had so often, when he was alive, proved a touchstone for those who knew him. He was sure that in the larger issues Virgil would have given him praise on this afternoon; and with that thought came another which was already familiar to him. It was less probing, perhaps, but more regretfully sad. If only his father could have lived to see his success! His mother he had not known at all, except in his halting childish imagination when, one day in each year, he had been led by his father's hand to stand before the small, plain urn containing her ashes. But his father had been his perfect friend and comrade for twenty years. He had been able to talk to him about anything. Above all the reserves of maturer life, he could remember the confidence with which as a child he had been used to rush home, bursting with the gossip of the playground, or some childish annoyance, or some fresh delight. He could not remember that he was ever scolded during his little choleric outbursts or untempered enthusiasms, and yet somehow after a talk with his father he had so often found himself feeling much calmer or really happier. Anger in some way or other came to seem a foolish thing; and even if he had come in from an ecstasy of play, it was certainly pleasant to have the beating throbs in his head die away and to feel his cheeks grow cool again. In looking back, Horace knew that no philosophy had ever so deeply influenced him to self-control and to mental temperance as had the common, kindly, shrewd man who had once been a slave, and whose freedom had come to him only a few years before the birth of his son.

And how ambitious the freedman had been for the education of his son! Horace could understand now the significance of two days in his life which at their occurrence had merely seemed full of a vivid excitement. One had come when he was

ten years old, but no lapse of years could dull its colors. On the day before, he had been wondering how soon he would be allowed to enter the village school, and become one of the big boys whom he watched every morning with round eyes as they went past his house, their bags and tablets hanging from their arms. But on that great day his father had lifted him in his arms — he was a little fellow — and looking at him long and earnestly had said, “My boy, we are going to Rome next week, so that you may go to school. I have made up my mind that you deserve as good an education as the son of any knight or senator.” Horace had cried a little at first in nervous excitement, and in bewilderment at his father’s unwonted gravity. But all that was soon forgotten in the important bustle of preparations for a journey to the Capital. The whole village had made them the centre of critical interest. Once a bald, thick-set centurion had met them on the street, and stopped them with an incredulous question. When he was informed that it was true that the boy was to be taken to Rome, he had laughed sneeringly and said, “How proud you will be of his city education when you find that he comes back to your little government position, and can make no more money than you have.” Horace had looked wonderingly into his father’s face, and found it unannoyed and smiling. And even as a child he had noticed the dignity with which he answered the village magnate: “Sir, I wish to educate my son to know what is best to know, and to be a good man. If in outward circumstances he becomes only an honest tax-collector, he will not for that reason have studied amiss, nor shall I be discontented.”

The next day they had started for Rome, and soon the boy was rioting in the inexpressible glories of his first impressions of the great city. Even the ordeal of going to a strange school had its compensations in the two slaves who went behind him to carry his books. The centurions’ sons at home had carried their

own, and Horace felt a harmless, boyish pleasure (without in the least understanding the years of economy on his father’s part that made it possible) in the fact that here in Rome he had what his schoolmates had, and appeared at school in the same state. One thing he had that was better than theirs, and he felt very sorry for them. A special servant went about with each of the other boys, to see that he attended his classes, was polite to his teachers, and did his work. But Horace had his own father to look after him, a thousand times better than any carping *pædagogus*. His father had explained to him that the other fathers were busy men, that they were the ones who carried on the great government, and ruled this splendid Rome; they could not spend hours going to school with their little sons. But Horace thought it was a great pity, and was sure that he was the luckiest boy in school.

How good it had been to have his father learn directly from the grim Orbilius of his first success, to see him with a quick flush on his face take from the teacher’s hands the wax tablet on which his son had written “the best exercise in the class.” His father had not spoken directly of the matter, but in some way Horace had felt that the extra sweetmeats they had had that night at supper were a mark of his special pleasure. And many years afterwards, when he was looking through a chest that had always been locked in his father’s lifetime, he had found the little wax tablet still showing the imprint of his childish stylus.

For ten years Horace’s school life had continued, and then the second great day had come. He was familiar with early Latin literature and with Homer. He had studied philosophy and rhetoric with eager industry. The end was near, and he had begun to wonder what lay before him. Some of his friends hoped to get into political life at once, and perhaps obtain positions in the provinces. Others had literary ambitions. A few — the most enviable — were planning to go to

Greece for further study in the great philosophical schools. Horace wondered whether his father would want to go back to his old home in the country, and whether outside of Rome he himself could find the stimulus to make something out of such abilities as he had. And then the miracle happened. His father came to his room one night and said, in a voice which was not as steady as he tried to make it, "My boy," — the old familiar preface to all the best gifts of his early life, — "My boy, would you like to go to Athens?"

That sudden question had changed the course of Horace's life. But his father had not lived to see the fruits of his sacrifice. The last time Horace saw him had been on the beach at Brundisium, just as his vessel cast off from its moorings, and the wind began to fill the wide-spread sails. Horace had always realized that the most poignant emotion of a life which had been singularly free from despotic passions, had come to him on that day when wind and tide seemed to be hurrying him relentlessly away from the Italian shore, and on its edge, at the last, he saw a figure grown suddenly old and tired.

The journey itself across the Ionian Sea had not helped to increase his cheerfulness. There had been a heavy storm, and then long days of leaden sky and sea, and a cold mist through which one could descry only at rare intervals ghostly sails of other ships, to remind one that here was the beaten track of commerce from the Orient. Even as they approached the Piræus, and beat slowly and carefully up the bay, the desolate mist continued, settling down over the long anticipated coast-line, and putting an end to all the color and light of Greece. But afterwards Horace realized that the unpropitious arrival had but served as a background for the later revelation. The sungod did grant him a glorious epiphany on that first day, springing, as it were, full panoplied out of a gulf of darkness. His friend Pompeius, who had gone to Athens a

month earlier, had by some fortunate chance chosen the afternoon of his arrival to make one of his frequent visits to the shops and taverns of the harbor town. Drawn to the dock by the news that a ship from Italy was approaching, he met Horace with open arms, and afterwards accompanied him to the city along the Phaleron road.

During the hour's walk the mist had gradually lifted, and the sky grew more luminous. By the time they reached the ancient but still unfinished temple to Zeus, some of whose Corinthian columns they had often seen in Rome, built into their own Capitoline temple, the setting sun had burst through all obstructions, and was irradiating the surrounding landscape. The hills turned violet and amethyst, the sea lighted into a splendid shining waterway, the sky near the horizon cleared into a deep greenish-blue, and flared into a vast expanse of gold above. The Corinthian pillars near them changed into burnished gold. Purple shadows fell on the brown rock of the Acropolis, while, above, the temple of Athene was outlined against the golden sky, and the sun tipped as with gleaming fire the spear and the helmet of his sister goddess, the bronze Athene herself, as she stood a little beyond her temple, austere guardian of her city.

On this soft autumn afternoon among the Italian hills Horace could still remember his startled amazement when he first saw the radiance of Greek coloring. He had not realized that the physical aspect of mountains and sky would be so different from the landscape about Rome, and he had never lost his delight in the fresh transparency of the Athenian air. One of his earliest experiments in translation had been Euripides' choral description of the "blest children of Erechtheus going on their way daintily enfolded in the bright, bright air."

His student life in the old home of learning had also proved to be more charming than he could have anticipated. There had been the dual claims

of literature and philosophy to stir his mind, and memories of the ancient masters of Greece to make honored and venerable the gardens and the gymnasiums where he listened to his modern lectures, to enhance the beauty of the incomparable marble temples, to throw a glamour even over the streets of Athens, and so to minimize his Roman contempt for the weakness of her public life. And then there were the pleasures of youth, the breaks in the long days when he and his comrades would toss lecture notes, and even the poets, to the winds, buy sweet-smelling ointments for their hair in some Oriental shop in the lively marketplace, pick out a better wine than usual, and let Dionysus and Aphrodite control the fleeting hours. On the morrow Apollo and Athene would once more hold their proper place.

Of Roman affairs they knew little and thought less, in their charmingly egotistic absorption in student life. But a violent shock was finally to shatter this serene oblivion. Horace could remember the smallest details about that day. It was in the spring. The March sun had risen brightly over Hymettus, and the sky was cloudless. Marcus, meeting him at a morning lecture of Cratippus, had asked him to take his afternoon walk with him. "My father," he explained, "has written me about a walk that he and my uncle Quintus took to the Academy when they were students, and of how they felt that Plato was still alive there, and of how in passing the hill of Colonus they thought of Sophocles. He wants me to take the same walk, and I wish you would come along, too, and tell me some Sophocles and Plato to spout back; my father will be sure to expect a rhapsody." Horace had joyfully assented, for Marcus was always an entertaining fellow, and might he not write to Cicero about his friend, and might that not lead to his some day meeting the great man, and hearing him talk about Greek philosophy and poetry?

In the cool of the late afternoon the two young men had found the lovely

grove of the Academy almost deserted, and even Marcus had grown silent under the spell of its memories. As they turned homeward the violet mantle had once more been let fall by the setting sun over bright Athens and the western hills. Only the sound of their own footfalls could be heard along the quiet road. But at the Dipylon Gate an end was put to their converse with the past. The whole Roman colony of students was there to meet them, and it was evident that the crowd was mastered by some unprecedented emotion. Marcus darted forward, and it was he who turned to Horace with whitened face, and said in a curiously dull voice, "Julius Cæsar was assassinated on the Ides." The news had come directly from the governor, Sulpicius, one of whose staff had happened to meet a student an hour after the arrival of the official packet from Rome. Marcus hurried off to the governor's house, thinking that so good a friend of his father would be willing to see him and tell him details. Horace could see that the boy was sick with fear for his father's safety.

For several weeks the students could think or talk of nothing else, their discussions taking a fresh impetus from any letters that arrived from Rome. Gradually, however, they settled back again into their studies and pleasures, feeling remote and irresponsible. But with the advent of the autumn a new force entered into their lives. Brutus came to Athens, and, while he was awaiting the development of political events at home, began to attend the lectures of the philosophers.

Horace was among the first of the young Romans to yield to the extraordinary spell exercised by this grave, thin-faced, scholarly man, whose profound integrity of character was as obvious to his enemies as to his friends, and as commanding among the populace as among his peers. Before he came Horace had been moderately glad that the Republic had struck at tyranny and meted out to the dictator his deserts. Now he was conscious of an intense partisanship, of a personal loy-

alty, of a passionate wish to spend his life, too, in fighting for Roman freedom. And so, when this wonderful man asked him, who was merely a boy with a taste for moral philosophy, and a knack at translating Alcæus and Sappho, to become one of his tribunes, and to go with him to meet the forces of Cæsar's arrogant young nephew in one final conflict, it was no wonder he turned his back upon the schools and the Muses, and with fierce pride followed his commander. He could remember how stirred he had been that last morning when, on riding out of the city, he had passed the famous old statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. In immortal youth they stood there to prove that in Athens a tyrant had been slain by her sons. The popular song that he had so often heard sung by Greek students over their cups seemed to be beaten out by his horse's hoofs as, in the pale dawn, they clattered out of the city gate, —

In a wreath of myrtle I'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
Who, striking the tyrant down,
Made Athens a freeman's town.

Harmodius, our darling, thou art not dead !
Thou liv'st in the isles of the blest, 't is said,
With Achilles, first in speed,
And Tydides Diomede.

In a wreath of myrtle I'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
When the twain on Athena's day
Did the tyrant Hipparchus slay.¹

Even now, more than thirty years later, the breeze in the Sabine ilex seemed to be playing a wraith of the same tune. And suddenly there began to follow, creeping out of long closed fastnesses, a spectral troop of loftier reminders. Horace stirred a little uneasily. Was it only hot youth and Brutus that had carried him off on that foolhardy expedition? Was it possible that Athens herself had driven him forth, furnishing him as wings superb impulses born of the glory of her past? For many years now he had been accustomed to feel that he owed to Greece a quicken-

ing and a sane training of his artistic abilities; a salvation from Alexandrian pedantry, through an intimate knowledge of the original and masterly epochs of Greek literature; a wholesome fear of Roman grandiosity in any form, engendered by a sojourn among perfect exemplars of architecture and sculpture. For many years, too, he had been in the habit of regarding Brutus as nobly mistaken; of realizing that Julius Cæsar might have developed a more rational freedom in Rome than one enshrined merely in republican institutions. Of course, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, as a cool thinker like Thucydides realized, had not succeeded save in the infatuated estimation of the crowd.

And even great men like Brutus and Cicero, though they were above the private meanness and jealousy that in so many cases adulterated the pure love of liberty, had not seen far enough. What could a theory of freedom give the country better than the peace and the prosperity brought about by the magnanimous Emperor? Horace's part in the battle of Philippi had long since become to him a laughable episode of youth. He had even made a merry rhyme upon it, casting the unashamed story of his flight in the words of Archilochus and Alcæus, as if the chief result for him had been a bit of literary experiment.

But now, like the phantom in Brutus's tent at Philippi, a grim question stole upon him out of the shadows of his memory. Was it possible that his fight on that field of defeat had been, not a folly, but the golden moment of his life? Had Athens taught him something even profounder than the art which had made him Rome's best lyric poet? He had forgotten much of her humiliation, and of his own Roman pride in her subjection during those days when he had lived, in youthful hero-worship, with the spirits of her great past. Had she, after all, not only taught the sons of her masters philosophy and the arts, but taken them captive as well, by the imperious ideals of her

¹ Translation by J. A. Symonds.

own youth, by her love of freedom and of truth?

Horace remembered a day when he and Marcus and Messala had hired at the Piræus a boat rigged with bright canvas, and sped before the wind to Salamis, their readiness for any holiday guided by a recent reading of Herodotus and Æschylus, and by a desire to see the actual waters and shores where brute force had been compelled to put its neck beneath wisdom and courage. The day had been a radiant one, the sky fresh and blue although flecked here and there by clouds, and the sea and the hills and the islands rich in brilliant color. They had worked their way through the shipping of the harbor, and then sailed straight for the shore of Salamis. When they passed the island of Psyttaleia, where the "dance-loving Pan had once walked up and down," they had been able to see very plainly how the Persian and Greek fleets lay of old, to imagine the narrow strait once more choked with upturned keels, and fighting or flying triremes, to picture Greeks leaping into the sea in full armor to swim to Psyttaleia and grapple with the Persians who paced the beach in insolent assurance. The wind whistled in their ears, freighted as it seemed to them with the full-throated shout which, according to the Æschylean story, rang through the battle, —

Sons of the Greeks, advance!
Set free your land, your children free!
Your wives, the shrines of gods ancestral free,
And tombs of fathers' fathers! Now for all we
strive.

A thunder-storm had arisen before they left Salamis, and their homeward sail had satisfied their love for adventure. Clouds and sun had battled vehemently, and as they finally walked back to the city, from the harbor they had seen the western pediment of the Parthenon rising in grave splendor against the warring sky, the figure of the goddess thrown into high relief by the vivid red background, a living symbol of an ancient victory.

At another time, the same group of friends had chosen a hot day of midsummer to ride on mules along the stretch of Attic road to Marathon. The magnificent hills girdling the horizon had freshly impressed them as more sculpturesque in outline than the familiar ones about their own Rome, and the very shape of the olive trees in a large orchard by the roadside had seemed un-Italian and strange. They had already become attuned to a Greek mood when the blue sea opened before them and they reached the large plain, stretching from the foot-hills of Pentelicon to the water's edge. The heat had stilled all life in the neighborhood, and Marathon seemed hushed, after all these five hundred years, in reverence before the spirit of liberty. Their ride home had been taken in the cool of the day, so that the hills which rose from the sea had assumed a covering of deep purple or more luminous amethyst. From the shore of the sea they had passed into a wooded road, with a golden sky shining through the black branches. Later the stars had come out in great clusters, and Messala, who now and then betrayed a knowledge of poetry and a gravity of thought that surprised his friends, had recited Pindar's lines: —

"Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs, yea, and the wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that, putting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a star far seen, a light wherein a man shall trust, if but the holder thereof knoweth the things that shall be, how that of all who die the guilty souls pay penalty, but evenly ever in sunlight an unlaborious life the good receive."¹

That night-ride had come back to Horace several years ago when he was writing his ode on Pindar, but to-day's memory seemed strangely different. Then he had remembered what a revelation Pindar's lyric art had been to him amid the severe and lofty beauty of Greek scenery. Now he caught a haunting echo also of how, when

¹ Translation by E. Myers.

he was twenty-one, these lines of the artist had seemed to him a fitting explanation of the mound of earth heaped over the dead at Marathon. He had long ago learned to laugh at the fervor of youth's first grappling with ideas, and had come to see that the part of a sensible man was to select judiciously here and there, from all the schools, enough reasonable tenets to enable him to preserve a straight course of personal conduct. As for understanding first causes, the human race never had and never could; and as for a belief in heavenly revelations or in divine influences, all such tendencies ended in philosophic absurdity. Why, then, at this late day, should he remember that night, on the road from Marathon to Athens, when the ancient struggle for liberty had stirred in his own heart a "deep and eager mood," and when an impalpable ideal, under the power of a rushing torrent of melody, had come to seem a "light wherein a man shall trust"?

The high mood, he remembered, had been reinforced a few weeks later when he had seen Athens given over to the celebration of the mysteries of the Eleusinia. He and Marcus had found a place on the Sacred Way leading from the city to the holy precincts of Eleusis, from which they could watch the procession of the initiates as it moved past them, holding lighted torches and singing hymns, to accompany the God Iacchus through the pass of Daphne to his Eleusinian home. There he would once more dwell with Demeter and Persephone, the great twain goddesses connecting in their final reunion the life of mortals, who feed upon the fruits of the earth, with the life of the dead whose lord is the inexorable Hades. At all the shrines along the roadside the procession stopped for sacrifices and libations, and for the performance of grave sacred dances. Marcus had told Horace that his father had been initiated, and had said to him that the mysteries taught men to live happily and to die with a fairer hope. Perhaps the unbounded respect that Horace had felt for Cicero

had helped him to interpret the pageant on its profoundest side, and to realize that here was a commemoration of a more intimate, more controlling relationship between the gods and men than any he had found exemplified in the dignified state rituals of Rome.

Was it indeed days like these that had made Brutus's work so easy when he began to collect his young company about him? And what if Brutus had been "mistaken"? Was there not a higher wisdom than that which could fashion nations? Horace had seen his dead face at Philippi. Had he done right ever afterwards, however reverently, to attribute a blunder to that mighty spirit which had left upon the lifeless body such an imprint of majesty and repose? Surely common sense, temperance, honest work, honorableness, fidelity, were good fruits of human life and of useful citizenship. But was there a vaster significance in a noble death? Was there even a truer citizenship in the prodigal and voluntary pouring out of life, on a field of defeat, amid alien and awful desolation?

The sun was hurrying toward the west, and Horace realized, with a quick chill, that he was entirely in the shadow. Beyond the meadow he could see a team of oxen turn wearily, with a heavily loaded wagon, toward their little stable. The driver walked with a weary limp. Even the little boy by his side forgot to play and scamper, and rather listlessly put the last touches to a wreath of autumn flowers which he meant to hang about the neck of the marble Faunus at the edge of the garden.

Where could Davus be? Ah, there he came, half-running already as if he knew his master wanted him.

"Davus," he called out, "make haste. I have had a visit from the shades, and it has been as unpleasant as those cold baths the doctor makes me take." Then, as he saw the look of fright on the wrinkled face of the old slave who had been with his father when he died, he broke into a laugh and put his hand on his

shoulder. "Calm yourself, my good fellow," he said, "we shall all be shades some day, and to-day I feel nearer than usual to that charming state. But in the meantime there is a chance for Bacchus and the Muses. Tell them to get out a jar of Falernian to-night, and do you unroll Menander. The counsels of the divine

Plato are too eternal for my little mind. And, Davus," he added thoughtfully, as he rose and leaned on the slave's willing arm, "as soon as we get to the house, write down, 'Greece took her captors captive.' That has the making of a good phrase in it — a good phrase. I shall polish it up and use it some day."

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

BY MARY MATTHEWS BRAY

My grandmother, whose name I bear, departed from earth long before my eyes opened to its light. She died so young, indeed, that her own children remember her but dimly. No portrait of her has come down to us. It was not the day of cameras and kodaks. The photograph had not taken shape. Even its precursor, the daguerreotype, was just simmering in the brain of its inventor.

Her husband was, in the phrasing of the time, a man "well to do," and it seems strange that he should not have given permanence to the face he loved, in an oil painting, or in one of the quaint and dainty miniatures then in vogue.

Of her especial belongings not many remain. A few articles of furniture and some bits of old china are distributed among her descendants. Her wedding ring, a heavy band of gold, was cherished by her daughter, and has been kept in that branch of the family. She did, however, leave one thing of real value, and that was her garden,—a charming one, too,—filled with old-fashioned shrubs and flowers.

This garden came early into my possession, not by legacy from her, nor by direct gift from others, nor was it ever my especial property in a pecuniary sense. My ownership was not so tangible. It was partly accidental and partly tem-

peramental. We lived in the ancestral home; that was the accidental part. The underlying temperamental cause was, I am sure, a love of every "green growing thing." That love dominated my childhood, and it must have been strong in her, since in her brief married life, crowded with household duties and the care of her young children, she yet found time to originate and preserve a garden large and beautiful for that period.

"A garden," says Bacon, "is the purest of all human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks."

The garden which I remember is a pleasant picture.

A sloping green lawn led down to it; a high board fence enclosed it on two sides, shutting it in from the street, and a row of tall currant bushes stood on the other side.

The fence was far above my head in those early years. I could not see over it, nor be seen from the outside, yet I could hear the sound of wheels and the voices of passers-by. This gave a delightful sense of seclusion, and as I wandered about among the flowers, I thought it a veritable Eden.

The garden, which was large (it seemed very large to me then), had eight square

beds, with narrow graveled paths around and between them, and two wide borders running along by the fence. The beds, raised a little above the paths, were enclosed by boards to keep the earth from falling out.

In those days, a garden was not usually arranged for its effect as a whole. There was no special grouping of plants in masses, either for foliage or color. Each plant was cherished for itself, and was put where it seemed best for it individually, or often, of course, where it was most convenient.

The shrubs and most of the taller plants were in the borders. The centre of one was occupied by a large and thrifty lilac bush (it might well have been called a tree), which reared its head high above the fence, and was flanked on each side by smaller ones. In the blossoming season, garden, house, and yard were filled and permeated with the rich fragrance. Lilacs could not have been plentiful in the town at that time, for children, and even older persons, were constantly coming to ask for them.

"Please give me a laylock," was often the form of the request. It became something of a tax upon the time and patience of the household to supply these frequent demands, and at last it seemed best to appoint certain hours for the purpose. As soon as I was considered old enough to mount a step-ladder, and to use a pair of garden-scissors without injuring myself or others, the task of supplying the children devolved upon me. Wednesday and Saturday noons, on their way home from school, were their appointed hours. I remember well what an exciting experience it was to look down from that lofty perch at the eager faces of those below, and to drop the coveted flowers into their outstretched hands. I wondered how it would seem to be on the other side of the fence, looking up at those fragrant purple clusters, the only visible sign of what was within, waiting for one's own meagre share in the distribution.

In the angle made by the two sides of

the fence, was a tall white rose-bush, which, in favorable summers, bore its white drift of blossoms to the very top-most edge of the dark protecting wall. These roses were especially beautiful in the early morning. How often have I stolen out of the house at dawn, to watch the half-opened buds unfold, each one of creamy hue, with a warm salmon-pink flush at the centre. Later in the day, full-blown and wearied by the fervent kisses of the sun, the flush faded, and the creamy tint turned to snowy whiteness.

This rose-bush is in existence now, still bearing similar beautiful, creamy flowers. It never fails to blossom, and its earliest buds open each year about June 20.

In a sunny part of the border were the double damask roses, rows upon rows of them. Low and crooked and of unpromising appearance the bushes were in themselves, but what a lavish wealth of color and fragrance they sent forth in their season! Aaron's rod, that budded and blossomed, could scarcely have appeared a greater miracle. Perfect in shape, inspiring in color, of rich yet delicate perfume, these roses were royally beautiful. It stirred one's blood to look at them.

Then there were multitudes of single roses, of the same soft yet glowing color; not less attractive in their graceful simplicity than the double ones. These bushes, like the others, were low and twisted, and both were given to homesickness, and did not bear transplanting well. Leave them where they were, though cramped and crowded, in soil sterile and grass-bound, yet they would live and flourish; move them, and they soon dwindled and died. There were also blush roses and moss roses. The blush rose had an exquisite pale-pink coloring, and the buds were very beautiful, but when full-blown they were seldom perfect. The moss roses were also more beautiful in the bud, as the mossy calyx was then shown to better advantage. Both these varieties were subject to blight and mildew.

We occasionally examined our rose-bushes, and picked off a few little green worms by hand, but I do not remember that we had to keep up any systematic warfare with insect pests. Now, all sorts of creeping and flying things infest rose-bushes; even the elm beetle does not seem averse to a dessert of rose-leaves.

Miss Larcom says in one of her poems, *And roses grow, wherever men will let them.* In these days they seem to grow only where men will stand by them and fight their enemies.

At one end of the border was asparagus, not grown for eating, but allowed to develop its fine and lace-like foliage. Near by were clumps of hollyhocks, stately and tall, with close-clinging blossoms of white and pink and red. Tall fox-gloves, white and purple, blue monkshood and prince's feather were not far away.

In one corner was a tangle of sweet briar, or eglantine, thorny and forbidding to the touch, yet nevertheless a delight all the year round. In spring and early summer, the tender leaves, wet with the dew and the rain, sent forth spicy odors, that seemed to be the very breath of awakening life. Later it was clothed, as with a garment, by hundreds of blossoms, frail circlets of exquisite pink petals, with golden stamens at the centre. In the autumn, behold! each blossom had become a gem, a seed-vessel of ruby hue, outshining the reddest leaves in brilliancy.

Edgings of box were set along the borders. The popularity of box has waned since then, but with its compact growth, and its small, firm, shining leaves, it is still a satisfactory plant. When vigorous and well cared for, it has a clean, slightly bitter odor; "the fragrance of Eternity," Dr. Holmes calls it. "This," he says, "is one of the odors which carry us out of time into the abysses of the unbeginning past." One of the borders had also an edging of the striped or ribbon-grass — a diminutive species of bamboo — and another of moss pink, a lowly heath-like plant, literally covered in early spring with a mass of deep-pink bloom.

In our garden, according to the custom of the time, four beds were given to herbs useful in cooking or for simple household remedies. There was balm, soft and comfortable in aspect as in name; sage, with pretty blue-green leaves, and ragged blue blossoms; thoroughwort or boneset, used for colds, and as a spring tonic; wormwood, pennyroyal, and saffron, the latter always associated in my mind with measles. One bed was filled with small herbs, such as chives, mint, thyme, summer savory, and parsley; another, with something we called pot-marjoram, probably sweet marjoram. Over this bed, in the blossoming season, the bees and the butterflies hovered continually. When a child, I was afraid of the bees at first; but I found that if I did not molest them, they had no desire to disturb me, and their busy humming soon came to have a cheerful, sociable sound.

The distinctive odors of these herbs come back to me now, just as they exhaled in dewy mornings or under the noontide sun. I remember, too, the look and smell of each, when, dried and tied in bunches, ready for winter use, they hung under the rafters of a dark garret.

The remaining beds were devoted to flowers. The central space in two of them was given to peonies. Some of our older neighbors called them "pinys." The peony was known to the Greeks, the Chinese, and the Japanese, and highly prized by them all. "Flowers of prosperity" is a Japanese name for it. It is thrifty and hardy, enduring well the cold of winter in New England. Its dark green foliage is always clean and healthy, free from blight and insects. Our peonies bore blooms of white and deep rich red. The great gorgeous blossoms made a fine showing in the garden, and were especially suitable for the adornment of large rooms, halls, and churches.

In the other two beds, the place of honor was given to tulips. The enthusiasm of the Dutch for this flower had reached its climax and begun to wane more than a century before, but its fame

had spread to other lands, and it has never quite lost its prestige.

Our tulips grew taller than the newer varieties, and came somewhat later. When the pointed red tip of the first leaf began to peer above the soil, I felt that spring had really come. One by one, its successors pushed their way up and slowly uncurled, and then, out of their midst, suddenly, in a night as it were, shot up slender swaying stems each crowned with a folded bud. I cannot see a bunch of tulips now, even in a florist's window, without recalling my childish rapture as the buds began to unfold. How beautiful they were, white, pink, red, yellow, sometimes striped in two colors, as pink and white, or purple and white! So brilliant is the coloring of the tulip that one thinks of it as a flower which loves the sun, but it loves only softly tempered rays; under strong sunshine it expands too quickly, then droops and shrivels.

The four corners of one bed were filled with fleur-de-lis, — flower-de-luce it was then called. With its lance-shaped leaves, its tall stem, its curled and crape-like petals of purest white or deep blue, it is indeed a stately flower. No wonder the French love it, and emblazon it on frieze and shield, on banner and crest.

In the corners of another bed were sweet-williams, the richly colored velvet-like petals upheld by rather stiff and clumsy stalks; London-pride, similar to sweet-william but taller, and with showy scarlet blossoms; honesty, whose chief attraction lies not in leaf or flower, but in its delicate silvery seed-pods; and blue-bells, "big bonnie blue bells," Canterbury bells we called them.

Aldrich has made them the subject of one of his dainty poems: —

The roses are a regal troop,
And modest folk, the daisies;
But Blue-bells of New England,
To you I give my praises.
To you fair phantoms in the sun,
Whom merry Spring discovers;
With bluebirds for your laureates,
And honey bees for lovers.

One bed was bordered all round with pinks. There were single grass or snow pinks, pale in color, and of faint perfume, pure and delicate as Puritan maidens; double pinks, deeper in tint, of rich and spicy fragrance; and red pinks, the name seeming a misnomer, unless one is familiar with the leaf and blossom.

In the same bed were bachelor's buttons, called also ragged sailors, and, in some countries, corn-flowers; larkspurs, with blossoms in all tints of blue and pink and purple, blending harmoniously like the colors in a Persian rug; and columbines, lovely nodding bells of pink and blue, beloved of poets, for their airy grace.

A wild rose or rock-loving columbine
Salve my worst wounds,

writes Emerson.

Scattered about in the various beds were many other plants: phlox, lupine, rose-campion, catch-fly, sweet rocket, ragged robin, mullein pinks, balsams, and four-o'-clocks; each name awakening pleasant recollections, not only of the flower itself, but also of some association connected with it. I knew an old lady, a neighbor, who always put her teapot on the stove when her four-o'-clocks began to open.

"Now poppy seede in ground is goode to throwe," says an old writer. One bed was half-filled with these gay flowers. There were Oriental poppies, large and flame-colored, fringed white ones, and smaller ones in many shades of pink and vivid glowing reds.

"The poppy," says Ruskin, "is painted glass. It never glows so brightly as when the sun shines through it. Whenever it is seen against the light or with the light, always it is a flame, and warms the wind like a blown ruby."

In this bed, too, were mourning brides, "soft purple eyes," as some one has called them; and marigolds, of dusky yellow, and herby odor, doubtless the "Mary buds" of Shakespeare.

Everywhere, in bed and border, was the little pansy or lady's-delight, that flower

of many lands and many names, favorite of the great Napoleon and of many less known men and women. These had no special nook, but wherever they could get a foothold, there they were, with their bright little faces upturned as if in welcome. This flower must have been always dearly loved, for it has so many quaint local names, pet names as it were, such as "none so pretty," and "three faces under a hood." Even its botanical name, *Viola tricolor*, is much more agreeable to eye and ear than are most botanical names. The French *pensée*, a thought or sentiment, is charming. Its Italian name means "idle thoughts." Shakespeare calls it Cupid's flower.

Yet marked I, where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little Western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,
And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

It is one of the blossoms that Milton places in Eve's couch : —

Flowers were the couch,
Pansies and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.

But of all its names, none is quite so dear as "heart's ease."

I tell thee that the pansy, freak'd with jet,
Is still the heart's ease that the poets knew.

It seems strange that the daffodil flower of the olden time as well as of the present, and the subject of such tender and delightful tributes from Herrick and Shakespeare and Wordsworth, should have been missing. I did not find it, but it may have been there in previous seasons. Some changes must doubtless have taken place during the many years that elapsed between my grandmother's departure from her garden and my own advent therein.

In the late autumn came the chrysanthemums, not the gorgeous Japanese varieties of the present day, but modest flowers in shape and color, usually of white and golden and dull red. Very welcome they were in the chilly shortening days and very hardy too, defying early

frosts, and blooming on until the close approach of winter.

There was one plant for which we had no definite name: I have since heard it called "live forever," and, locally, frog-plant, blow-leaf, and pudding-bag plant. The leaves were thick, and by rubbing them gently between the thumb and forefinger, the epidermis could be loosened from the green pulp and blown into a bag. If one blew hard enough, the bag would burst with a satisfying pop.

When my young friends came to see me on summer afternoons, we often spent hours on the lawn or in the garden, and one of our amusements was making these bags. We also made lilac chains to hang about our necks, and larkspur wreaths, which we pressed and then fastened on cards.

My only memory of the garden not wholly delightful is connected with the currant bushes. I was sometimes required to pick currants for the table or for jelly. They were too acid to suit my childish taste; consequently I could not solace myself by eating them, and I found the work irksome. Looking back at those days now, I wonder at myself. To be picking currants in that garden, surrounded by my cherished flowers, seems only a part of it all, not less enjoyable than the rest.

Near the garden, and seeming really a part of it, since it grew over a trellised doorway opening out on the lawn, was a climbing honeysuckle, of a kind which at present seems to be dying out. Only now and then do we come across one, trained over a doorway or in a sheltered nook of some old estate. It has been discarded doubtless for faster growing and more hardy varieties, but none of them can equal it in the beauty and sweetness of its blossoms. These were deep pink in the bud; paling a little as they opened; turning then to pearly white, then to cream color, then to yellow, — all stages visible in the same cluster, and the whole giving forth the most exquisite indescribable perfume; a spicy breath of the

wildwood mellowed by the rich scent of a hothouse favorite.

That dear old-fashioned garden; how I loved it! I used to spend hours there considering the plants; rejoicing with the thrifty, and trying to assist those that were backward or drooping; bidding each good-morning and good-night, not liking to pass any one by, lest it should feel the omission. I had never read Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*, and knew not his Lady of the garden, she who was

a Power in that sweet place,
An Eve in that Eden; a ruling grace.

If I had, I might have likened myself to her, in a minor and mundane way, for had I not

Tended the garden from morn to even,

Sprinkled bright water from the stream,
On those that were faint with the sunny beam.

The garden was a potent factor in most of my pleasures, and not in mine only; all the children of the family and the neighborhood shared in its benefits. How many choice nosegays have been gathered there and given to favorite friends! How many May baskets embellished with its treasures! How many June wreaths constructed out of its abundance!

Older persons, too, shared in its bounty. Communities were neighborly then, and scarcely a day passed that some one did not come to beg a sprig or two of marjoram or parsley, as "seasoning;" a little sage or balm, to make tea for an invalid; a few currants to "whet up" the appetite of some ailing relative.

There were no public greenhouses in town, and if a rural bride wanted a rose for her hair, or a bouquet for her hand, she sent some one to ask for it. When sorrowing friends wished to soften the grim fact of death by laying flowers about a loved one, they also came, and no one went away empty-handed.

Some years later, a favorite uncle, the youngest son of my grandmother, instituted certain changes in the garden. He had the currant bushes and all the herbs

removed to the vegetable garden, and the space thus gained given to flowers.

Snowball trees were then in vogue, and a small one was set out in the centre of each bed vacated by the herbs. These grew rapidly and soon became thrifty trees, occupying far more than the space originally allotted to them. The showy white blossoms became ere long rivals of the lilac in popular affection.

"Please give me a snowball," was only a new form of an old request.

New varieties of roses were added: Scotch roses, spice roses, multifloras, Baltimore belles, beautiful indeed (all roses are beautiful), but not more so, and far less fragrant, than the ones already there.

Dahlias tall and stately, with curved, quill-like petals of velvet texture and richest tints, and asters in many colors and shades, were new acquisitions.

Among the smaller flowers were English daisies, fragrant violets, sweet peas, "on tiptoe for a flight," mignonette, day lilies, white and yellow, sweet and short-lived; the blue periwinkle, sometimes called myrtle, a lowly running plant with dark glossy leaves and flowers of purest azure; the forget-me-not, that tiny blossom, doubly a favorite for itself and for its name; and amaranth of such crisp and lasting texture as to seem an artificial product rather than a natural growth.

In the border was set a snowberry, bearing waxen fruit; a syringa, of almost cloying sweetness; Japanese lilies, and a tiger lily, beloved at least of one poet, for has not Aldrich written, —

I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger lilies,
That in our garden grow.

One of my special favorites among the new plants was the Missouri flowering currant, a shrub with small yellow blossoms, opening so early as to seem a herald of the spring, and breathing forth especially at dawn or dusk an elusive fragrance in which there seemed no sensuous element.

Another of my favorites was the jon-

quail or poet's narcissus, an exquisite flower, with an orange-yellow centre, and a circlet of pure white petals bending slightly backward toward the long, slender stem.

As the summers came and went, other plants crept into the garden, annuals, biennials, those growing from bulbs, and those that had to be housed in the winter; the crocus and hyacinth, lilies-of-the-valley, convolvulus, candytuft, morning glories, geraniums of many kinds, petunias, salvias, gladioli, coreopsis, polyanthus, heliotrope, and flowering almond. A climbing rose; a fragrant, star-like clematis; a trumpet honeysuckle, beloved of humming birds; and later a wistaria, with graceful drooping plumes, made beautiful the trellised doorway.

In process of time, the fence was cut down in height, and later was replaced by one of a more open pattern, consequently the enclosure lost something of its character as a secluded retreat. The general arrangement of the beds, borders, and paths was, however, kept, and we still called it "grandmother's garden."

But the fashion of the world changeth. Time is an iconoclast, and at length there came a day when it was decreed that the garden must go to make way for a larger

expanse of lawn. The plants were removed to a space set apart for them in a yard at the back of the house, and the beds and paths were levelled. A part of the border was allowed to remain, and the vines over the doorway were untouched, but the garden as a whole, "grandmother's garden," ceased there and then to exist.

At a period when Puritan asceticism had still a strong hold, such a garden must have had a softening and refining influence. Afterwards, and always while it lasted, it was a centre from which radiated those small interchanges and amenities that tend to make life less hard and prosaic.

And so to this grandmother, whose name I bear, yet who is, nevertheless, very much of a myth to me, I feel that I owe both gratitude and allegiance, not only for the happy days spent among her flowers, but also for the helpful and lasting influence thus thrown about my life.

Had she lived long enough on earth for me to become acquainted with her, the garden must, I am sure, have been a bond of union between us, and such it will doubtless become should I ever meet her in the Hereafter.

THE NEW CASHIER

BY LOUIS GRAVES

BURROWS used to go for his midday meal to a little restaurant on Ann Street. It was one of those places where you walk up and down before a long counter, taking from it whatever you want to eat -- rather, whatever you are going to eat: at this end a sandwich, in the middle a hard-boiled egg, farther on a piece of pie, at the other end a glass of milk or a cup of coffee tendered by a tired-looking creature with a pompadour too high and too yellow. Burrows had this sort of meal -- which was lunch, not luncheon -- because it was cheap: an all-sufficient reason, for Burrows had a wife and a baby, and a house in a small sad town with a large cheerful name just beyond New-ark.

When he had accumulated his several articles of food at the counter, he would walk very slowly and cautiously, so as not to spill anything, to a chair near the street door. There he would seat himself and eat. Opposite him was the cashier's desk. Everybody, after eating, walked past this desk and put the money that he owed upon the round rubber mat; everybody was supposed to be honest and pay just the right amount. New York can't be wholly bad, because the men who own these honor-system restaurants have huge fortunes and take their luncheon -- not lunch -- at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, where, 't is said, a waiter runs quickly to make an inventory of the silver when a guest has left the table.

This day that we have in mind was in February. It was cold and dry and clear, one of those days that New Yorkers boast of when they go abroad, a present delight which makes the yesterday of darkness and drizzle seem months away. As he leaned back in his chair, Burrows

saw that the desk by the door had a strange mistress. Now, this was a considerable break in the monotony of life, for Burrows sat in this chair six days in the week, fifty weeks in the year, and the view from it was always the same, and always dull. Moreover, the new cashier was a particularly pleasing sight.

She held her chin up, and looked straight ahead with gray eyes that twinkled cordially, not at any individual human being, but at the world in general. Indeed, they seemed to lose their merriment, and drop diffidently, only when they met some other pair of eyes fixed on them. Her cheeks had a ruddy glow as if she had been walking rapidly through the winter air outside. Her mouth, gracefully curving, suggested capabilities of much good-humor. Her hair was an undistinguished brown, arranged in simple fashion. Altogether she was uncommonly pretty, with the kind of prettiness that goes with health and a blithe heart. At a guess, one would have said the girl was eighteen years old, and just in from the country.

It was easy to see that she was fresh at her task. True, there was little for her to do, -- take the money off the mat, observe the amount, put it in a drawer, and press a button, -- but she was as deeply absorbed as if she had been trying to solve some intricate problem. Her fingers handled the coins carefully, not with the facile nonchalance that comes of familiarity. When there were three or four men in line at once, moving forward somewhat impatiently, to pay and be gone, she became excited, the glow in her cheeks darkened to a flush, and her hands trembled nervously. To the man watching her from his chair it seemed that this must

be her first day at any kind of wage-earning.

Burrows saw the manager of the restaurant sauntering toward him, and experienced, as usual, a moment of displeasure. This was one of those eating-house managers who apply themselves assiduously to cultivating the acquaintance of their patrons, and at the third or fourth encounter lay aside mere hospitality for a nearer and dearer intimacy.

"Good-day, Mr. Burrows," he said, with an ingratiating smile. He leaned over slightly, half whispering, "You see, we have a new cashier to-day."

"Yes, I see you have," Burrows answered indifferently.

"She's new in the city, too, — just come in from some up-state village. Nice-looking little girl, eh?"

The manager walked on to his next victim. Burrows's attention was attracted, a minute later, by a conversation at his elbow. He could see the man nearest him, a youth with a high collar, a tie of many colors, and one of those unspeakable derby hats with perfectly flat, narrow brims.

"Gee, she's a peach!" the youth was saying, the words emerging with some difficulty through fragments of soggy pie.

"You can see she's not on to the job yet," returned the other. "She's not used to handling the coin; look at her fingers."

Burrows was spared the rest of this edifying dialogue by the departure of the two. Soon after they had gone he, too, arose, brushed the crumbs from his trousers, joined the procession by the cashier's desk, paid, and went back to work.

The second day after the girl's arrival, a presumptuous young person addressed some remark to her as he paused before the desk. What it was Burrows could not hear, but the insinuating leer that accompanied it indicated plainly an attempt at flirtation. She answered nothing, but gave the fellow a frown which sent him hurrying, shamefacedly, toward the door.

In the week that followed her nervousness disappeared, and she received the money over the desk with deftness and composure. She seemed to be actually happy. A routine that reached the limit of monotony had no power, if one might judge from her manner, to deaden the joy of living. For each as he passed she had a cheerful, impersonal little nod, with a smile to match. In the big, dark room, where gas lamps were burning even in the middle of the day, the cashier was the one reminder that the world still held such things as sunlight and green fields and flowers.

Many pairs of eyes were turned upon her approvingly, but she was all unaware, apparently, of the admiration she excited. Her attention was only for the man immediately in front of her; and her greeting for him was the same she had given the one before and the same she would give the next behind. Pleasant though it might be, it was, after all, a matter of business, part of the day's work, and none might take undue pride from it. For all the notice they received from the girl at the desk, the men still sitting and eating, not yet ready to join the line, were so much empty air.

For three, four, five weeks Burrows saw no change in the looks or the bearing of the cashier. It was about the beginning of the sixth that he discerned a faint trace of weariness. It showed in the corners of her mouth. Usually eager, when summoned by the eyes to join in a smile, now they responded listlessly. Her greetings lacked some of the spontaneity which had marked them heretofore. When there was a moment's pause in her work, she turned and looked absently through the big glass door at the colorless stream of people.

Now, Burrows was a tender-hearted young man, and it saddened him to see the girl looking tired. He had never spoken to her, and probably never would speak to her, and he did not even know her name, yet he could not help feeling sorry. For he had been living in the city

several years, and had kept his eyes open, and he was afraid that the cashier's weariness would not pass away at once. Nobody had told him what her pay was, but he thought he could guess within fifty cents of it, anyway. Where did she live? he wondered, and there appeared to him a four-story house on a long crosstown block, any one of a million houses on any one of a thousand blocks. The mistress of the establishment had a bunch of keys hung at her belt, and she had a graduated assortment of expressions, — graduated according to her estimate of the purse of the man or woman whom she faced. In the hall on each floor was a dim gas-light, and at each end of the hall was a room just nine feet long and five and a half feet wide. And in the room — but why multiply the details? He who knows these places wants to hear no more of them; he who knows them not, is happy for it, — let us not disturb him.

Within a few days Burrows had become accustomed to the tired look in the girl's face; her new appearance became the natural one now. As a matter of fact, it was not alarmingly different, and it is doubtful if many of the patrons of Ralston's Rapid Restaurant noticed that the smile of greeting was more mechanical and the brow a little less smooth than before. The well-formed features were still there, and few had time to observe that the cordiality was somewhat forced.

It must have been about the end of April that Burrows saw one of the men stop at the desk, after paying, and speak to the cashier. Instead of dismissing him abruptly, as she had dismissed another several weeks before, she replied in a friendly manner. There was nothing bold or offensive about it, — it was only different, to one who remembered. They chatted pleasantly for a minute or two, and then the man left. After that these little chats became common. Any one who happened to reach the desk alone was apt to stop and pass pleasantries with the girl. She lost the timidity which she had brought with her from the country,

and returned the men's banter with a facility which many acquire only after much longer practice. Certainly she acted as one who enjoyed life; maybe she did enjoy it, more now than when she had been so exclusive. If Burrows had mentioned, that May, his suspicion that the skin under her eyes was not as clear as it should have been, and that her cheeks were getting a little paler, his companions at luncheon would have laughed at him.

The hot weather came on, and the society columns in the daily newspapers told how everybody who was anybody was out of town. Ann Street seemed horridly stuffy, except when you stepped into it out of the restaurant, and then it seemed delightfully cool by contrast. The cashier, of course, not being anybody, was there every day; but Burrows, being a little nearer somebody, stopped work for two weeks and took his wife and baby down to Asbury Park.

These two weeks were unusually hot, and the mercury was still near the ninety mark on the Monday when Burrows got back to the city. He settled himself at his desk, to begin another fifty weeks of toil, and at half-past twelve o'clock he went to Ralston's for lunch. It was sweltering inside. An air of hopelessness pervaded the place; the man and the woman behind the long counter moved wearily when their service was required; two electric fans up under the ceiling revolved with a solemn deliberateness, not disturbing the odorous atmosphere surrounding them; despondent-looking, bedraggled mops, left in the corners, expressed, mutely but thoroughly, the humor of everybody in the room.

Having seated himself, Burrows turned his eyes upon the cashier. He was astonished at the change which had come over her in a fortnight. Her mouth positively drooped, and little lines ran out from the corners. The eyes were those of one who had hunted sleep, in the sultry nights, and found little of it. What was more noticeable, the girl seemed to have given

up, as too much for her strength, the attempt at cheerfulness. The dimes and nickels were handled by fingers which had no springiness left in them. Even to Burrows, who had seen earlier signs that others had not, her new appearance came as a shock. The hot weather — in a place like this, too — must have done it. It would help if she could only get away for a couple of weeks, he thought; but he knew she would n't.

It grew cooler, soon, and the girl, along with others, sat up straighter, and breathed and moved more easily. But she was not the girl of the early spring. Seeing her when she was alone at the desk, one could fancy that she had begun to consider what the round of her life really was, to reflect upon the dreariness and monotony of it, and, maybe, to cultivate a silent rebellion of spirit. There was the faintest suggestion of defiance about her. Opportunities to talk with the men were seized upon with more avidity, as though they furnished the only respite from a dull task. Her "offishness" was quite gone, and some of those who patronized the restaurant ventured, without reproach, to call her by her first name.

The change in the cashier's manner and bearing had been so gradual that, from day to day, there had seemed to be practically no change at all. One who carried his office troubles to lunch with him, and thought upon them while he ate, would probably not have observed any difference; but Burrows made the effort, successful sometimes if not always, to leave his work behind him at the midday recess. He, therefore, had the leisure as well as the taste for observing closely those about him, and he found it hard to realize that the self-contained person to whom he paid his reckoning in August, and the flushed, timid girl who had fumbled over his change in February, were one and the same. Her clothes, cheap though they were, now had a modish way about them, the label of the city. Her hair was piled toward the front of

her head, and the loose ends were gathered up uncompromisingly. A ring, rather too bulky, encircled one of the fingers of her left hand.

Burrows was hurrying toward the ferry one afternoon in the latter part of September, when he saw, just ahead of him, a figure that looked familiar. A moment afterward he recognized Ralston's cashier, though her back was toward him. She was with a man. At the next corner the pair walked quickly up the stairs to the elevated station. As Burrows passed beneath he heard her laugh merrily and make some remark about a play which, apparently, they were to see that evening. She must have enjoyed it, for next day her spirits were better than they had been for many weeks. She acted as if new possibilities of pleasure had, all at once, been opened up to her.

It did not seem to be the same brand of happiness, though, which she had brought with her from the country. There was something less reposeful about the cashier's humor now, an air of nervousness which bespoke, always, anticipation of some future pleasure rather than content with the present. This new humor brought no return of clear skin and unwearied mouth; indeed, its effect seemed to be quite the opposite. The girl's face thinned, in the fall months, until it was positively haggard. No longer was it necessary for one to be observant to notice the change in her appearance. The men who ate at Ralston's began to comment upon it; some even ventured to mention it to her, and advised her, half jocularly, to take better care of herself.

Another time Burrows happened to see her away from her desk. It was on one of those rare occasions when he brought his wife to the theatre in the city. The play was over, and they were coming out into the dazzling light of the street. Across their path, almost within arm's reach, a man and woman passed, arm in arm. Burrows caught a glimpse of the woman's face, and then she was gone. He recalled, later, that she had

around her neck a large fur boa. This was in November.

A week or so before Christmas the men who ate at Ralston's were snickering, and nudging one another waggishly, over the change in the cashier's hair. Formerly a dull brown, it had, of a sudden, acquired a new lustre. Burrows looked, and shook his head sadly.

"It's not even cleverly done," he said to himself.

Within a few days, though, the deadly chemical was applied more thoroughly. The hair close to the scalp was treated, and there were left no uncolored strands to tell the tale of deception. Now Ralston's Rapid Restaurant had a golden-haired cashier. The sophistication of her appearance had received the final touch.

If any of the facetious comment anent the transformation reached her ears, she gave no sign of it. Unembarrassed, she faced all comers with a confidence that no stares could disturb. More men stopped at the desk than formerly. As the rôle of entertainer grew more engrossing, the duties of a cashier grew more troublesome. Even the hand that made change — only one hand was needed now — seemed to have an offended air whenever it was called upon to move. Two or three of the men had, by this time, achieved special favor, and to them was permitted a greater familiarity than to the rest. They always lingered for several minutes after eating, and observed with condescending airs others who were less favored.

During the winter, at Ralston's, everything went on with the uneventful smoothness of prosperity. The gloomy room had all its chairs occupied in the middle of the day. Sometimes the men came in shivering, from a dry, bracing cold; sometimes they came stamping and scraping their feet, from a pavement covered with half-frozen slush. But they always came, for a man must eat even if he has to eat at Ralston's. The cashier was regular in attendance; and her hair kept, successfully, its new color.

For a while her altered appearance irritated Burrows; he resented the fact that her presence was so in accord with the general atmosphere of the place, that she no longer reminded him of fresh air and green fields and flowers. Of course, he might have changed his seat and thus have avoided seeing her, but he would not admit that so trivial a thing could disturb him to that extent. It was not long, naturally enough, before irritation was supplanted by indifference. There was nothing about the girl, now, to interest him. The cashier was simply the cashier, a self-composed young woman who dressed too conspicuously, — one of thousands.

So it was for two or three months.

By the beginning of March he had almost forgotten that she had ever been other than what she now was. Then, one Monday, as he sat down and unfolded his paper napkin, he looked up and saw that the yellow-haired, sophisticated person was gone. At the desk sat a young girl who was strange to Ralston's. In her cheeks was the glow of perfect health, in her eyes a speculative, half-timid interest in everything about her. She radiated hope and innocence.

Her fingers handled the coins with a clumsiness that was eloquent of inexperience. Lost in the difficulties of her task, she had no time to notice the admiring glances of the men. Those who had finished filed by, placed their money upon the mat, and departed. Those who still sat looked toward the desk with a new interest. A youth in one of the chairs in the rear row, by the wall, whispered to his companion, —

"She's a winner all right, ain't she?"

The manager of the restaurant threaded his way to Burrows and leaned over him with the manner of one giving a confidence.

"See our new cashier, Mr. Burrows?" he asked in an undertone, smiling and jerking his head toward the door. "She's just in from the country. Nice-looking little girl, eh?"

COMPETITION IN COLLEGE

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

WE are told with wearisome reiteration, until it vexes us even as a thing that is raw, that America produces few great scholars who are pioneers in the domain of thought; that in exploiting a continent we have been too busy to explore the mysteries of natural science, or the mind of man. So far as this charge is true, and we cannot deny that it has some foundation, it is commonly ascribed to our rapid industrial development, with the consequent attractiveness of material pursuits which draw our most promising youth away from the paths of learning. But must not our schools, and above all our universities and colleges, take their share of blame? It is our privilege to magnify the importance of education, but in doing so we must assume responsibility, not only for the benefits conferred thereby, but also for any evils that may flow from errors committed.

Education has many sides and many functions; otherwise it would not be the fascinating pursuit that it is. Both in discussion and in practice, we take account of imparting knowledge, and of the training of the mind; but in our zeal for these essential matters we seem, perhaps, to have neglected a not less important function, that of sifting out the minds capable of great intellectual achievement. Is it not possible, in short, that we have paid attention too exclusively to teaching, and too little to recruiting young men of the highest promise? This ought we to have done, and not to leave the other undone, for both are needed in keeping educational work at a high level. Every one who has had personal experience in a university must be aware that the standard maintained is due quite as much to the calibre of the students as to that of

their instructors. The success of our law schools, for example, must be attributed not only to the capacity of the professors, and to the direct effect of their method of teaching, but in no less degree to the fact that these schools attract the most ambitious and vigorous college graduates.

Vast as the improvement in educational methods has been, it is not clear that the process of sifting is as effective as it used to be. The old classical school, with its rigid curriculum, was inelastic, unadaptable to individual needs, and is said to have been repellent and dulling to the ordinary child; but none the less it seems to have sorted out the boys with intellectual aptitudes and to have steered them toward higher education. The same thing was probably true of the old-fashioned college. The minimum, and indeed the average, amount of study has risen very much since those days. No doubt the ordinary student was more indolent then, and acquired less mental training, but it may be doubted whether there is now so great an incentive to superiority in scholarship. If that be true, our colleges are not performing so well as they did in the past the function of intellectual selection.

But have we not a new institution created to supply that very need? The Graduate Schools in our universities, that consummate product of the last thirty years, are designed to be real nurseries of scholars. They were surely intended to recruit the intellectual flower of the youth, fitting them to be leaders and teachers of the next generation; and when Johns Hopkins opened its doors it became a mecca for young men who aspired to high places among the learned. Since that time Graduate Schools have multi-

plied, their students have increased beyond expectation, and with their growth in popularity they have "faded into the light of common day." They certainly contain men of the finest type, but the bulk of their students are not of first-rate quality, and much of the instruction consists in burnishing rather soft metal. In the best of them the standard is very high so far as training and knowledge are concerned; quite as high, perhaps, as is wise, for it cannot be raised indefinitely without risk to one of the functions performed by these schools. They are, in fact, attempting to serve two objects, which are not necessarily identical in America: the education of productive scholars and of teachers; and there is some danger that in the process one or both of these objects may suffer.

The Graduate Schools of our universities contain in the aggregate some six thousand students, all preparing themselves, according to the popular impression, to be great scholars. But with any such conception the figures are monstrous. If we could turn out a score of men a year with any serious chance of eminence we should do well. The great bulk of the students have no delusions of this nature. All but a few of them are being trained to teach; to diffuse knowledge, not to add to it; to be live wires, not to be dynamos. We talk of their all doing research work, but that term covers a multitude of operations. The original thesis they are required to present for a degree proves that a student can handle original material, not that he can construct with it anything really new; it shows a familiarity with the sources of knowledge, but it does not show capacity for productive scholarship.

Our method of attracting students to the Graduate Schools is defective. If you want to generate energy you must have a resistance to be overcome. If you desire to recruit men of force and ambition, there must be a great prize to be won by facing an obstacle, just as, when you want to recruit strong characters, you must call for sacrifice. In our Graduate Schools

we pursue to some extent a contrary policy, for we subsidize men freely with scholarships. By so doing we are in danger of making the Graduate School the easiest path for the good but docile scholar with little energy, independence, or ambition. There is danger of attracting an industrious mediocrity, which will become later the teaching force in colleges and secondary schools. Such a policy is due in part to a feeling that a large number of students is needed to justify the expense of our graduate instruction; and in part to a less laudable spirit of intercollegiate rivalry. A long list of graduate students is regarded as a proof that a university is fruitful in its highest work of training the great scholars of the future, but unfortunately mere numbers prove nothing of the kind. Yet the popular assumption is not unnatural, because it is hard even for men engaged in education, and it is impossible for the general public, to distinguish between quality and quantity in an institution with which they are not thoroughly familiar.

While, therefore, the instruction in our Graduate Schools is admirable, our success in recruiting for them students of the strongest intellectual fibre is by no means so great. This is the vital point, for although eaglets are raised best in an eagle's nest, yet there is a better chance of producing them by setting eagle's eggs under a hen, than hen's eggs under an eagle. But how are the eagle's eggs to be collected? How are young men of intellectual power to be drawn into the Graduate School? My answer is that young men must be attracted to the pursuit of scholarship while undergraduates in college, and success in doing this depends upon the extent to which intellectual appetite and ambition are stirred there. It depends, moreover, not only upon the intensity with which a few men are stirred, but also upon the diffusion of that attitude among the mass of undergraduates.

The intellectual feast spread by the Graduate Schools does little, therefore

to create an appetite for learning. It feeds hungry scholars, but it does not make them. Craving for scholarship must be formed in college, and is deeply affected by the general atmosphere there. Important as this is for the recruiting of great scholars, it is of not less consequence in giving an intellectual tone to all the alumni wherever their paths in life may lead; but from that point of view the present situation is far from perfect.

It is safe to say that no member of a faculty is satisfied with the respect in which scholarship is held by the great body of college students to-day. Every one complains in his heart, although in public he is apt to declare that the conditions in his own college are better than they are elsewhere. In fact, we know little enough about the state of affairs in our own institutions, and are quite in the dark when we presume to draw comparisons with other places. This is a case where measuring ourselves by ourselves, and comparing ourselves among ourselves, is not wise. In spite of divergences in detail, the problem is essentially the same everywhere, and any college that helps to solve it will confer a benefit upon the whole country. Nor is it enough if we are better than our fathers were, if the average amount of study in college is greater, and the minimum much greater, than it was. In the community at large the general activity has increased prodigiously; even elegant indolence is by no means so fashionable as it used to be. Our colleges ought, in a movement of this kind, to set the pace, not follow it; and they must not rest satisfied until they create among their students a high standard of achievement.

When the elective system was first introduced, its advocates believed that it would have a powerful selective influence, by offering to each student ampler opportunity for self-development in the branches of learning that he might prefer. The opponents of the system did not deny this, but complained that the undergraduate was not capable of judging what was

best for him, and that to follow his own bent would lead to a one-sided development. In the plans of men, the indirect, and therefore unforeseen, consequences are often more important than those which form the subject of discussion. The elective system — which has to a greater or less extent penetrated almost all our colleges — did, indeed, furnish an opportunity for self-development; but at the same time it weakened the stimulus to exertion. It was based upon the assumption that opportunity alone is enough, that a man will put forth his utmost powers if he can do so in a congenial field. Yet this is by no means true, even in the case of the highest genius. Many a man of talent has worked only from the stress of poverty, groaning all the time at his hard fate. Shakespeare himself did much of his writing under the pressure of finishing plays for the stage; and the difficulty of keeping artists and literary men up to time is notorious, — a difficulty not wholly due to the fitful inspiration of the muse.

If opportunity alone were enough, hereditary wealth, which vastly enlarges opportunity, ought to increase intellectual productiveness. There ought to be no place “where wealth accumulates and men decay.” But there is too much truth in the common belief that abundant means usually lessens the output of creative work; and even Shakespeare, when rich enough to retire as a country gentleman, wrote no more. The mere opportunity for self-development, and for the free exercise of one’s faculties, the mere desire for self-expression, are not enough with most men to bring out all their latent powers. This is because in civilized life we are seeking to foster an activity far above the normal; we are striving to evoke a mental energy much greater than that required for a bare subsistence, and unless education can effect this it is a failure. In addition to opportunity, there must be a stimulus of some kind.

Under the old rigid curriculum the stimulus was supplied in part by compe-

tion. Since all the students were following the same course they were naturally ranked by their marks, and there was no little emulation among the more ambitious ones. Rivalry, with its component elements, the desire to win and the still stronger desire not to be beaten, is a pervasive sentiment in human nature, often most prominent when the object itself is least worth striving for. It is constantly shown in trivial things, from the school-boy who quickens his pace when a stranger walks faster than he, to the countryman who hates to have his horse passed on the road. The intensity of the emulation depends, in fact, far less upon the value of the end to be attained, than upon the ease with which the chances of the contestants are compared; provided, of course, they are nearly enough matched to make the result uncertain. A race where the participants run side by side on the same track is obviously more exciting than one in which they start at considerable intervals, or run over different roads out of sight of one another. That is the chief reason why an athletic contest, or a physical struggle of any kind, is more interesting than almost any other competition. The sport is visible, its progress can be easily watched, and the varying chances of the players are readily compared. The world does not really believe that athletic success is the most desirable form of achievement on earth, and yet men tend to transfer a part of their emotions from the contest itself to its results. Thirty thousand people cannot go to a football game, and become greatly excited over it, without being convinced that the victory is in itself a highly important matter. Thus competition provokes rivalry, intense rivalry gives rise to a keen interest, and this in turn enhances the apparent value of the object for which the contest is waged. It is one of many instances where a state of mind is produced by stimulating the secondary emotions to which it naturally gives birth.

But the free elective system in college has reduced the spirit of competition in

scholarship to a minimum. Perhaps no two men are taking precisely the same series of courses, and hence their achievements are incommensurate. Like the Caucus Race in *Alice in Wonderland*, every one begins and ends where he pleases, save that he must take at least a certain number of courses; and, as on that famous occasion, little interest is taken in the distribution of prizes. But it is the fashion to say that young men of college age ought not to work for prizes, or rank. This, we are told, is a low motive; and a man ought to study for the knowledge, the training, and the culture he acquires. In short, he ought not to need the spur of competition, or any other external stimulus, because it ought to be enough for him that his future welfare is in his own hands, and his own best interests ought to guide him in the way he should go. But such an assumption leads to a rather startling conclusion; for if the ordinary undergraduate can be trusted to act most wisely of his own accord, if his natural impulses are correct, then his attitude toward his studies is what it should be. If he has less respect for scholarship than one might wish, nevertheless under this assumption he is right, while we who disagree with him must be wrong.

It may be that the need of competition or other stimulus to exertion among undergraduates depends upon the position which the college occupies in the general scheme of education, and upon the intricate functions of play and work in building up the faculties of mind and body. If so, it may be worth while to consider these questions briefly.

Of late years we have been taught much about the value of play in the development both of animals and of man; and for that purpose the word is commonly used to denote those acts which are performed for mere pleasure without any other serious motive.¹ Now I am

¹ For example, Karl Groos's *The Play of Man*, translated by Elizabeth L. Baldwin, page 5.

perfectly aware of the iniquity of employing a technical term in an unusual sense; and yet on this occasion I propose, contrary to usage, to define play as any action of which the physiological object is a development of the powers of the actor, as distinguished from the accomplishment of a result in itself useful, or the acquisition of the means for reaching such a result. This seems a more apt definition in connection with education, because thereby attention is fixed on the physiological and educational object, not on the personal motive of the actor. To illustrate what is meant, let us look at the case of the over-studious boy, who is compelled to coast or ride when he does not want to do so, and does not enjoy it. We say that he is obliged to play, but that is a contradiction in terms if play means only things done for pleasure. Again, if pleasure is the criterion, and a student takes, because he enjoys it, an additional course beyond the number required by the curriculum, it must be classed for him as play; while for the student next him, who is taking only the prescribed number of courses, it is not play. If, on the other hand, he is a member of an athletic team, not for the mere fun of it, but because he thinks it good for him, or because he hopes that he can help his college to win the game, then again it is not play; and as we shall see hereafter, a large part of the physical sports of youth are in fact pursued from motives other than mere pleasure.

A pursuit, then, which is followed, whether voluntarily or by compulsion, because it tends to develop the mind or body, is play; while one that is followed for the sake of gain, or because it supplies the manual skill or technical knowledge needed to earn bread, is not play. The application of the definition to studies is clearly shown in the varying relations between general education and professional training. In American schools for engineers it has been common to intersperse a certain amount of general education among the technical courses. But in the

schools of divinity, law, and medicine, it has been the tradition to confine the teaching to strictly professional matters. Conversely, the American college of the older type was devoted entirely to studies that were deemed to be of general educational value, without having any direct professional bearing. So far as this object has been retained, and for the most part it still holds its ground, the college may be regarded as the last period of play. Do not misunderstand me. By play I do not mean anything trivial, unessential, or even necessarily pleasurable. I refer to pursuits which develop the mental, physical, and moral powers, as distinguished from the acquisition of directly profitable attainments. While any one may quarrel with this use of the word "play," the thing itself is intensely serious. It is the chief occupation of the most formative part of life, and should therefore be taken in a spirit of earnest determination.

For class-room purposes this is, no doubt, the well-worn distinction between liberal or cultural studies on one side, and professional or vocational ones on the other; but it is wider, inasmuch as it includes outdoor sports, and that is the reason I use it. The object, for example, of athletics in college is physical development, yet if a member of a baseball nine were paid for his services, or if he joined it in order to fit himself to become a professional hereafter, for him it would not be play. Now, I believe that there is a close analogy between outdoor sports and those indoor studies which are pursued for intellectual development, especially in regard to the question of stimulus by competition.

According to the usual definition of play, as an action in itself pleasurable and pursued from that motive alone, any other stimulus is obviously unnecessary. But after early infancy that is not quite true of what we commonly understand by play. With very young children mere delight in exercising nascent faculties may be enough to provoke all the activity needed to develop those faculties, but

that condition is soon outgrown. With most animals, indeed, the struggle for existence begins so early that the development by play covers only a brief time of rapid growth in which pleasure may be a sufficient incentive. Man, however, goes through a long period of adolescence before he is self-supporting, and with the progress of civilization it seems destined to become longer and longer, at least for pursuits that require intellectual labor. During a very small part of this period can we trust to the propelling force of enjoyment alone, even for the training of the physical powers. The mere pleasure of exercise soon ceases to suffice, because muscular strength and nervous and moral force can be brought to a high point only by strenuous exertion that surpasses the bounds of strict physical enjoyment. To make the most of himself the boy must be induced to put forth an uncomfortable effort, and for this he must have an external stimulus of some kind. No one who knows much about intercollegiate football believes that most of the men are on the team chiefly because the game itself is pleasurable; and, in fact, other motives than immediate pleasure enter largely into all violent competitive sports after an early period of childhood. It is safe to assert that if young people took part in games only so far as they enjoyed the exercise, without being affected by ambition or the opinion of their fellows, a large portion of the more strenuous sports, and therewith much valuable training, physical and moral, would be lost.

The stimulus needed is usually found in competition; and, in fact, the object of throwing a boy into contact with others of his own age is, not only to train his social instincts, but also to bring him into rivalry with his mates, to make him play with them games which test his powers, and stimulate him to use them to the full. Within the range of their immediate interests, young people are good practical psychologists, from whom we have still much to learn by studying the way they

organize their sports to provoke exertion or select superior capacity; and it may be observed that competition in sport becomes more intense as maturity is approached. No doubt competition is often carried too far, until it has the effect of eliminating from the arena all but a few champions of preëminent qualities. In his *Social Life in Greece*, Professor Mahaffy pointed out the advantage to the community of the field sports of Sparta, in which every one of ordinary strength could engage, as compared with the gymnastic games of Athens, where only remarkable athletes took part and the rest of the young men looked on. Athletic sports in our colleges involve the same danger, by tending to accentuate the selective principle at the expense of the physical improvement of the whole body of students. But the fact that competition may be carried further than is wise, does not prove that it is not valuable as a stimulus, that it is not indeed the main factor in the physical development of youth.

There is certainly no less need for an effective stimulus in scholarly than in physical training, but it is far more difficult to use, because we cannot at present rely on the same constant enthusiasm on the part of the young people themselves. In the professional schools this matter is in a satisfactory state to-day. Fifty years ago there appears to have been no little apathy about study in these schools, but they have now succeeded generally in convincing their students that excellence in the work of the school has great importance, both as an equipment for their coming career, and as an indication of future success. In some cases competition is indeed used with marked effect, but it is not indispensable, because the student has the powerful incentive of feeling that he has begun his life's work, in which his prospects depend on his diligence. The schools for engineers where general and technical subjects are taught side by side, bring into sharp contrast the strong professional motive and

the feeble desire for self-improvement. It is difficult there to make the ordinary student realize the value of a cultural course. He is apt to regard it as something foreign to his regular work; something very well in its way, but not essential to success in his future career. He labors without a groan on mathematics, which most college undergraduates shun like a pestilence, while he treats English literature or the history of his country lightly, as a pleasant enough accomplishment hardly worthy of strenuous effort.

At the other end of the educational ladder, also, in the preparatory school, competition, although highly useful, is not indispensable. The boy is subject to discipline, accustomed to obey, and much influenced by the precepts and wishes of his parents and teachers. If a good boy, he tries to do well, and being under constant supervision he tends to conform to the expectations of those about him. The serious difficulty begins in college, where he is plunged into a far wider liberty — a freedom that brings vast opportunities, intellectual and moral, by which he may rise, but which on the other hand he may abuse. The old school-boy motives for hard study he has left behind; the professional ones are not yet in sight; and it is not easy to make him appreciate the seriousness of the education within his reach. To some extent he believes that it is good for him, and he intends to obtain a real advantage from it. In most cases he is not satisfied by getting through with the least possible exertion. He means to do reasonably well, but he has no idea of the benefit to be derived from striving for excellence. In short, he has a fair, but not a high standard.

Now, there is no grave difficulty in enforcing a fair amount of work; and of late years our colleges have wisely turned their attention to the matter, making the minimum requirements distinctly more severe than they were. We can, in fact, raise the minimum for a degree to any level that we may desire, provided we

recognize frankly what that level implies. Suppose, for example, that the dullest tenth of the students who enter college ought not to graduate, no matter how faithfully they toil; then the line will be drawn at such a point that the dullest man above that tenth can get through if he devotes to study as many hours as a young man of ordinary health can properly spend over his books. But, in that case, a brighter man will need less effort to reach the same result; and, as differences in natural ability are very great, a student who stands in capacity among the more talented half of his class can get through with very little work. On the other hand, we could so draw the line that only the brighter half of the class could graduate at all; and in that case we should have, like the German universities, a large mass of students who had no intention of taking a degree, but who could hardly be refused the privilege of living about the college as special students so long as they were well behaved.

We can, therefore, set the minimum where we please, — a minimum, however, in which the amount of work required is in inverse proportion to natural ability, — and we cannot by that process compel a clever student to be industrious. We can set a minimum of capacity, and establish a ratio between brains and labor, but we cannot thereby set up a high standard for men of ability. For that purpose we need something more than a minimum requirement, and this brings us to our really difficult problem, that of applying a stimulus.

College work may affect the fortunes of a lifetime more profoundly than the studies either of boyhood or of the professional school, but the ordinary student does not know it. The connection is too vague, too subtle, for him to see; it rests on intangible principles, the force of which he does not feel. It is in college, therefore, that an external stimulus is most needed; yet college is the very place where it is found the least. The result is that a fellow who ranks high in school,

and works like a tiger when he studies his profession, is too often quite satisfied with mediocrity in college. The disintegration of the curriculum caused by the elective system in any of its common forms, the disdain of rank as a subject for ambition, — encouraged by students, by the public, and sometimes even by instructors, — and other forces that have crept in unawares, have brought us to a point where competition as a stimulus for scholarship has been well-nigh driven from the college. Again, I must ask you not to misunderstand me when I speak of the elective system. No sane man would propose to restore anything resembling a fixed curriculum in any of our larger colleges. We must not go backward, we could not if we would; but neither must we believe that progress consists in standing still. We must go forward, and our path must be such that a choice of electives shall not lessen, among those capable of it, the stimulus to excellence.

Now, there is no reason to suppose that young men have by nature a stronger desire for physical than for intellectual power, or a greater admiration for it; yet, largely by the free use of competition, athletics, in the esteem both of undergraduates and of the community at large, has beaten scholarship out of sight. The world to-day has a far higher regard for Newton, Locke, and Molière than for Augustus the Strong; but in our colleges "the physically strong," as Carlyle called Augustus, would attract much more attention. I am not one of those who condemn athletic contests, for I do not think we can afford to diminish any spur to activity in college, but I am convinced that we ought to stimulate other forms of energy, and that we can get many a hint from athletic experience. The production of true scholars, or even of the scholarly tone of mind, is not the only object of the college. It aims to produce men well developed in all directions, and it has many agencies for doing so outside the class-room; but it cannot

exist for these alone, and if it fails on the scholarly side it will be irrevocably doomed.

One hundred years ago the English universities awoke to behold the low state of scholarship among their students. It boots nothing to inquire how it compared with the worst that has ever existed here, but it was bad enough. They met it by a resort to frank competition. First in one subject, and then in another, they established a degree with honors awarded in several grades, and they succeeded in making the honors, not only a goal of ambition, but, what is more, an object of general respect. They have prizes, too, which are eagerly sought; and, in short, the stimulus to scholarship rests on an elaborate system of competition for prizes and honors. Of course, there are voices raised against it, protesting that the muses ought to be wooed for worthier motives; but it is our province to make the most of men as they are, not to protest that they ought to have an innate love of learning. The problem of human nature, the question whether we could have made it better if we had presided at creation, is too large to discuss here.

The fact remains that the Oxford and Cambridge men are firmly persuaded that success at the bar, in public life, and in other fields, is closely connected with high honors at graduation; and the contest for them is correspondingly keen. The prizes and honors are made widely known; they are remembered throughout a man's life, referred to even in brief notices of him, — much as his athletic feats are here, — and they certainly do help him powerfully to get a start in his career. The result is that, by the Isis and the Cam, there is probably more hard study done in subjects not of a professional character than in any other universities in the world. What defects the system may possess, its strength and its weakness in other directions, need not detain us. The structure of English society, on which the old universities are built, is very different from ours; yet

there are qualities in human nature that are common to all mankind, and without copying an institution we may, by observing it, discover the secret of its success. Although we do not follow, we may learn.

Competition as an effective stimulus to scholarship in our colleges suffers to-day from a widespread feeling among the students that the distinctions won are a test of industry rather than of superior intellectual power. This conviction finds its expression in the term "grind," which is applied with great impartiality to all high scholars, instead of being reserved, as it seems to me it was formerly, to a certain kind of laborious mediocrity. The general use of the word is certainly unjust, for statistics show that, as compared with other men, the high scholars win a far larger share of distinction in the professional schools and in after life. But the feeling contains a grain of truth. In our desire to ensure from every student a fair amount of work, we are too apt to use tests that measure mere diligence, with the result that high rank in college is no sure measure of real ability. This has been to a great extent avoided in England by distinct honor and pass examinations, the questions in the former being of such a nature that industry alone cannot, it is believed, attain the highest grade; and this is an important matter if high rank is to command admiration. It is surely possible to devise tests which will measure any qualities that we desire to emphasize; but do we not touch here upon one of many indications that we have lost the key to the true meaning of the college? The primary object of the professional schools is knowledge, a command of the tools of the trade, and a facility in handling them; while in college the primary object is intellectual power, and a knowledge of facts or principles is the material on which the mind can exercise its force, rather than an end in itself. If we could make the world believe that high rank is a proof of intellectual power, our task in instilling among un-

dergraduates a desire to excel would be simple.

The difficulty in stimulating a scholarly ambition is enhanced by a new, and on the whole a higher, moral tone among college men. The philosophers of a century ago preached the harmony of interests both in politics and economics. They taught that, in seeking his own highest good, a man promoted that of all the world; and they looked forward to a millennium based on universal self-interest. With the waning of this creed, a more altruistic spirit has replaced the extreme individualism of our fathers; and, as usual, the new tendencies are particularly strong in the rising generation. In college, the upper classmen feel a responsibility for the welfare of the younger students, and look after them, to an extent that would have been regarded as extraordinary, if not indeed meddlesome, half a century ago.

The sense of mutual obligation, and with it the corporate spirit, has grown apace. A man no longer wants to feel that he is working for himself alone; he wants to labor for the organization of which he forms a part, because that seems to him a nobler motive. This is one reason for the halo that surrounds the athlete; while the scholar seems to be striving for nothing better than personal distinction. If he is seeking a pecuniary scholarship, his aim, though needful, appears sordid; if not, it seems at best selfish, and therefore unworthy of the highest admiration. But the member of the football team, who risks his limbs in a glorious cause, whose courage and devotion are placed freely at the service of his alma mater, stands out as a hero worthy of all the praise that can be lavished upon him. Many a man, deaf to all other appeals, can be induced to make a creditable record in his studies on the ground that otherwise he cannot play upon a team, and that it is his duty to do something for the honor of his college. Such sentiments deserve respect, although to a serene philosopher they may seem a substitution of coöpera-

tive for personal selfishness. But they assuredly place an obstacle in the path of any one who would try to raise the esteem for scholarly attainment. The undergraduate sees no way in which scholarship adds lustre to his college, and this complicates the problem of making it admirable in his eyes.

We have seen that the sifting out of young men capable of scholarship is receiving to-day less attention than it deserves; and that this applies, not only to recruiting future leaders of thought, but also to prevailing upon every young man to develop the intellectual powers he may possess. We have seen also that, while the Graduate School can train scholars, it cannot create love of scholarship. That work must be done in undergraduate days. We have found reason to believe that during the whole period of training, mental and physical, which reaches its culmination in college, competition is not only a proper but an essential factor; and we have observed the results achieved at Oxford and Cambridge by its use. In this country, on the other hand, several causes, foremost among them the elective system, have almost banished competition in scholarship from our colleges; while the inadequate character of our tests, and the corporate nature of self-interest in these latter times, raise serious difficulties in making it effective.

Nevertheless I have faith that these obstacles can be overcome, and that we can raise intellectual achievement in college to its rightful place in public estimation. We are told that it is idle to expect young men to do strenuous work before they feel the impending pressure of earning a livelihood; that they naturally love ease and self-indulgence, and can be aroused from lethargy only by discipline, or by contact with the hard facts of a struggle with the world. If I believed that, I would not be president of a college for a moment. It is not true. A normal young man longs for

nothing so much as to devote himself to a cause that calls forth his enthusiasm, and the greater the sacrifice involved the more eagerly will he grasp it. If we were at war, and our students were told that two regiments were seeking recruits, one of which would be stationed at Fortress Monroe, well housed and fed, living in luxury, without risk of death or wounds, while the other would go to the front, be starved and harassed by fatiguing marches under a broiling sun, amid pestilence, with men falling from its ranks killed or suffering mutilation, not a single man would volunteer for the first regiment, but the second would be quickly filled. Who is it that makes football a dangerous and painful sport? Is it the faculty, or the players themselves?

A young man wants to test himself on every side, in strength, in quickness, in skill, in courage, in endurance; and he will go through much to prove his merit. He wants to test himself, provided he has faith that the test is true, and that the quality tried is one that makes for manliness; otherwise he will have none of it. Now, we have not convinced him that high scholarship is a manly thing worthy of his devotion, or that our examinations are faithful tests of intellectual power; and in so far as we have failed in this, we have come short of what we ought to do. Universities stand for the eternal worth of thought, for the preëminence of the prophet and the seer; but, instead of being thrilled by the eager search for truth, our classes too often sit listless on the bench. It is not because the lecturer is dull, but because the pupils do not prize the end enough to relish the drudgery required for skill in any great pursuit, or indeed in any sport. To make them see the greatness of that end, how fully it deserves the price that must be paid for it, how richly it rewards the man who may compete for it, we must learn — and herein lies the secret — we must learn the precious art of touching their imagination.

THE MEANING OF VENICE

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I

M. JULES LEMAÎTRE once said, with characteristic irony, that he intended to spend the last half of his life in reading the books he had reviewed in the first half. Great critic that he is, he knows how to guard against warping his judgment. His frankness suggests the query, Is it wise for an editor to ask one historian to criticise the work of another historian in the same field? Some of the results I have seen might lead me to reply, unhesitatingly, No. For there is a certain class of mind which, when it takes up the study of history, comes to accept only one point of view and one method — its own. Infallibility is the forte, and sometimes omniscience seems to be the foible, of these students. Contrasted with them, however, is the class of men who, the longer they investigate, grow both more skeptical and more inquisitive. They suspect that no history written from only one angle can be final; they admit, for instance, that the Roman Catholic and the Protestant accounts of the Reformation, or the Northern and Southern accounts of the American Civil War, cannot be identical; they even believe that books equally excellent and equally true, though mutually contradictory, may have the same theme.

As I belong to the latter class, I heartily welcome Professor Molmenti's striking work,¹ which differs fundamentally

in aim and treatment from my own. An unwary critic might parade some line from Procopius to prove that he is incompetent; but the truth is that Molmenti knows more about the history of Venice — including the line from Procopius — than any other living historian. Nearly thirty years ago he published a monograph entitled *The History of Venice in its Private Life*. This almost immediately won distinction for him at home, was soon translated into French, and so went on its journey through the world; for French is still the language of international intellectual contacts, as German is the international medium for erudition. Molmenti, besides writing half a dozen other books on Venetian art and artists and manners, has from time to time expanded his monograph, until now he has nearly trebled its size, and reached the definitive edition before us. He has been fortunate in securing as his English translator Mr. Horatio Brown, whose own studies in Venetian life, and whose admirable history of Venice, are relished on both sides of the Atlantic. Of his translation, no more need be said than that it reads as if written originally in English — an achievement all the more remarkable in view of Molmenti's Italian style, which is often exuberant and sometimes ornate. The publishers, too, deserve praise for having made the book handsome, and for providing nearly four hundred rare or beautiful illustrations which really supplement the text.

Although Professor Molmenti takes Venetian private life as his main theme, and uses it as the register of political and national conditions from age to age, yet he nevertheless introduces a thread of historical narrative sufficient to bind his

¹ *Venice. Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic.* By POMPEO MOLMENTI. Translated by HORATIO F. BROWN. Part I. The Middle Ages, 2 vols. Part II. The Golden Age, 2 vols. Part III. The Decadence, 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906-08.

miscellaneous material together. This is well, because it is not the manners and customs, but the historical origins and national evolution, about which historians still dispute; and on these matters Professor Molmenti's conclusions should have great weight. What sort of refugees fled before Attila to the mud islets of the Lagoon? What was their relation, after they had established some sort of a communal existence, to the ruler of Italy and to the Eastern Empire? Molmenti takes the reasonable view in both cases. He thinks that the refugees comprised all classes, although some of the patricians among them may have returned to the mainland towns after the invasion of the barbarian ceased. He thinks, further, that during the first three or four centuries the Venetians acknowledged the overlordship of their powerful neighbors on the West, or of the Byzantine Empire, but without sacrificing their virtual independence. Over this latter point there has been much debate. Students who put amazing faith in shreds of uncertain evidence, would make the Venetians mere everyday vassals; some of the local historians, on the other hand, describe Venice as an independent state from the moment the first fugitive leaped ashore on Rivo Alto.

Whatever the compact may have been on paper, — and as no official documents remain, this can only be conjectured, — the one great fact is that the Venetians did practically maintain their independence. No foreigner ever dictated laws in their city. If they paid tribute, it was to be let alone; if they were vassals, they did not lose their national initiative. In truth, between the time of Theodoric and the age ushered in by Charlemagne, the world was too chaotic for so remote and inconspicuous a community as theirs to attract much attention. They thrived, after the Spartan fashion, on hardship. Obscurity was their best defense. And when at last they did excite the ambition of Charlemagne, they had grown to be strong enough to sur-

vive him. The adroitness with which during the following centuries they played one Emperor against the other, professing themselves Eastern when the West pressed too hard, and Western when the East threatened their liberty, is one of the marvels of statecraft. The policy seems obvious enough now, but to carry it out successfully for three hundred years without a break gives the measure of their ability.

Brief as are Professor Molmenti's epitomes of the progress of events, they still serve in this way to reveal the rational point of view. Whoever desires to investigate in detail many of the critical episodes should turn to Mr. Horatio F. Brown's studies in Venetian history,¹ which comprise a score of valuable monographs, and present the conclusions of a critical student on such much-debated subjects as Bajamonte Tiepolo's conspiracy, Marino Falier, Carmagnola, Caterina Cornaro, and the Spanish Conspiracy. The gem of Mr. Brown's essays deals with Fra Paolo Sarpi, who has never before been so admirably portrayed in an English essay.

That Molmenti passes over Sarpi with scanty mention, devoting more space to his achievements as a scientist and historian than as a statesman, is due to the general plan of his work. But Sarpi is one of the world's great men, the embodiment of an eternal principle, which nations can never neglect without putting themselves at the mercy of ecclesiastical domination. Under Sarpi's guidance, Venice, a thoroughly loyal Catholic country, refused to allow the Pope to interfere in a case which was brought before one of her criminal courts. Rome, flushed by the enthusiasm of the Catholic Reaction, spurred on by the eagerness of the Jesuits and confident of the support of Spain, could not bring Venice to terms. Even the interdict which the Pope laid upon her for a year had no serious effect: it

¹ *Studies in Venetian History*. By HORATIO F. BROWN. 2 volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

merely showed that the Pope's threats were harmless. The significant point in this episode is that it was a Catholic nation which thus unmasked the impotence of Papal pretensions, and kept inviolate the separation of State from Church. As this had been the Venetian policy toward Romish encroachments for a thousand years, it would have been proper, even in a book constructed on Molmenti's plan, to pay more heed to Sarpi and what he stood for.

II

But when we follow Molmenti along his chosen paths, we have nothing to complain of. He describes the life of the people on all its sides with great detail. We learn from him how the Venetians built their houses, what they wore and ate, how they amused themselves, and what customs they observed at birth, betrothal, marriage, and death. Some of their elaborate pageants pass before us in word-pictures. We go to the Arsenal and see the busy artisans construct and equip the famous galleys. We are told how the Venetians navigated, the volume and directions of their commerce, the extent of their industries. Molmenti analyzes minutely the government of their capital, and explains their colonial system. He surveys their literature and fine arts, their music and drama. He sketches the political constitution, the law codes and procedure, the police, the military, the various councils or committees. And when he comes to individual men and women, Molmenti neglects no type or class, from doge and dogaressa down to the gondoliers and cooks. He does for the Venetians what Green and Traill did for the English people, and Burckhardt for the Italians of the Renaissance, and by his success he demonstrates afresh that the intimate life, the habits, work, and play of human beings, have a perpetual fascination.

As Professor Molmenti divides his work into three sections, we are able to

observe the changes in social life from the earlier ages, through the epoch of prime, to the decline and fall. At will, we can trace the social development in its sequence, or we can compare one generation with another. So far as Venice herself goes, this is enough; but we cannot appraise her civilization at any given era without knowing the condition of her contemporaries. Professor Molmenti might have summarized this information without adding much to the bulk of his work.

Take, for example, the question of the treatment of prisoners. Dramatists and romancers have curdled our blood with descriptions of the *Pozzi* and of the *Piombi*: and no doubt those dungeons were bad enough; but, relatively, they were better than most of the prisons of the Renaissance; and not merely that, they were better than those which philanthropist Howard found on his pilgrimages through Europe in the eighteenth century, and better than those in which the Emperor of Austria, who still lives, confined political suspects at Mantua less than sixty years ago. So of executions. Writers have argued that the Venetians must have been exceptionally cruel because they commonly resorted to strangling in capital punishment: but if we understand that strangling was regarded as the least painful form, — that the condemned begged for it, when they were consulted, — and that in other countries prisoners were boiled or buried alive, or were destroyed by one of the many diabolical instruments of torture such as are still preserved at Nuremburg, we shall have a better basis for our estimate. Or again, many persons infer from Shakespeare's Shylock that the Venetians bore harshly on the Jews. The truth is, however, that from about 1550 the Jews in Venice enjoyed unusual privileges compared with their brethren elsewhere in Europe. The last great Venetian patriot, Daniele Manin, the hero of the glorious republic of 1849, was a Jew; the national historian of the Republic — Romanin — was a Jew;

yet Jews were not allowed to sit in the English Parliament until 1858, and to-day Germany, which we are urged to accept as the leader of civilization, discriminates against Jews. These instances, picked at random, warn us against drawing hasty conclusions as to the humaneness or the morals of a people.

Morals, indeed, fill a large space in these volumes. Venice was the Paris of the Renaissance in the refinements of her luxury, in her insatiable appetite for pleasure, and in voluptuousness. But here, too, we need to know contemporary standards if we would judge intelligently. Until the later centuries, Venice was undoubtedly more refined in dissipation, but not more unbridled, than the other cities of Italy and France. We must remember that, since Puritanism never taught the Venetians to wear a cloak of hypocrisy or of concealment, so it would be unhistoric to censure them for falling below an ideal which they did not profess. Unlike modern plutocrats and fashionable debauchees, they never discovered the easy way of practicing polygamy through divorce. The sexual problem hardly perplexed them, because they made no pretense of solving it by virtue: they simply let nature take her course. This attitude is in part medieval, and in part traceable to Oriental contacts. We must not forget that, until the twilight of decadence fell upon the Venetians, the licence of which they were accused did not enervate them. They held out for several centuries against the demoralizing influence of immense wealth.

In her decline Venice has so dazzled the world that it has never adequately appreciated her greatness. Unfortunately, Molmenti's work tends to throw her history out of perspective, because he has more material for the last three centuries than for the preceding ten. His reader will remember the scandals, the foppery, the jaded sensuality, the joyless gayety, the lukewarm adulteries, of the eighteenth century, which are recorded in elaborate detail; and he will forget the strenuous

ages of preparation, the patient building up of character, and the long reign of sagacity and soberness, about which the information is more meagre or less picturesque. Yet, until Doge Tommaso Mocenigo died, in 1423, the old ideals prevailed; and not until after the death of Sarpi, in 1623, did magnificence give way to decrepitude. Thanks to innumerable reporters, whether they were foreign visitors or native diarists and satirists, we can follow that decrepitude day by day. But the real Venice, the Venice that rose to be a world-power in the Middle Age, must be sought in the chronicles of her prime. So, whoever would know the ideals and strength of the American Commonwealth must go, not to the disreputable journals of to-day which write up the vices of the dissolute rich, but to the story of the colonists of Plymouth, of the Massachusetts Bay, and of Virginia, and to the biographies of Washington and of his contemporaries.

We need to insist on this point in the case of Venice because the topical treatment, which serves Signor Molmenti admirably in most of his work, tends to exaggeration when it is employed to describe gambling, drunkenness, or other vices. The investigator, collecting all the evidence that he can, leaves on you the impression that the entire community was the slave of whatever vice he has chosen to study. In actual life, we form a saner estimate, because we may have acquaintances who are not drunkards, or we may know of drunkards who are not drunk all the time. Let not the reader of Molmenti, therefore, be too much absorbed by the *chronique scandaleuse* (all true) of her magnificent dissolution, but let him rather turn back to the annals of her dauntless youth and noble prime.

III

For it is with nations as with individuals — we should fix our attention on what is significant, on the characteristic and seminal, and not on the colorless or

commonplace. Goethe, for instance, must have eaten a thousand meals a year during every one of his four-score years; and no doubt some German is laboriously compiling an account of those eighty thousand meals: but even if he could recover every bill of fare, he would probably help us very little in understanding Goethe's genius or in explaining his conduct. So what should interest us in the history of Venice is, not those qualities which she shared with others at any given period, nor the symptoms of decay which are common to all highly-civilized peoples in their last stages, but those qualities which belonged primarily to her, which differentiated her from all her fellows, and made her of right move as queen among the nations for well-nigh five hundred years.

Viewed in this light, her history has many claims to attention. Her capital city offers the most marvelous example of the subduing of natural difficulties by human ingenuity of which we have any record. Her very existence depended upon keeping a perfect adjustment with the tides, whose maximum range was only eighteen inches, and with the alternating floods and low water of the rivers which flowed into the Lagoon. To achieve this, she had to rely upon experts, and her municipal business ran like clock-work long before other cities had taken steps to secure the most obvious necessities, such as paving, drainage, and police. Every detail of her civic life was carefully thought out; and so of her commerce, by which she grew rich and powerful. Her trade, regulated by experts, was not left to the haphazard of individual initiative. Her fleet of merchantmen went forth and returned with the orderliness of the seasons.

In the central government itself experts swarmed to a degree which has not been matched elsewhere. Doge, procurators, senators, decemvirs, inquisitors of state, judges, ambassadors, — each underwent a searching test. By an intricate system, which nevertheless worked with little or

no friction, a single individual passed in rotation from office to office, so that, by the time he had risen to be procurator or doge, he knew, by actual experience, every cog of the machinery of the State. The interlocking of responsibility and the short tenure of office — except in the case of the doge, round whom other safeguards were thrown — put a check on dishonesty. As the crying need of our various governments, especially the municipal, is for expert rule, we might do well to study the Venetian system. Venice also learned the wisdom of intrusting the administration of her affairs to commissions, and she devised a way to keep these commissions both efficient and honest.

The fact that the Venetian Republic was not only an oligarchy, but an almost perfect example of that form of government, renders her history of rare interest. Her growth was so entirely normal, and her longevity so extraordinary, that we can trace the rack-and-pinion interaction of cause and effect better perhaps than in the annals of any other nation. We see how, having converted the handicap of her geographical environment into her chief source of strength, she fell at last a victim to geography: for after Da Gama found the ocean route to India, nothing could preserve to her the mercantile primacy of Europe. That lost, her decline was inevitable.

In modern times, England has been the nearest parallel to Venice, enjoying by her isolation a unique opportunity to develop her industries, her carrying trade, and her empire over-seas. The time seems to have come when England's supremacy must wane, not through the discovery of another Da Gama, but through the catching up of other nations. India and South Africa and the Far East are her Cyprus and Levant, and we may expect that one by one these imperial possessions will fall from her grasp as surely as the Venetian possessions slipped away from the Queen of the Adriatic. History may never repeat itself in details,

but states, like all organizations, have their fated limits, and resemble one another in the stages of their evolution.

Historically, Venice performed the very important service of intermediary. In space, she was for centuries the chief link between Eastern and Western Christendom; in time, she bridged the period between the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of the modern European States; in politics, she perfected an oligarchy, which had many of the attributes of the ancient republics, together with a sort of absolutism diffused through an entire aristocracy instead of being concentrated in a single autocrat; in activity, she devoted herself to commerce during an era when the rest of the world made fighting its chief concern; in religion, she acknowledged the Roman creed, but she had her own patriarch and resisted, as long as her vigor held out, every Papal encroachment; in spirit, she was tolerant amid a world of fanatics; in commerce, she was so non-partisan that the ships in which she transported Crusaders to fight the Saracens, came back freighted with Saracen merchandise. Her composite nature can still be seen exemplified in her architecture, in which Roman, Byzantine, and Gothic met and designed buildings of strange and matchless beauty.

These are some of the reasons why the history of Venice concerns us today; ¹ they may be deduced from a care-

¹ The recent renewal of interest in this history is shown by the publication of the following works: Horatio F. Brown: *Venice: An Historical Sketch of the Republic* (Putnam, 1893); and *Studies in Venetian History* (Dutton, 1907); W. C. Hazlitt: *The Venetian Republic* (2 vols., Black, 1900); F. C. Hodgson: *The Early History of Venice* (George Allen, 1901); William R. Thayer: *A Short History of Venice* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1905); and Molmenti: *Venice*, (6 vols., McClurg, 1906-08). F. Marion Crawford's *Salve Venetia* (2 vols., Macmillan, 1906) hardly falls within the category of history.

ful reading of Molmenti, even when he seems chiefly intent on describing manners. Whoever perceives that Venice has this significance, will look with all the greater astonishment on the magic city, which seems to be the embodied dream of poets and young lovers, but was really the creation of grave, far-sighted statesmen, staunch patricians, who were also merchants. Though they were very powerful, they revered beauty; though very rich, they knew how to give great dignity to their splendor. They attained to that union of the practical and the beautiful which our modern world gropes after in vain. New York City, with twenty-five times as many inhabitants as Venice at her zenith, might be swallowed up by earthquake without depriving posterity of a single original contribution of supreme value to any of the fine arts: but were any one of twenty Venetian palaces or churches to be destroyed, the world would be the poorer for all time to come.

To externize Power as Beauty; to show that a nation's strength lies, not in undeveloped multitudes, but in the number of its citizens who have intelligence, enterprise, and character; to count on industry and not on luck — these are among the things that Venice teaches. And in spite of the fact that her government was oligarchic, she made all her children love her with an almost personal devotion, and her subjects on the mainland preferred her rule to independence. The solution of modern problems does not lie in organizing an oligarchy after the Venetian pattern: but the State of the future, the ideal democracy, must emulate the sagacity and justice, the high average well-being, the national solidarity, the respect for reason, and the delight in beauty, which had their home in Venice, if it would do as much for its scores of millions of people, as the Venetian oligarchy did for its half million.

THE PROBLEM OF COLLEGE PEDAGOGY

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

THERE is no question that the American college is under fire. Let us freely admit that it has accomplished a great deal. It has broken down the classical monopoly that first restricted, then threatened to destroy, its influence; it has successfully assimilated every type of scientific and scholarly activity that modern conditions have started up. It has thus produced for itself a far larger, more varied, and more vital function than it discharged in days when it was criticised less, — a more varied function than has been won by the English university, the German *gymnasium*, or even the German university. Each of those institutions has encountered limits beyond which it has thus far been unable to adapt itself. New species of schools, secondary and advanced, have had to be devised abroad to provide for interests that the American college has proved elastic enough to accommodate.

This very expansion has, however, developed problems new and unforeseen. To my thinking, the college faces them rather helplessly. It is bewildered. This will prove in the end of little consequence to the college, if, in the meanwhile, the situation does not get away from it. There lies the justification of urgency and plain speaking; for, unless I greatly err, the college has already lost a trick or two.

Our college problems are, roughly classified, of two kinds: pedagogical and administrative. To some extent they interlace. On the one hand, lack of clear pedagogic thinking unnerves the administrative arm. The teacher or executive who does not realize quite clearly the end at which college education aims can hardly pursue either a very straight or a

very vigorous line toward his problematic goal. On the other hand, absence of administrative vigor confuses the pedagogical situation. Many causes combine to account for this administrative weakness. Partly it is a matter of principle: the indifferent student is tolerated on the ground that he is "getting something." More important, however, are the following considerations. Our colleges are practically all over-extended. They rely too largely on fees to carry them through. The raised hand is therefore halted by thought of the balance-sheet. There are, moreover, too many colleges competing for the existing body of competent students. They are therefore driven to swell their enrollment by competing with the High Schools and by excessive tolerance toward their own students. Any other policy would put up the shutters of some of them, and close up certain wings of others for many years to come. Somewhat lax enforcement of standards is thus the condition of survival without retrenchment.

In the present paper, however, I wish to abstract from the administrative problem thus suggested. I want to discuss the pedagogic problem, just as if our difficulties were all soluble on that basis. I need not emphasize the statement that such is not the case; that even pedagogical reorganization will not alone redeem the situation.

The problem of college pedagogy did not explicitly arise under the old college régime. Its concern was with an accepted and practically constant subject-matter; the educational aim was sunk in this unquestioned body of material which the student was expected to master; and such mastery was naïvely as-

sumed to involve a beneficent, and the only beneficent, discipline. Of course, this was not all make-believe. Things did really happen to the student as he worked through his tasks. But the task was itself the thing; the performance was itself the conscious aim. Latin was Latin, Greek was Greek, moral philosophy was moral philosophy. There they were, and that was an end of the matter. I say that in such conditions no pedagogical issue, as such, is raised. I do not mean that there was no effective teaching. On the contrary, the teaching was often highly effective, and I shall in a moment endeavor to ascertain the source of its unique efficacy. But there was an absence of what I may call pedagogical self-consciousness. The teaching point of view was not explicit. It was sunk in, or dominated by, a subject-matter that had as yet undergone little of the minute dissection which has, in these days, fairly pulverized the grand divisions of history, belles-lettres, science, as our fathers knew them.

The rise of the investigative technique has displaced this objective method with something which, however different, is equally objective. The old-fashioned college aimed at the mastery of the existing fund, or some well authenticated portion of it. The new aims at refining or adding to it. Here again I do not mean that one can draw a sharp line, as though under the old régime no one ever tried to find out anything, and under the new no one ever tries to do anything else. But the difference in emphasis and attitude is nevertheless so marked that one does not mistake the two situations, if the former is conceived, as Professor Tufts has so clearly pointed out, in terms of authority, the latter in terms of interrogation. In both alike, however, teaching is absorbed in the act of knowing; knowing what some one else knows, in the first case; getting to know what no one else yet knows, in the second case.

The boy, as such, never became prominent in the old-fashioned college,

because, in the first place, its endeavor was limited in range; and because, within the limits of this endeavor, it succeeded pretty well without raising any questions about him. Its procedure was, moreover, reinforced by strong social and domestic pressure. But the limitations within which it worked do not alone account for its relatively great efficiency. That is largely due to the fact that the material which it employed lay close to current human interests and activities. It was literary, untechnically philosophic, or quite concretely scientific, if scientific at all; the treatment was larger, vaguer, less differentiated, and hence really truer.

The acute logical fastidiousness which has by this time slowly worked over the whole field of human knowledge, taking things to pieces, defining sub-divisions with terrible precision, and threatening dreadful penalties for wobbling or poaching, had not yet begun its deadly work. A few large undivided geographical divisions still usurped the map, and over them a few teachers freely roamed. Hence, within each topic there was necessarily a varied interplay and cross-reference.

In teaching Latin, a generation of scholars, who had not been trained more or less exclusively in some one philological specialty, taught a somewhat primitive, but for that very reason efficacious, mixture in which ancient history, ancient philosophy, and modern applications were somewhat uncritically combined. They read their Sallust and Cicero with less conscientious philological scrutiny, but they found time to discuss, even if in amateur fashion, social conditions, philosophical problems, and suggestive similitudes. Doubtless our more searching — or researching — modern method proves that they were wrong at most points; their history was mythical, their philosophy prejudiced, and their modern instances fanciful. Nevertheless, the boy got a certain stretching of intellect and interest, a certain consciousness of complexity, variety, and reality that he

does not now get from the most unimpeachable syntactical and philological drill.

What is true of the classics is true elsewhere. Fifty years ago a practicing physician could serve a few terms without qualms of conscience as professor of anatomy; and then fill other chairs by rotation for fear of becoming narrow! Nowadays, we qualify the anatomical professorship, to which one non-practicing scientist devotes his life, so as to distinguish from it the professorship of histology, the professorship of neurology, the professorship of embryology, etc. The same process has been carried out even more thoroughly in every other department of the university. Overlapping has stopped. The teacher of Latin can no longer make his work stimulating and suggestive by incidental excursions into abutting territory. His conscience would n't permit it, even if his range of interest did. He knows too keenly his own limitations; he values expert knowledge too highly. He denies to the philosopher the right to express an opinion on etymology; of course, he claims no right to express an opinion or give incidental instruction in philosophy. The old cloth has been cut into ribbons.

In other words, the criterion which we now satisfy is logical. And in the effort to satisfy this criterion, and to extend the dominion within which it holds good, our treatment of subject-matter has become colorless, abstract, and remote. We no longer call anything knowledge or fact unless it is prepared to conform to the logical requirements which all sciences, even those into which the humanities have been converted, presuppose; and into our college curricula we admit nothing that has not the words "logically approved" blown in the bottle. I am not quarreling with the logic of science, — far from it. It has given us a new and better world, and far larger hope; but I point out that if the efficacy of the old college was partly due to the vital, organic, and composite character

of its appeal, then it is not strange that no reaction results when its ultimate elements are separately administered. We are dealing in education with organic — not with inorganic — chemistry; and it need occasion no wonder that things occur with vital agents that do not occur with the separate inorganic factors into which those vital agents have been resolved.

There would thus appear to be at bottom a logical incompatibility between college education and research, — the two functions which current practice has somewhat unreflectively assigned at one and the same time to a single institution. On the one hand, the institution is charged with the task of refining and resolving knowledge as such. It views this mass of material as somewhat apart, — an "object," as Professor Münsterberg is wont to call it. This object the investigator wants to break up; he wants to ascertain its structure, to establish within it relations which will make of it a mechanical, self-centred, self-complete system. When he has achieved this, the thing is, as we say, "known;" and then he goes on to extend the relations in question, to follow them further into the outlying, undifferentiated fringe, which is still vague, formless, unrelated, or, as we say, "unknown." It is preëminently and purely a logical endeavor.

The college attitude ought to be fundamentally different. It disclaims at once the very disjunction that research presupposes. Its business is practical and human; pedagogic, not logical. It operates on and with composite, living, organic combinations and wholes. It deals with complex masses, — languages, literatures, sciences, philosophies. It lacks methodological rigor. It has no theoretic interest in breaking things up, or keeping apart things that normally agglutinate. Such distinctions as it makes are empirically based. They fall far short of the logical extreme. The kind of history in which philosophy, biography, art, are still inextricably involved proves

unmistakably more infectious, more stimulating, than any of the several single-thread specialties into which researchers break it up. That settles the sort of history which satisfies pedagogical rather than logical criteria.

Science teaching affords additional illustration. Doubtless there is danger hereabouts. In the medical schools, for example, a presentation of chemistry, notable only for its inadequacy and superficiality, was formerly supposed to be vindicated when it was called "medical chemistry." I am not pleading for that sort of thing; but I insist that between this thin lukewarm science-gruel on the one side, and the colorless abstract on the other, there lies a realm of sound teachable science, — a chemistry, a physics, a physiology, that relates itself to and interprets the student's experience, and, wherever and whenever possible, touches fearlessly his prospective activity.

It is absurd to throw away the inestimable advantage of kneading experience, application, intersecting interests into the very tissue of theoretic knowledge in process of acquisition. Knowledge is not corrupted that way! Teachers of practical branches in technical and professional schools stand aghast at the helplessness and apparent ignorance of their trained students. The teaching has been so "pure" that it has shrunk from attaching itself to experience at one end or use at the other. As against such practice I urge that pedagogical vitality, pedagogical necessity are just as valid in education as are logical validity and logical necessity in their appropriate domain. Logical canons govern a world that lies for the most part beyond the pedagogic level, whatever one locates within that line, — high school, college, or professional school. There should be, then, properly no issue between education and research, for there is no issue between training minds and organizing facts. The situation which eventuates in the conflict is itself a false one.

Meanwhile, the thing has been done;

the iridescent fabric has been unraveled: here are the single threads. The work cannot be undone. The naïve and once inviolate totals, which we knew as the classics, as history, as literature, are in the same plight as Humpty Dumpty, whom,

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can never put together again.

For the moment the situation is therefore deadlocked; the college cannot, on the one side, recover what time and progress have taken away; nor can it, on the other, as has been abundantly proved, succeed simply through anticipating the special and appropriate standpoint of research.

Here, as I view it, the problem of modern college pedagogy is born. I suggest that, in the place of natural organic combinations which the old-fashioned college found efficacious, the modern college must effect rational combinations, whose organic character is vouched for by social need and experience. Pedagogy, whether secondary or collegiate, becomes thus a subtle chemistry which, far from regretting or antagonizing, finds its present opportunity in utilizing the achievements of research. This suggestion, if sound, takes advantage of the differentiation of function that I have already discussed; it shows further how the complete development of research has been the essential precondition of the reconstruction of the college on a basis really adequate to social need. The old-fashioned college could, in a word, take its material as it found it, just because it was concerned to build only such a house as could be built in that way. But the task set to the modern college is both more various and more definite. To comply with the different specifications, the material must come, not in its natural blocks, but in an elemental form which permits all the necessary kinds of combination. And the art of recombination, with a view of meeting conditions determined by the individual constitution of the boy on the one hand, and by the structure of society on the other, — that is the intellectual

chemistry which I mean by college pedagogy.

I have elsewhere undertaken to find in differentiated social types the principle upon which the college may proceed in recombining the elements which investigation has put into its hands. At first blush, such a suggestion seems to run counter to the fundamental purpose of the historic college. If the college has an eye to vocation, what is to become of culture? The answer to this inquiry I shall presently suggest; let me first indicate why, in any event, I consider such reconstruction of the college curriculum on the basis of ascertained social types, — professional, technical, scholarly, industrial, or other, — to be quite inevitable.

President Eliot has demonstrated once for all that selection — how safe-guarded and organized, it matters not for the moment — is bound to prevail in the modern college: the field is too broad to be covered by any one individual. If, then, choice is to be allowed, it is good sense to enlist through election the boy's maximum interest and power. So far, the college. Now, subsequently, in practical life, we proceed on the very same theory. In exactly the same interest, — that of economy, effectiveness, happiness, — we concede to the boy the privilege of freely determining the direction of his own career. Here then is the situation: If the student's college choices were pertinent, they represent permanent interest or capacity. When the boy emerges from academic tutelage, the same forces, however strengthened or modified, utter themselves, making his development continuous, not discrete. If, then, the two phases thus run and are meant to run in the same channel, the college must be long-headed enough to treat the inevitable vocation, not as an obstacle, but as an opportunity, by developing its cultural implications and significance.

The part of the college under the fluid conditions now existing, is not therefore, as President Hadley recently proposed,

deliberately to disrupt the boy's development, so that coming out from under the academic ether he finds himself in possession of a freedom which his unsteady gait forbids him to use, but rather to ensure the intelligent and significant selection of a vocational function, which he has been trained to comprehend in all the fullness of its social and historic relations. The breadth and flexibility of intelligence which we call culture has nothing to dread from vocation thus conceived; its enemy is a self-centred, detached pursuit, in which relations, implications, perspective, ideals, are ignored. And from such pursuits, culture is almost equally in danger, whether the pursuit be Greek roots or selling shoes.

If, now, such reconstruction is theoretically unobjectionable, the sole remaining point is as to its practicability. I am not ready to submit the outlines of the required typical curricula; but I see no reason to doubt that they can be constructed. An initial difficulty touches the feasibility of intelligent action on the student's part. I have recently begun an inquiry which may throw some light on this subject. A brief preliminary investigation, among law and medical students in various sections of the country, appears to indicate that something like sixty-five or seventy per cent of the college graduates now studying law or medicine knew in college just what their subsequent vocation would be. And the college made no use of that significant fact! So complete may be the divorce between an elective college course supposedly bearing toward the student's career and that career itself, that a well-known theological seminary, whose students are largely college graduates, finds itself compelled to institute a beginner's course in Greek, because so few intending theological students now enter the seminary with a knowledge of that language! If, now, under conditions in which the college does little or nothing to assist the boy to know himself, a large proportion are nevertheless clear as to their ultimate destination,

little as they profit by that knowledge, is it not likely that proper emphasis would greatly increase their number? A minority may, indeed, never know; of these, enforcement of proper standards would eliminate some; the others would get a better education if, even under a little coercion, they pursued some organized form of instruction, than if left to drift as now.

The proposed organization of curricula does not necessarily aim to fill the student's entire time; it provides an organized core, not inconsistent with a certain leeway outside, which will permit the boy to gratify or try-out impulses or tendencies which may define themselves in his new environment. The college student enters upon a stimulating experience; it is altogether likely that some trail hitherto dark may light up; some fuse that has not yet burned may now catch. That consideration needs to be borne in mind.

Of course, even this is not everything. There are important phases and aspects of experience not open to choice at all. There are certain fundamental things about which, once for all, the boy has nothing to say. We do not ask him whether, for example, he chooses to speak English; nor ought we in reason to leave it to him, so far as we do, just what sort of English he shall speak. It is, I think, fairly clear that every elective system must operate subject to certain fundamental conditions and qualifications involved in the constitution of our society itself. Our main task just now is to persuade our educational rulers that nothing is to be feared from such pragmatic reference, if I dare use the word, to social organization. What I am urging in behalf of studies recently admitted into good academic society, is really countenanced by the history of classical study, now so strangely misinterpreted. For Latin and Greek got their start in modern life because they were useful, not because they were mere æsthetic luxuries. The immense cultural importance they sub-

sequently attained means that men went beyond the primary purpose, in order to seize and to transmit the total import of a fertile heritage. They owe none of their vogue through the centuries to their uselessness; that has never been anything but a drawback, and now proves their undoing.

Culture neither fears use nor stops at it. It accepts what is instrumentally necessary, and subdues it to larger, more humane, more truly rational purpose. There is no conflict under modern conditions between culture, even in the academic sense, and use, unless we arbitrarily stop short. The classics, realized in their total significance, "quickened a new birth;" but they were embraced, in the first place, because they served a useful purpose. The instrumental basis was thus in time covered beneath a rich cultural development. For a long time, these ancient literatures were alone eligible to this treatment; we must to-day seek their successors in vehicles that are similarly pertinent to our needs. That is exactly the process that college pedagogy has to work out with each of the rival claimants to a share of the "old dominion." And here we unexpectedly encounter again the fundamental antagonism between education and research; for education, as I have just been pointing out, reckons inevitably with organic social composites, and strives constantly to apprehend relations, significance, function, — whereas research abstracts from function, isolates, reduces, analyzes, succeeding just in the degree in which it satisfies logical statutes.

Whether now one teacher can best do both has, to say the least, not yet been proved. Until it has been proved, ardent believers in research — of whom I count myself one — will seek jealously to protect the investigator against exhaustion, interference, and waste. If instances occur in which he finds stimulus or relaxation in genuine undergraduate teaching, nothing forbids such indulgence; but an occasional case justifies no general in-

ference to the effect that all college teachers will be inspired by research, or that all investigators gain through college service. The boy with his perfectly definite pedagogical needs remains always the centre of reference. That factor safeguarded, it is relatively indifferent just how or whence the teacher derives his inspiration, so he but have it. He must absorb, by all means. Beyond this, he is free — to research, if he chooses; to recover and maintain his spirits, vitality, largeness of outlook and interest, in any or all of a dozen ways. No evidence justifies the assumption that vitality can be maintained by research alone; it has sometimes been lost that way. Nevertheless the universities continue to penalize college teachers who derive their power from other sources.

I took occasion, not long ago, to ask a college dean who was the best teacher in his institution. He named a certain instructor.

“What is his rank?”

“Assistant Professor.”

“When will his appointment expire?”

“Shortly.”

“Will he be promoted?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“He has n’t *done* anything!”

This policy not alone tends to force the graduate treatment down into the college, — it overlooks the inexhaustible variety of youthful response, the constantly shifting interaction of discovered truth with practical interests. At this point the modern law school has a lesson to teach the academic department. The law is surely a rather definite and fixed body of material; the teacher of law is teaching things known, decided, recognized. If the present theory of college procedure is sound, law teaching is bound to be stale; is it? Not if the law teacher has teaching-insight and interest. Legal education has, it is true, serious defects; these are not now in question. The point is that the enthusiasm and effectiveness of the law teachers at Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, dealing, as they do, with an already determined subject-matter, completely disprove the contention that vigorous teaching is inseparable from research. Nor does the legal mind, trained by teachers who are content to teach, compare unfavorably in point of flexibility and power with the scientific or linguistic type, trained by teachers too solicitous for their own mental sprightliness and academic advancement to lose themselves more or less completely in their pedagogic function.

THE SOCIALISM OF G. LOWES DICKINSON

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

It chanced that two sociological books published this spring fell into my hands at the same time; Morris Hillquit's *Socialism in Theory and Practice* and G. Lowes Dickinson's *Justice and Liberty*; ¹ and reading them together, I was led to ask myself how men of so diverse tempers could hold, or profess to hold, the same doctrine. Mr. Hillquit, I saw, was at least consistent with himself; his reconstructed society of the future is a natural outgrowth from his attitude toward that of the present. Whether he really understands the present, and whether his reconstruction of the future is humanly possible, are, of course, other questions.

Orthodox economy, in the person of the doughty M. Leroy-Beaulieu, contends that no communistic exploitation of labor would be sufficiently productive to maintain civilization; the economists may decide. So, too, the psychologist alone can determine whether any equalized system of distribution would create a condition of content among the individuals capable of stability. The historian must say whether evolution from a slave-holding régime,

through the dominance of the feudal baron and of the "captain of industry," points logically to a self-guiding society, or merely to another change of masters. And, finally, it remains for the moralist to ask whether a revolution based avowedly on class-hatred would not result in a grosser form of egotism, rather than in Mr. Hillquit's beatific vision of a "world-wide solidarity," and of a state in which "the question of right and wrong is entirely obviated, since no normal conduct of the individual can hurt society, and all acts of society must benefit the individual."

These are brave matters, indeed, and whilst the debate goes on with words, and sometimes with blows, the mere man of letters might do well to hug the wall and chant his "*Ailinson! ailinson!* — sing woe, sing woe, but may the Good prevail."

With Mr. Hillquit and the honorable economists of his type, I have no argument; they are out of my range. But Mr. Dickinson, who is himself really just a man of letters, however high he may stand in the craft, I am able to follow; and I seem to detect an inconsistency in his procedure, something more than a logical fault, which, if I am wrong, he may some day in his suave manner quite explain away. Meanwhile, I should have supposed that he belonged to the class of M. Anatole France rather than of Mr. Hillquit, with less of irony and more of moral earnestness, no doubt, than the wicked Parisian, but still moved at bottom by the same irritated refinement of taste. If that be so, his descent into the political maelstrom ought to have ended in some such débâcle of horror as closes M. France's *L'Ile des Pingouins*, wherein

¹ The order of Mr. Dickinson's publications will be found significant: *From King to King: The Tragedy of the Puritan Revolution* (1891); *Revolution and Reaction in Modern France* (1892); *The Development of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century* (1895); *The Greek View of Life* (1896); *The Meaning of Good: A Dialogue* (1901); *Letters from a Chinese Official: Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization* (1901); *Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast* (1905); *A Modern Symposium* (1905); *Justice and Liberty* (1908). Since then, he has delivered at Harvard his Ingersoll lecture, *Is Immortality Desirable?* which was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, and which is to appear this spring in book form. The important development of his ideas begins with *The Greek View of Life*.

the reader is left with the spectacle of a civilization crowded into a monstrous city, evidently suggested by New York, alternating with a state of barbarism into which it is periodically thrown by a socialistic insurrection, and from which it slowly emerges to the same hideous nightmare of commercialism. To be sure, M. France has himself sat on the *pierre blanche*, dreaming the dream of a regenerated world, and it may be that Mr. Dickinson will yet take the same step from fancy to despair. But for the present his profession of faith, as it may be read in *Justice and Liberty*, closes with an avowed adherence to that party of progressive materialism from whose temperament his own would seem to be of all temperaments the furthest removed.

In one respect Mr. Dickinson stands with the more practical socialists, in so far as he, like them, is exercised by a profound discontent with the present social order. That deep-seated feeling underlies all his discussions, rising at the last in *Justice and Liberty* to a clamorous outcry against a society which is "a silly, sordid muddle, grown up out of centuries of violence and perpetuated in centuries of stupidity and greed," but expressed more bitingly, if more judiciously, in the earlier *Letters*, wherein an imaginary follower of Confucius sets forth the lack of an ethical basis in Western civilization, its absolute divorce between religion and practice, its vain endeavor to accomplish through government meddling what in China springs naturally from the institution of the family, its inherent and suicidal unrest. "Your triumphs in the mechanical arts," observes this bland Oriental, "are the obverse of your failure in all that calls for spiritual insight. . . . Ratiocination has taken the place of perception; and your whole life is an infinite syllogism from premises you have not examined to conclusions you have not anticipated or willed. Everywhere means, nowhere an end! Society a huge engine, and that engine itself out of gear!"

No socialist could express a more complete animosity toward existing conditions, but the grounds of their discontent are utterly different, and it is precisely in this difference that I see the difficulty of associating Mr. Dickinson in any peaceful bond with such writers as Mr. Hillquit — to take the latest comer. These writers, it is clear, have no part in the regret for the past, such as troubles the imagination of the poet and scholar; rather they are of those who reach out passionately, protesting hands to make, as Mr. Dickinson says, "a cupidinous ravishment of the future." Their quarrel with present ills is not because time affords so small a recompense for all it takes away, but because it withholds so grudgingly its promise of good. The tendency of things to them is altogether right; only by persuasion or violence they would hasten its course.

Starting with a thorough acceptance of the *grande industrie* as it now rules society, they aim only to carry this law to what they regard as its scientific conclusion. They are no recalitrants against "the proud magnificence of trade." On the contrary, they are merely a part of the larger tendency, which for a century and more has been gaining visibly in acceleration, to glorify industry, commerce, labor, as things desirable in themselves and inevitable to progress. Their old testament is Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, from which individualist and collectivist alike take origin; and their Messiah is Karl Marx, with whom they agree in this, if in nothing else, that the controlling forces of the world are material, that the changing social order with its creeds and professions is entirely the result of economic forces, and that productive labor is the sole economic measure of values.¹ They can

¹ I am perfectly aware that Socialists are all things against all men, and will at a pinch slip from socialism to anarchism, or from materialism to idealism, in a quite bewildering manner. But I believe that my thesis represents their most continuous argument.

point to philosophers and grave historians as authority for their faith in the cash nexus — to Guglielmo Ferrero, to cite the scholar we are all reading these days, who accounts for the Roman conquest of the world by “the growth of a nationalist and industrial democracy on the ruins of a federation of agricultural aristocracies.”

Now, the faith of these men in industrial evolution I can understand, but with the type of writers of which Mr. Dickinson is so eminent an example it is another matter. It may be a fault of interpretation, but as I read his books, even his profession of socialism, I involuntarily class him with the long line of philosophers who have averted their eyes from industry as from a degrading influence. To them the power that raises individuals and communities has been rather than *honestum* which Cicero defined as something laudable in itself, apart from all utility and without thought of reward or fruit. They are of the line of the witty Lord Halifax, who thought that “when by habit a man cometh to have a bargaining soul, its wings are cut, so that it can never soar;” of that clerk of the India House, honest Elia, who called upon earthquakes to swallow up the “‘gripple merchants,’ as Drayton hath it, ‘born to be the curse of this brave isle;’” of that anarchical vagabond, if the comparison may be offered without offense, who tramped about Concord and who in his *Journal* wrote down business as more opposed than crime to poetry, and as “a negation of life;” of the gravely ironical Cardinal Newman, who rebuked the political economists for their theory “that the pursuit of wealth, that is, the endeavor to accumulate the means of future subsistence and enjoyment, is, to the mass of mankind, the great source of *moral* improvement.” In a word, for examples might be heaped up without end, they are by temperament inclined to believe that any true advance from an industrial stage of society must be through some force working contrary

to the principle of industrialism and not within it. Whether, I repeat, their attitude is in harmony with the nature of things, is another question; I am concerned with their self-consistency.

Now, this is no fanciful opposition of classes, nor does it spring from any mere theoretical disagreement. I will not presume to say that I have tracked the dividing cause to its last secret lair; he who could do that would possess such a clue to the divergent ramifications of human character as no man has ever yet laid hold of. But it is plain to see that with this opposition goes the contrast of temperaments which we call loosely democratic and aristocratic, and which is perhaps more precisely defined by the dislike or like of *distinction*. Not labor itself, the *labor improbus* of the poet, makes the difference, for the true aristocrat, whether in politics or the arts, has often been addicted to the severest toil. It is expressed rather in the phrase labor-value.

Adam Smith marked the point of divergence in his famous text: “Labor alone, therefore, never varying in its own value, is alone the ultimate and real standard by which the value of all commodities can at all times and places be estimated and compared.” He himself, to be sure, has adverted in passing to the public admiration which makes part of the reward of the arts and sciences, and, indeed, some orthodox socialists have not denied this principle. As in all human theories, the question is one of emphasis; it is the stress laid on labor-value that separates the socialist from the school to which Mr. Dickinson should seem to belong. For distinction is precisely that quality in man or object which is incommensurable by labor; it is, to wrest a word from the vocabulary of the enemy, the true plus-value.

On that estimation and reverence which has no basis in labor-value, which goes with the concealment of labor or at least with the suppression of labor-value, hangs the whole aristocratic ideal. You

will find this theory set forth unmistakably in Castiglione's portrait of the gentleman whose distinguishing trait is a grace arising from a certain *sprezzatura* or disdain of apparent toil. It is elaborated with endless repetition in the letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, with their insistence on the *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and on the necessity of hiding a strenuous application under the arts and graces of life.

Mr. Dickinson himself, in his *Modern Symposium*, has somewhat grudgingly set forth, and in *Justice and Liberty* has caricatured, a society whose tone and march are given by those who are pre-eminent from no personal achievement, but from the deference bestowed on rank and possessions achieved in the past. The justification of such a society, if justification it have, is in the value of a distinction created or maintained by the imagination. It presupposes that the ideal of a family set apart by a certain illusion, if you please, of the people for the higher ends of life will, imperfectly no doubt, work itself out in a practice of honor and beauty and wise control. It believes that the concealment of labor in an inherited name may have this power of the imagination.

The difference is even more evident in literature and art. The common distrust of socialism among those who really cherish the imagination is soundly based; and socialists, in replying to that distrust, have fallen into the vaguest generalizations, or have frankly avowed that no scheme of socializing this form of production without destroying its inspiration has yet been devised. "The domain of the arts is to-day practically the last resting-place of the 'superman,'" says our helpful friend, Mr. Hillquit: rightly as regards the implied attitude of his class; quite wrongly in so far as he affiliates the true distinction with a Nietzschean individualism rather than with a community of the imagination, giving and taking honor, which is the very opposite of a material or economic collectivism.

There was something more than grim humor in the remark of a socialist made in my hearing: "We must first kill the poets!" He meant to say that labor in itself affords no measure for valuing the production of the artist, as the tragedy and honor of life too openly show. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his marvelously wise *Discourses*, has seen the force of this law. "The value and rank," he says, "of every art is in proportion to the mental labor employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced by it. As this principle is observed or neglected, our profession becomes either a liberal art or a mechanical trade." And further: "The great end of the art is to strike the imagination. The painter, therefore, is to make no ostentation of the means by which this is done; the spectator is only to feel the result in his bosom. An inferior artist is unwilling that any part of his industry should be lost upon the spectator."

Not the picture or the poem that has cost the greatest toil is most highly prized and rewarded; and indeed the manifestation of toil, however much may have been expended, is directly harmful to the finished production. The value depends on the innate sense of distinction, or on the bastard sister of distinction which we call rarity. Industrialism is entirely consistent with itself in harboring a secret or avowed contempt for those works of the imagination which escape its means of estimation; just as a democracy is inherently jealous of distinction of manners.

If I do Mr. Dickinson a wrong in placing him, a professed socialist, in the class of those naturally opposed to socialism, it will be because I misjudge his writings. I find in these, to begin with, a distinction of mere language, a style marked by a rare delicacy of phrase and cadence, even verging at times on a too refined self-consciousness. To pass, for instance, from Mr. Hillquit's pages to this Cambridge don's is like changing from homespun, very good spun in this case, to an attire of silk. His language is shot through

with imaginative, above its utilitarian values.

And the ideas from which he starts are in accordance with his style. If you will open his early volume on *The Greek View of Life*, you will discover where his heart really lies. "With the Greek civilization, beauty perished from the world," he says; and although he admits sadly that the dissolution of that harmonious life was inevitable, yet he cannot avoid gazing back upon it regretfully, as upon the "fairest and happiest halting-place in the secular march of men." One observes, too, almost a secret satisfaction in his allusions to the Platonic and Aristotelian theory of mechanical toil as derogatory to the status of a citizen. "To regard the 'working-class,'" he says — and his statement cannot be dis severed from his praise of the Greek state as the fairest memory and the highest hope of mankind, — "to regard the 'working-class' as the most important section of the community, to substitute for the moral or political the economic standpoint, and to conceive society merely as a machine for the production and distribution of wealth, would have been impossible to an ancient Greek."

Temperamentally, it is evident, Mr. Dickinson is with the Greeks. The tragedy of his evolution — if tragedy is not too harsh a word — springs from his wistful admiration of that fair Hellenic harmony joined with a sense that it rested on ephemeral foundations. Excellence in Greece, he thinks with some exaggeration of the fact, was confined to a privileged class and demanded the subordination of the many to the few: —

"But this limitation was felt, in the development of consciousness, to be self-contradictory; and the next great system of ethics that succeeded to that of Aristotle, postulated an end of action that should be . . . open alike to all classes of mankind. The ethics of a privileged class were thus expanded into the ethics of humanity; but this expansion was fatal to its essence, which had depended on

the very limitations by which it was destroyed."

The aim of philosophy, then, is to discover some practice, or theory leading to practice, which may bring back to the world that vanished grace, while not circumscribing its benefits; in a word, to reconcile individual excellence with absolute justice. But, first of all, we must clear our minds as to what is the real goal and desire of humanity, about which the idea of justice plays; and to that end moves the discussion of *The Meaning of Good*, a subtle and somewhat perplexed dialogue after the manner of Cicero's *De Finibus*. Fortunately for the reader, to this long pursuit of the *summum bonum*, which like a will o' the wisp flickers now here, now there, over a vast illusory field, the author has prefixed a careful analysis of his argument. The negative and unphilosophical aspects of the question are first considered, and reasons are given for rejecting the opinion, on the one side, that our ideas about the Good have no relation to fact, and on the other side the opinion that we have such easy and simple criteria of the Good as infallible instinct or the course of Nature or current conventions or pleasure.

Some deeper experience of the heart must be discovered than these, some foundation in that conscious activity which is of the individual and yet pertains to the whole. It cannot be merely the good of future generations, for to be real it must be present. It cannot be merely the scientific notion of the benefit of the species, for this introduces an incompatibility between the one and the many, leaving the Good to hang, as it were, in the air, being the good of nobody at all. And so we are led by subtlest interrogatories to detect the inadequacy of theory after theory: — that all activities are good, and that what seems bad in each, viewed in isolation, is seen to be good in a general survey of them all; that the Good consists in ethical activity, in art, in knowledge.

Finally, we are left to the hypothesis

that the Good must abide in our relation to other persons, and is nothing other than *love*. Here we have set before us, as the end of our conscious activity, not ideas, but objects, — objects which are good in themselves and harmonious to our own nature, and are alone really intelligible. Such love, indeed, to satisfy our innate craving must be more perfect than that which is possible to our present flawed existence, and must have an eternal endurance. Unless the soul as we know it is immortal, and love itself a perpetual possession beyond the bars of time, then are we baffled and abandoned of our aspirations; there is no Good, but only *illusion and hope*.

Such is the Christian ideal which superseded the decay of the ancient world; it is religious, in the narrower sense of looking to a future recompense for present imperfections and of demanding a relation of separate personalities, in contrast to the philosophy of Greece, which was immediate and impersonal. But what if we have no assurance of this recompense? To this doubt Mr. Dickinson applies himself in the next stage of his investigation, *Religion: a Criticism and a Forecast*. Our belief in revelation he admits to have been remorselessly exploded; supernatural knowledge of no sort can we have. There remains to us faith: —

“When I speak here of faith, I speak of an attitude which is not primarily intellectual at all, and which is quite compatible with — nay, which depends upon — intellectual agnosticism; for it presupposes that, in the region to which it applies, we do not know. The attitude I would describe is one of the emotions and the will — the laying hold, in the midst of ignorance, of a possibility that may be true, and directing our feeling and our conduct in accordance with it. In its broadest sense, I would say it is an emotional and volitional assumption that, somehow or other, in spite of appearances, things are all right. . . . Faith should stand always with the dagger of

science pointed at its breast. It need not fear. It has its resurrections. . . . The frailest thing we know, it is also the least perishable, for it is a tongue of the central fire that burns at the heart of the world.”

We have, thus, on the one hand, our present unlovely civilization, as it seems to Mr. Dickinson, in which humanity has grown to a perception of this faith whose substance is the perfectibility of love; and, on the other hand, the lost harmony of life actually attained by some men under the pagan dispensation. The next step was to see that the salvation of society depends on the union of this newly learned *summum bonum* with the working of beauty; on the amalgamation, that is, of the Christian and the Hellenic ideals. Such a reconciliation Mr. Dickinson points to, in what is, to my judgment, the most perfectly composed of all his books, *A Modern Symposium*. Here, with a dramatic skill that deserts him in none of his dialogues, and with an added sense of fair play that he sometimes forgets, he allows the upholders of various theories of government to set forth their views in a series of marvelously sympathetic speeches. At the end, after Tory and Liberal, Socialist and Anarchist, and all the others, have exposed the evils of society and offered their remedies, the word is taken up by Geoffrey Vivian, a man of letters, in whom it is not hard to recognize the author himself: —

“Of which the chief [evil] is Property, most cruel and blind of all, who devours us, ere we know it, in the guise of Security and Peace, killing the bodies of some, the souls of most, and growing ever fresh from the root, in forms that but seem to be new, until the root itself be cut away by the sword of the spirit. What that sword shall be called, socialism, anarchy, what you will, is small matter, so but the hand that wields it be strong, the brain clear, the soul illumined, passionate, and profound. . . .

“Therefore, the gods [of Greece] are eternal; not they die, but we, when we

think them dead. And no man who does not know them, and knowing, worship and love, is able to be a member of the body of Man. Thus it is that the sign of a step forward is a look backward; and Greece stands eternally at the threshold of the new life. Forget her, and you sink back, if not to the brute, to the insect. Consider the ant, and beware of her! She is there as a warning. In universal Ant-hood there are no ants. From that fate may men save Man!

"But the pagan gods were pitiless; they preyed upon the weak. Their wisdom was rooted in folly, their beauty in squalor, their love in oppression. So fostered, those flowers decayed. And out of the rotting soil rose the strange new blossoms we call Faith, and Hope, and Charity. . . . That was the Christian Trinity, the echo of man's frustration, as the other was the echo of his accomplishment. Yet he needs both."

I have quoted at length because in this confession of the man of letters I seem to come closer than anywhere else to his real habit of thinking. In that angry revolt from a form of civilization dominated by the cruel and ugly laws of property, in the passionate desire of noble self-development symbolized to him by Hellas, in the longing backward glance toward a grace of the vanished past, in the feeling that somehow, in some far-away Advent, this self-development may be wedded with universal charity, — in all this I see the inspiration that is drawing many troubled minds to these preciously wrought dialogues. Nor is it the least significant part of his manifesto at this stage that the promise of redemption is left so vague and emotional. Socialism or anarchy — either will do, so that it wields the dividing and healing sword of the spirit. Only it is clear that the idea of socialism fills him with a certain apprehension, in so far as such a régime threatens to absorb the individual in the mass and to reduce mankind to the level monotony of the ants and bees. And, in fact, of the speeches that precede this

closing confession of the man of letters, the most persuasive, the one that seems to flow most warmly from the author's own breast, is that of the anarchist.

To the reader of Mr. Dickinson's successive volumes it must therefore have appeared as a kind of *volte-face* when, in his next book, he ranged himself frankly with the socialists. No doubt it would be possible to discover in his earlier works signs that pointed in this direction as in other directions, but, unless I have misread his meaning, there is a real inconsistency in the step from the *Symposium to Justice and Liberty*. I am confirmed in this view by the actual picture of the state he draws in prophecy. To be sure, the theorems of the party are not blinked.

"Property is theft," he says with Proudhon; with the socialists he makes no sharp distinction between the slow evolutionary alteration of human character, if such there be, and the quick change, under the influence of new institutions, in the outward manifestation of unchanged nature; he believes that, in a government planned for the equal good of all, all will be content, and the desire to exceed will cease; he predicts prettily a time when various occupations will not create various interests, and the dock-laborer, the carpenter, the professor, and the financier will lie down in peace together; yet withal, like other socialists, he feels the difficulty of according an artificial scheme of distribution with any conceivable state of human nature, and for a solution gropes in the ways of a dark psychology. In all this, he is at one with his professed creed.

But there are signs of uneasiness. He himself is aware, or so appears to be, of the different route by which he has traveled to this golden land. Class-hatred, which has been the slogan of the party, and which forms not only its political driving force but its principle of solidarity, — as nothing so unites men as a common object of fear or envy, — he openly repudiates. "Where it [socialism] errs," he thinks, "is in the attempt — in a reac-

tion against utopianism — to eliminate altogether the appeal of the Ideal, and to imagine the industrial forces of themselves, independently of human choice, delivering from the womb of the class-war a babe of fraternity and peace." There is only one thing to say to such a statement as this, that it is a flat contradiction of what, to the orthodox socialist, makes of his hope a scientific fact.

And when, waiving the lip homage of Mr. Dickinson, we examine his proposed state, it turns out to be equally removed from the outgrowth of socialistic evolution. This amiable society, which is to "preserve the utmost liberty compatible with the necessary regulation," wherein men wander about from occupation to occupation as whim or desire moves them; this republic of flowers, like the world evoked in William Morris's undisciplined imagination, is at bottom a dream of anarchy; it lies, if the word may be spoken without offense, in that happy country of Heine's, where roast geese walk about with apples in their mouths and spoons conveniently tucked under their wings. With the true socialist Mr. Dickinson has only one thing in common, — the feeling of supreme discontent.

I confess that sometimes the thought of this discontent, gnawing at the very heart of our civilization, strikes me with a kind of vague terror, as if I had strayed into a land swept by armies clashing ignorantly in the night, or had fallen into some dream of the streets of Troy where friend and foe surged together under the same standards. This is no slight current that sucks into its vortex minds so diverse as Mr. Dickinson's and Mr. Hillquit's; it is a terrible rebuke to those canting optimists who cry, "All's right with the world," a warning to those who sit at ease in Zion.

In one sense, as Mr. Dickinson avers, the strength of the movement is "the weakness of the ruling class, the skepticism of the rich and the powerful, the slow, half-conscious detachment of

all of them who have intelligence and moral force from the interest and the active support of their class." It is true, in a sense, that "those who deny socialism are most under its power; their hollow cries of rage and desperation, their intellectual play with the idea of force, betray their bitter sense of a lost cause." And such a state of affairs may contain an element of comfort, in so far as the defection of these men to socialism means the broadening of its policy and the impossibility of any attempt to carry out the narrower industrial programme. But it contains also a cause of alarm in so far as it betrays so wide-spread an unsettlement of ideals; and threatens, if unstayed, to create a period of sheer chaos. At least, until assured that they have not been dragged by their emotions into the camp of their natural enemies, these idealistic malcontents — their number is increasing with amazing rapidity — should put a guard upon their words, and should consider how dangerous a thing it is

. . . spargere voces

In vulgum ambiguas.

He needs be a more cunning physician of souls than I, who will offer a remedy for so insidious a malady; my purpose has been simply to call attention to a curious inconsistency in a certain class of radicals. Yet, withal, it seems to me that I can at least lay my finger on the point where the lesion occurs. To Mr. Dickinson, as we have seen, socialism is no necessity of evolution, but the voluntary reaching of men toward their highest ideal. Well, I would make bold to say, after following his course step by step, that his acceptance of socialism is due to a condition, or diathesis, of uneasy idealism, if my meaning is plain, without a definite ideal — *quærebam quid amarem, amans amare*.

It is at bottom a religious question. This faith that is an emotional and volitional assumption, contrary to experience, that things are all right, this faith that stands so tragically with the

dagger of science at its breast, — what is it, in simple English, but the longing regret for an ideal that has perished? And this finding of the supreme Good in the love of man for man, what is it but the absence from view of any definite goal, the praise of action for the sake of activity without any ultimate purpose? For love, unless it be a mere selfish indulgence of egotism, must desire the good of the beloved, and still leaves the nature of this good itself to be determined. To lengthen the period of love by continuing it through an eternity of personal duration is only to set the difficulty at a distance, not to rise above it. And, indeed, Mr. Dickinson's Ingersoll lecture, in which he discourses on the immortality of the soul as a thing probably true and certainly desirable, leaves with one the uncomfortable feeling of a spiritual void. When I read his concluding appeal to await the discoveries of the Society of Psychical Research for our certainty of religion, I was reminded — no doubt unjustly — of Emerson's scorn of that itching curiosity to peep in at the back door of nature.

Is religion to be a servant to the evidence obtained from trances and mediums and the mumbling of ghosts? Rather, must not faith which is effective in human life be the immediate experience in the heart itself of some infinite reality that gives a meaning and a centre to all our acts. It is because such religious groping is an emotional and volitional assumption without knowledge, a state of idealism without definite ideal, that the mind, deprived of certain guidance, falls a prey to the dominant party of discontent, and we behold the disconcerting spectacle of idealist and materialist fighting in the same ranks.

How great a service Mr. Dickinson might perform if, instead of adding to the confusion of standards, he would turn his subtle intellect to discovering, and his eloquent pen to describing, the true Good that many desire and some to-day seek and cannot find! Then indeed we might follow him in his adventure of social reform, with the assurance of true progress; but it would not be into socialism.

MOTHS

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

WHEN come the quiet, moonlit hours,
 From leafy haunts unknown, —
 Like petals of some fairy flowers, —
 These snowy moths are blown.

Life that is but a dream, — a breath:
 The night is nearly done.
 Lo, in the east, their doom and death, —
 The candle of the Sun!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE CLUB WOMAN'S BURDEN

I CALL it the Club Woman's burden, though it is not peculiarly hers, but is carried by all women who sit in public places to-day. I refer to that "bulwark, high-reared to stand before our faces," the Modern Hat. I think Shakespeare must have had a vision of the fashionable hat of to-day, and who knows how far he may be held responsible for its size, for Petruccio says to the haberdasher when Katherine's cap is presented to him for approval, —

"Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish . . .
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger."

And the Katherine of that day makes answer as all willful Katherines have answered since, —

"I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

Many a "velvet dish" have we seen this season, but never a porringer among them.

Having precipitated trouble by inviting it, man-fashion, Petruccio casts about for the easiest way of ridding himself of it. "Off with that bauble, throw it under foot," he says to his Katherine; and many a Katherine finds her precious "bauble" under foot to-day in spite of her utmost endeavor to prevent such catastrophe.

I wonder, since custom demands that woman shall wear a hat as she goes to and fro, and since every gentlewoman, on arriving at her destination, feels that courtesy, if no higher power, demands the removal of the hat if it obstructs any person's view, that some woman has not demanded, in sheer self-defense, to say nothing of appreciation of her neighbor's point of view, that a hat should be evolved for her which should be all that the most fastidious woman could desire in the way

of head-gear, and yet not remain a public nuisance.

Man has a collapsible dress-hat. Why should n't woman, whose need is equally urgent? A man takes his dress-hat in both hands, taps it gently against his immaculate shirt front, and behold! he has in his hand a "porringer." This may not be the usual method of crushing his hat, but I have seen a man do it so and envied the man.

A small hat does not solve the woman's problem, not if it has on it so much as a quill fastened at an angle. You have heard the story of the man in one of our theatres who called an usher and, pointing to a lady in front of him, demanded irately, "Are n't women obliged to remove their hats in this theatre?" "Yes, sir," replied the usher respectfully. "Well, then," said the man, still pointing at the offending lady. "That ain't a hat, sir; them's puffs and an aigrette," said the still respectful usher.

Now I have had a man whose head was absolutely guiltless of "puffs and an aigrette" cut off my view of a speaker as completely as any hat, big or little, I ever sat behind; but it is of no use to say, "Off with his head," so the solution of this problem lies not here.

I said to a friend recently, "I wish women would *all* go without hats to public places where their removal is expected, and wear a scarf or something easily removed. So few do, and one dislikes to be conspicuous."

"Goodness," she replied impatiently, "if I wanted to, I would, whether other people did or not. *I've* reached an age when I can be independent." I, alas! have passed it.

At a recent meeting of a guild to which I belong, the president having repeatedly, and in vain, besought the ladies to remove their hats, made one final appeal,

remarking that all ladies over sixty might keep theirs on. Did most of the hats come off? No indeed! Why? Because, while women do not in the least object to owning up to sixty years if they have that many behind them, most of them do object with all their being to feeling sixty, — and worse yet, looking like sixty, as they invariably find they do on reaching home when they have held their hats in their laps a whole afternoon and then been obliged to put them on in the dark, as it were.

Personally, I think, if I had succeeded in keeping my hat in my lap I should not feel so strongly on this subject, but if I am so unfortunate as to be obliged, in getting to my seat, to struggle by several ladies, who, out of due regard to those behind them and their own comfort, have their hats, their furs, and their wraps piled in front of them, in my struggle I take a part of their belongings with me, never with malice aforethought, as might occasionally be suspected, but just because I cannot help it. Once seated, I begin to build my pile, but of necessity so insecurely that at the first unguarded movement my "bauble" is underfoot. I stoop cautiously to pick it up, only to find that in the process I have dropped something else. My neighbor politely endeavors to help me, we stoop together, bump our heads, rise and apologize with heightened color, and I settle back hopefully, only to discover that my hat-pins have disappeared. In wrath and desperation I mutter to myself sentiments which I would not wish to repeat in these columns, and decide to let them go. "What difference does it make?" I quote. But! they are my cherished pins. So, pretty soon I begin to feel around surreptitiously with my feet, — I am ashamed to do more, — finally find them, clamp them down for the rest of the afternoon, and at its close I am ready to say with Marianna, "I am weary, weary, I would that I were dead."

If any one thinks my tale of misery overdrawn, I solemnly assert that more

and worse has happened to me many times.

My aim has been to present the point of view of the woman who persists in keeping her hat on when she shouldn't, in spite of all that is said in public and in private about her selfishness and lack of consideration of the rights of others. Few women *choose* to belong to this class — but "all women wear such caps as these" is their plea, and they have not the courage to be individual and independent.

I have not presented this matter as effectively as I could wish, and an old story (but new to me) that I heard recently has in it a consoling suggestion. "How do you do, Mrs. Flaherty," said Mrs. Doherty. "Not that I care a dom, but it makes talk."

If we talk enough on this subject, even the dullest of us, some bright woman may be driven to finding a solution of the vexing problem. I was moved to my choice of subject by my experience on a recent Sunday when, though I sat well forward in church, I did not see the minister once during the service. After church I told him so, and he remarked sadly, "My dear lady, I do not see half my congregation on Sunday mornings."

When it comes to that, something should be done about it.

Shakespeare showed his keen insight into one trait of woman's nature never more keenly than in the conversation between Katherine and Petruchio before quoted, when, in response to his demand for a "bigger," she says, —

"I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

When some modern gentlewoman finds a cap which "doth fit the time," all gentlewomen will wear it.

When some of us were children we had what we called "Sunday clothes." May we not at least, out of regard for our minister, in old-fashioned parlance, have Sunday hats which shall fit the time and place?

WHY NOT A MASTERPIECE?

My friend is a teacher of English. For many years, more, perhaps, than she would care to mention, she has initiated young minds into the mysteries of Rhetoric and Composition, has patiently read and corrected the numberless themes which her method exacts as necessary in the acquirement of the difficult art of speaking and writing pure English, and, laboriously and critically, she has studied with her pupils selected works from our greatest writers. The latest History of English Literature is sure to be found on her desk; text-books on Rhetoric, classifications, appreciations, reviews, abound there, and her book-shelves are lined with "complete sets" of standard authors.

Periods, movements, reforms, developments, "drifts," are to her as familiar as the A, B, C's to her pupils. (Perhaps more so. The alphabet is, I believe, no longer taught among us.) Her own speech is pure, her pen clever, her judgment keen. Long continuance in the attitude of teacher and critic has made her manner positive, so that it is sometimes difficult for one less certain of exactness to question her statements. However, a question did arise in my mind as the result of a recent conversation with her, and, failing to put it to her at the time, I should like to ask it now in the Contributors' Club, and not of her alone, perhaps, but of others who, like her, read its pages.

"I have found a treasure," she announced, as I entered her study, and took my place in the sunny window opposite her at the desk. "A friend read it to me lately, and it impressed me so profoundly that I copied it out for myself." She took up a closely written paper. "If you do not mind, I should like to read it to you. It is by Edward Rowland Sill. Perhaps you know something of him."

I modestly acknowledged having read some things he had written.

"Then you may be familiar with this, but it was new to me and I thought it very fine." She began to read:—

"This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain.

"Ah, yes, I see you know it."

"It is his 'Opportunity,' I think," I said, "one of the most inspiring."

"Yes, sometimes called 'The Coward,' too, I believe. I get so little time for the minor poetry," she continued, half apologetically; "I am kept so busy with the masterpieces that I am not familiar with much of the lesser English poetry. However, this little thing did impress me."

The luncheon bell rang, and there was no time for further speech; but afterwards, considering the time the busy woman had spent copying the verses, remembering the enthusiasm with which another friend had spoken of them to me, and thinking of my own worn volume of Sill, and of the ease with which it opened at that one page, I wondered, Why not a masterpiece? It masters. The words are fitly chosen; the picture they make is a vivid one that commands attention, awakens enthusiasm, inspires to effort. What more is required? May not even the minor poets, when they do such work, be said to have produced a masterpiece?

DOGBERRY INSPIRED

I WAS delighted with the magnanimity of the teacher who comes to the rescue of the college Dogberry. Every Dogberry has his day; yet after all, does any Dogberry need a Defense? For my part, I confess to admiring the student Dogberry so heartily that if he should desert my classes, I should be strongly tempted to follow him. Feeling thus, I am disposed to resent any apology for him; as if he were an aspicuous person, and did not have everything handsome about him! At least, much more should be said in behalf of that Dogberry.

He has preserved many an English teacher from death by boredom. Every freshman class can find it in their hearts to bestow all of their tediousness on the English teacher. After reading scores of stupidly mediocre themes, the teacher

welcomes Dogberry's excommunications as gifts that God gives, and gladly allows every Dogberry, as one of him says, to "display a feigned learning with impugnty." It may be that, in the words of another, this display "throws a dark light on" the instructor, as the too tender conscience of Dogberry's apologist suggests; but methinks "'t were to consider too curiously" to consider so. Frankly, I am not at all ashamed to play Boswell to Dogberry's Johnson; and I here set down a few of his remarks.

Of country life, he (or, to speak accurately, she) observes: "My chickens were then moulding, that is, beginning to lose their foliage."

Of immigration: "Many illegible foreigners are now coming in."

Of one of Kipling's stories: "The hero consumes a lady's dress and voice."

Of a love affair: "Facilitating herself on his attentions, she regulated her other admirers to Limbo."

But Dogberry is more than a delightful blunderer. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! he hits on a happiness that no one else could so prosperously be delivered of. He snatches a grace beyond the reach of art. A certain Dogberry (not one of mine) was asked to comment on the words of Marcellus to Horatio, when the Ghost appears, — "Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio." The reply was, "Horatio being a scholar knew Latin; and ghosts had to be addressed in Latin, because it is a dead language."

"Nine-tenths of the wearers of felt hats," says another, "never stop to think how they are made." Has Arnold or Carlyle summed up Philistinism better?

"Ibsen," says another, "was born at Skien, a modest unsuspecting town of Southern Norway."

Is not this the ultimate word for the sleepy little village in which that grim portent appeared? It is a description such as Flaubert wore out his heart to attain to; absolutely final, and in two

words. What volumes of literary history and criticism it contains! And who but Dogberry could have said it?

THE COMFORTS OF BIGOTRY

It is commonly supposed, nowadays, that it is really desirable to be what we call "broad-minded." We are, in fact, so by way of believing this, that we never question it, but go about spreading out the stream of our mentality into an expansive channel, blandly unconcerned as to whether the stream then flows deep or shallow. Now, breadth is doubtless an attribute of a great mind, though perhaps not of all great minds; but being broad-minded does not of necessity make us great, while it does frequently make us uncomfortable. Continually to strive for it is about as restful to the average person as it would be to endeavor always to stand on tiptoe. Indubitably one appears taller; but is the game worth the candle? Is broad-mindedness — at least of the sort that can be acquired — such a very desirable thing as we have been led to believe it?

For myself, I have abandoned the effort. I have descended to a mental undress as blissful as is the relief when one rids one's physical self of an unduly high and stiff collar. And, even at risk of appearing in the part of the tail-less fox, I recommend a judicious bigotry to all who, like myself, were not born broad-minded. Picture your joy at no longer feeling obliged to give a reason for your likes and dislikes; of once and for all admitting yourself — as did formerly even the gentle Elia — merely "a bundle of prejudices," a being of "imperfect sympathies." Imagine the relaxation of choosing a side and sticking to it, unconvinced by argument; unconvinced even of the necessity of listening to argument. Life at once becomes simple, peaceful, in comparison to its state when one is perpetually harassed by the effort to be "fair." I have changed all that. "This," I say firmly, "is my side. If you want my ar-

guments, here they are. I do not care for yours. There is doubtless another side to it, as there is to the moon; but being neither an astronomer nor a broad-minded person, one side is enough for me. *J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

Admittedly much is accomplished by this method; men of one idea — bigots — have made the successes of the world, so far as that goes; but it is not with the achievements of the method that I am concerned, but with its comfort. We tarnish our dearest pleasures nowadays by the sneaking fear that the matter really needs looking into before we set about enjoying it. We are afraid to proclaim ourselves for, or against, any cause, lest we should not logically have considered all the arguments pro and con. We rejoice that we are no longer Pharisees; and we thank, pragmatically, an overruling Providence, that all other men are just as good as we are — which perhaps in its essence still lacks an entire humility.

It is a pleasant thing to have reasons for one's convictions; but it is pleasanter to have some unreasonable convictions than none at all. I even find it pleasanter not only for myself, but for my friends. They have given up attempting to convert me. I know that they call me narrow behind my back, and, sometimes, to my face; but I know, too, that they say, "Well, Tom may not be much of a man in an argument, but you do know where he stands."

They avoid diatribes against my pet prejudices because they know them, as I refrain from offending theirs when I can discover them. And I find that, at the club, there is usually near my favorite window a group smoking in peace; while the corner sacred to the man who boasts his broad-minded tolerance is filled with heated and noisy discussion. I admit my convictions; hug my prejudices; glory in my bigotry; and advise a reformation along my lines to any and all who may have read this paper.